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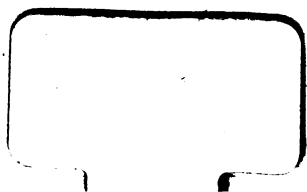
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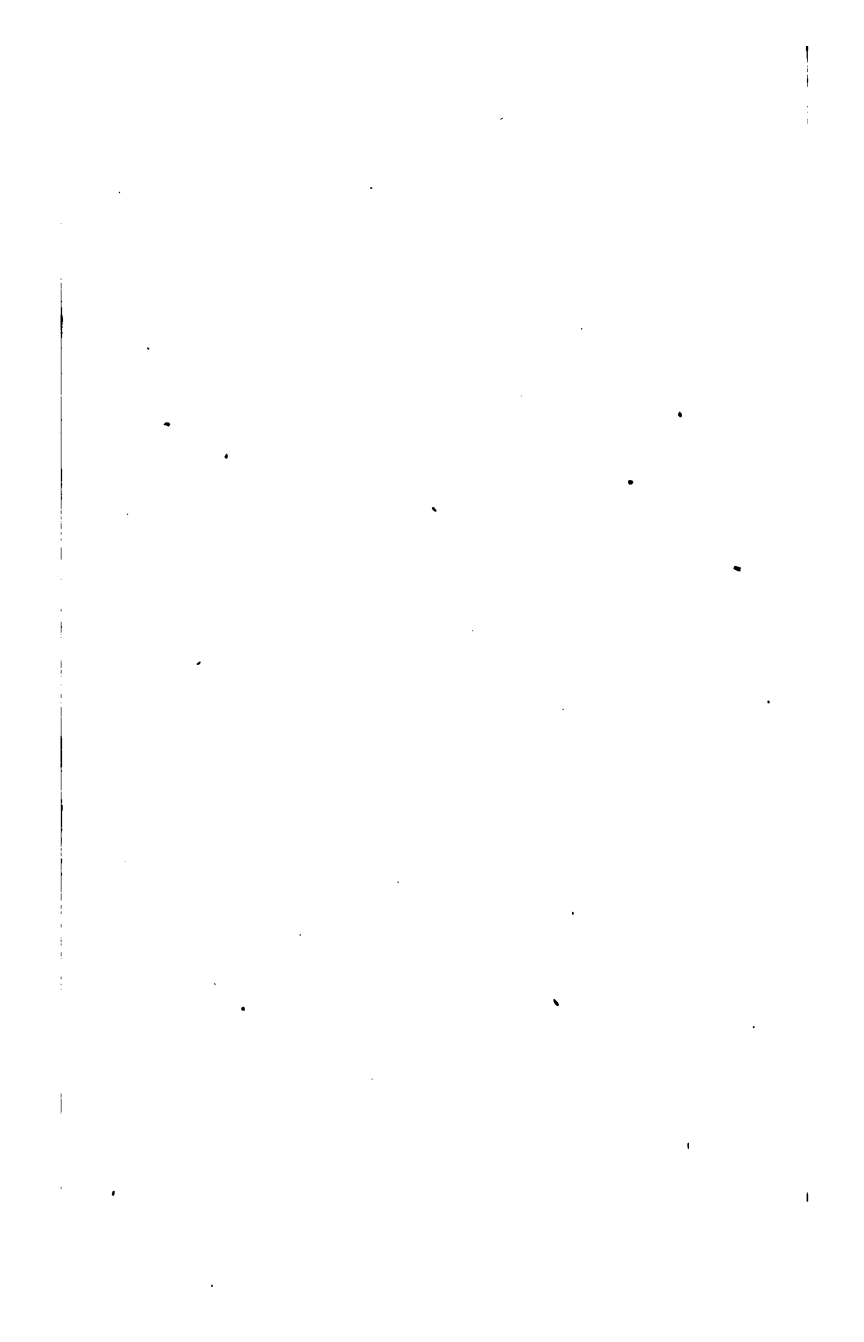
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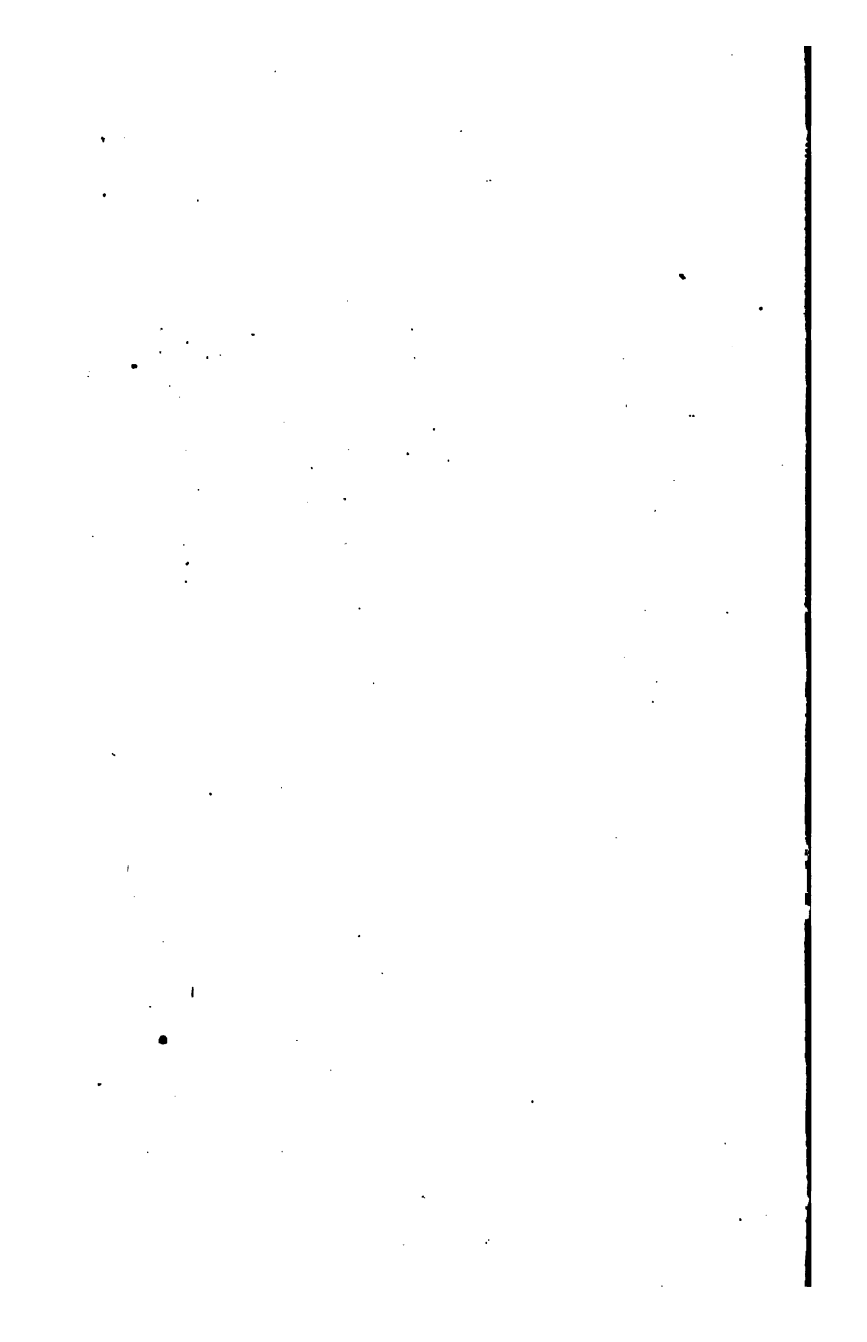
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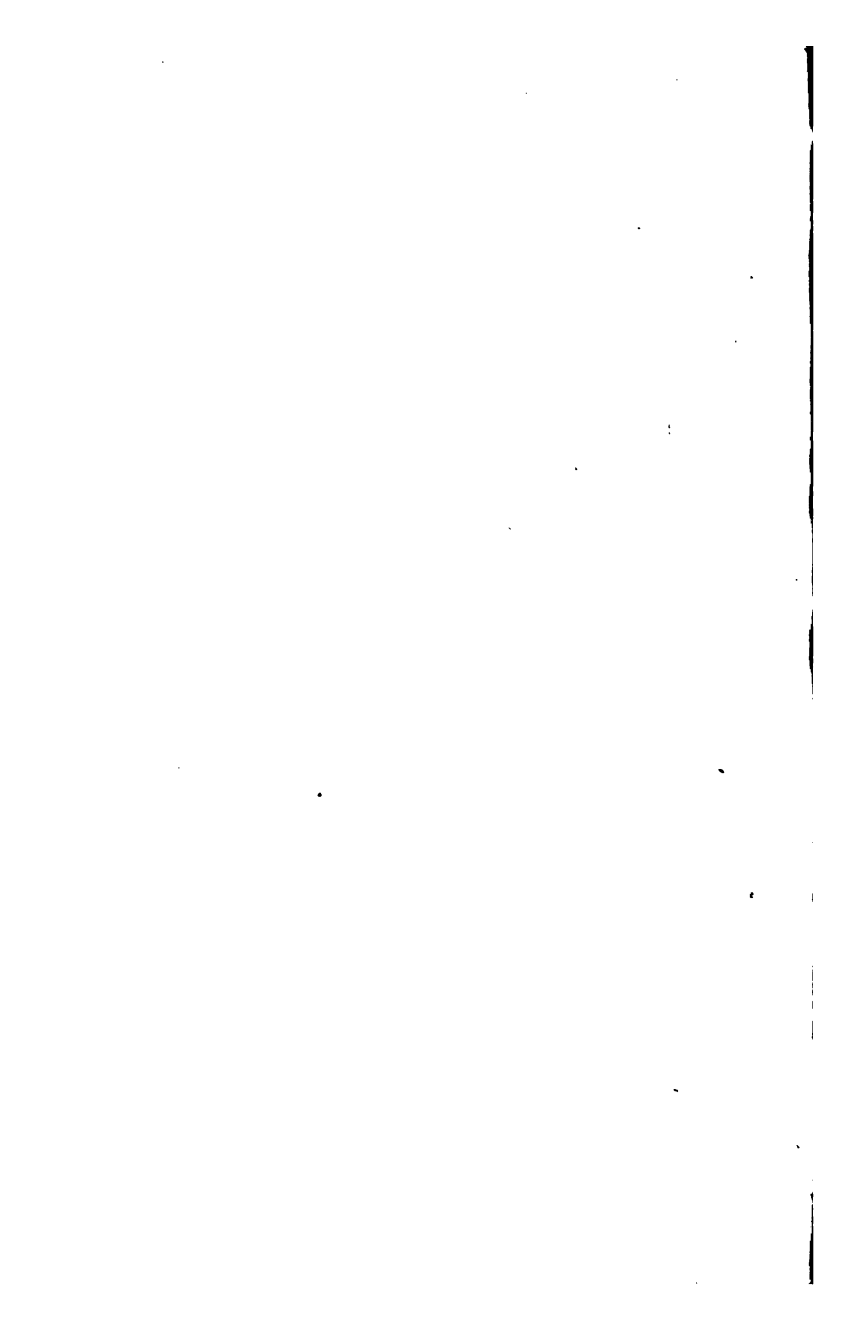




ALADDIN;

OR,

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.





ALADDIN;

OR,

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

A DRAMATIC POEM—IN TWO PARTS.

BY

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

TRANSLATED BY

THEODORE MARTIN.

*26*

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MDCCLXIII. *ω*

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## PREFACE.

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THE *Aladdin* of Oehlenschläger bears the marks of youth—but it is the youth of genius, rich in the exuberance of a fearless fancy, and revelling in the exercise of a newly-awakened power. When it was written, Oehlenschläger was in the first bloom of manhood; he was in love, and he had recently lost his mother. Aladdin's story seemed to have an affinity to his own. In the faculty of poetic creation which had begun to stir within him, he found, as he says in his *Autobiography*, a veritable Aladdin's Lamp. His own passion sought a vent in depicting Aladdin's for Gulnare, and his tears for a loving and much-loved mother overflowed as he wrote the Dirge of the Eastern boy at the grave of Morgiana. Thus heart and fancy were thrown intensely into the poem, and they give to it a vivid charm beyond that of his more mature and faultless works. The poet has not ventured to deviate from the familiar incidents of the Eastern tale. Indeed he follows them with such minuteness, that occasionally the action drags, and the dialogue labours. In a few instances the translator has ventured to compress passages which are open to this objection, more particularly where the humour

is of a texture too flimsy for the taste of a nation nursed in the schools of Shakspeare and Fielding. This liberty might, perhaps, have been carried further without injury to the poem; but even the flaws of a work of genius possess an interest for the student.

Those who have found delight in the original—and who has not?—will, it is thought, be well pleased to meet their old friend with this new face. If the tale have lost some of its local truth of colouring in the hands of the Northern bard, this is more than compensated by his masterly development of the character of Aladdin, by the exquisite pathos of much of the Second Part, and by the passages of great lyrical beauty which are scattered throughout the poem with liberal profusion.

Some portions of *Aladdin*, translated by Mr. R. P. Gillies, appeared in *Blackwood* in 1816; but the present is, so far as the translator is aware, the first English version of the complete poem. It is only necessary further to observe, that the metres of the original have been closely followed throughout.

## TO GOETHE.

BORN in far northern clime,  
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime  
                    From fairy land ;  
Where flowers eternal blow,  
Where power and beauty go,  
                    Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore  
In rapture on the ancient Saga lore ;  
                    When on the wold  
The snow was falling white,  
I, shuddering with delight,  
                    Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill  
The winter smote the castle on the hill,  
                    It fanned my hair ;  
I sat in my small room,  
And through the lamp-lit gloom  
                    Saw Spring smile fair.

And though my love in youth  
Was all for Northern energy and truth,  
                    And Northern feats ;  
Yet for my fancy's feast  
The flower-apparelled East  
                    Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,  
 From North to South, from South to North, I flew ;  
                   I was possessed  
 By yearnings to give voice in song  
 To all that had been struggling long  
                   Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold,  
 But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold ;  
                   Dim, colourless became,  
 My childhood's visions grand :  
 Their tameness only fanned  
                   My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save ?  
 Who to his eye a keener vision gave,  
                   That he the child  
 Amor beheld, astride  
 The lion, far off ride,  
                   Careering wild ?

Thou, great and good ! Thy spell-like lays  
 Did the enchanted curtain raise  
                   From fairy land,  
 Where flowers eternal blow,  
 Where power and beauty go,  
                   Knit in a loving band.

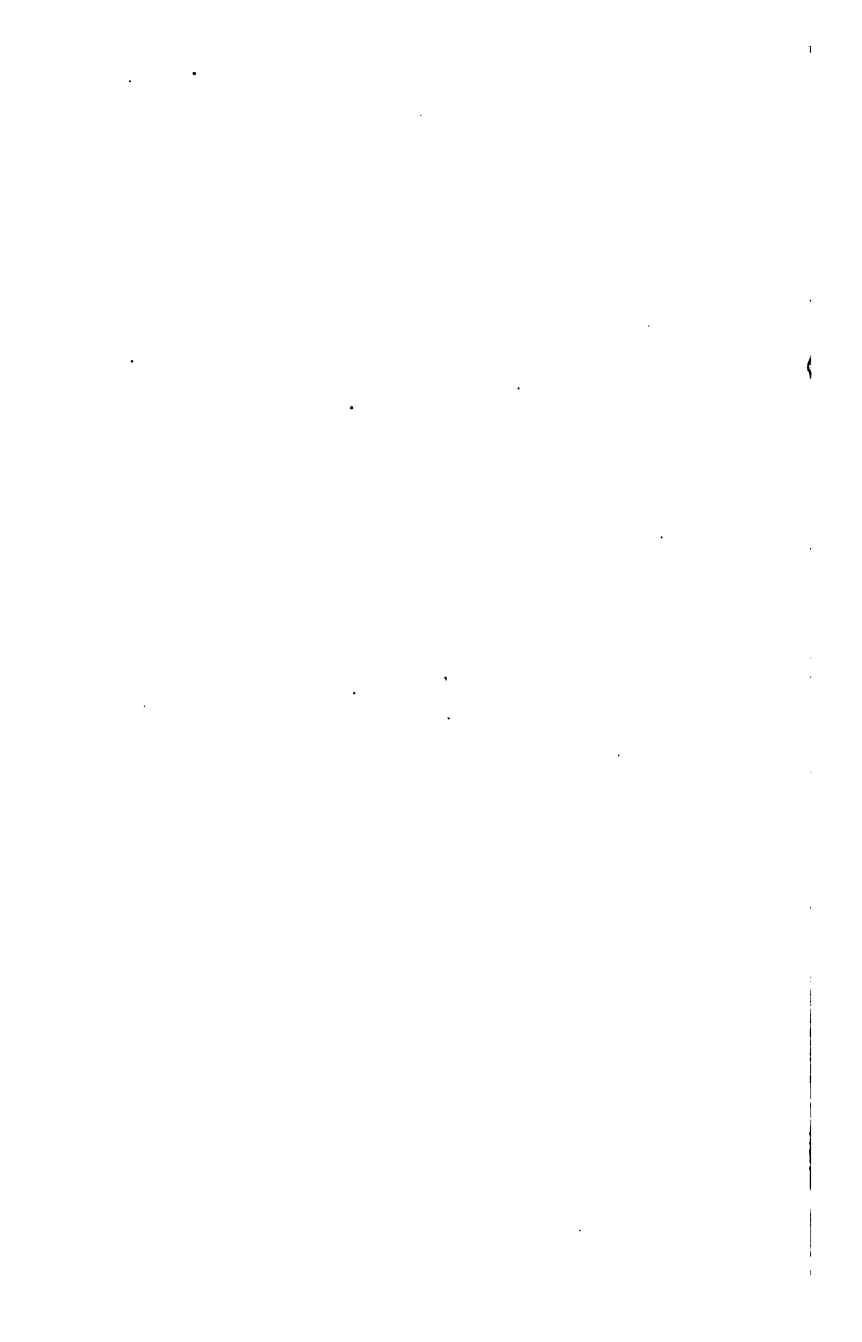
Well pleased thou heardest long  
 Within thy halls the stranger minstrel's song ;  
                   Taught to aspire  
 By thee, my spirit leapt  
 To bolder heights, and swept  
                   The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before,  
 And many a hero of our Northern shore,  
                   With grave stern mien,

By sad Melpomene  
Called from his grave, we see  
    Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send  
To friend Aladdin cheerly as a friend :  
    The oak's thick gloom  
Prevails not wholly, where  
Warbles the nightingale, and fair  
    Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe  
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow ?  
    Nought has the bard  
Save his own song ! And this  
Thou dost not, trivial as the tribute is,  
    With scorn regard.





PART THE FIRST.

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Thalia.



## ACT FIRST.

### ISPAHAN.

*A small meanly-furnished Room. MUSTAPHA, seated upon a table, sewing. MORGIANA spinning cotton.*

#### MUSTAPHA.

Ho ! Morgiana !—fast asleep again ?

#### MORGIANA.

No, Mustapha ; you're wrong,—indeed you are ;  
I was but thinking of my evening prayers,  
And dropp'd my eyelids, not to be disturb'd  
In my devotions. It is growing late. (*yawns*)

#### MUSTAPHA.

Late ! quotha, late ! A pretty way to talk !  
I call it early. Who, I'd like to know,  
Is master in the house, wife ? You or I ?  
You are a sloth—a drone ! Is this a time  
Or place for poor folks, such as we, to talk  
About devotions—pish !—or evening prayers ?

#### MORGIANA.

Where is the use, then, of our fearing God ?

## MUSTAPHA.

No use at all ; that's just the misery ;  
 For whilst you are at prayers you cannot spin.  
 And who e'er dined on prayers ? Will they make  
     loaves,  
 Or from the butcher buy us e'er a joint ?  
 I am a frail old man ; my strength is spent ;  
 I cannot stitch as 'once I used to do.  
 You are my better half ; and you should take  
 Upon your back the fair half of my trials.

MORGIANA (*weeps*).

I do my best to help—I'm sure I do.

## MUSTAPHA.

Well, dry your tears ; and I'll not vex you more.  
 You're a good creature—'faith, you might be worse.  
 In days gone by, when I was better off,  
 You would have work'd too hard, but I forbade you ;  
 Ah ! wife, I used to beg you then, you know,  
 To spare your fair white hands and comely face ;  
 But now—so run the changes in the world !  
 All your fine gilding has been rubb'd away,  
 And my last piece of gold has long been spent.  
 Now you must card and spin, if we're to live :  
 And, what is worse, we must find provender  
 For that long lounging good-for-nothing lout,  
 That wastes his days in idleness.

## MORGIANA.

Poor boy,  
 You should not deal so hardly with him, husband.  
 He is so very young ! With his warm blood  
 You can't expect he'd be content to sit  
 Cross-legg'd upon the shop-board all day long.

## MUSTAPHA.

To polish, though, the pavement all day long,  
 With arms across, and lazy pace,—his blood  
 Is cool enough for that. Now, hark ye, wife—

## MORGIANA.

Well, keep your temper! Hush! here comes the boy!

ALADDIN (*entering*).

God greet you, my dear parents!

## MUSTAPHA.

Wait a bit,  
 I'll greet you, you young vagabond, I will!  
 Where, sir, have you been frittering your time?  
 With other idle rascals like yourself?

## ALADDIN.

Frittering? I frittering my time,—not I!  
 Say, rather, turning it to good account.  
 There is the price of the rich merchant's dress!  
 There, father! He was not at home himself;  
 But, as I'm but a boyish stripling still,  
 They let me have free access to his house;  
 And once they catch me there, the women folks  
 Won't suffer me to go. Oh, holy Prophet!  
 What darling creatures are those girls of his!  
 They chatted with me—ask'd me, the dear rogues,  
 If I was thorough master of my trade?  
 Oh, that I were indeed a real tailor!  
 If they would only give me leave, said I,  
 I'd take their measures on the spot, I would.  
 "Agreed, agreed!" they cried; then off they ran,  
 And fetched me paper and a pair of shears.  
 You should have seen what measuring ensued,—

Round arm, round swelling bosom, slender waist.  
Lord, Lord ! a rare thing is the tailor's craft !

## MUSTAPHA.

You good-for-nothing scamp, I'll tailor you !  
Fine tailoring, indeed !

*(As he leaps down from the table, he slips, and is on the  
point of falling.)*

Oh, holy Prophet !  
Help, help ! I fall ! Help, or I'll break my neck !

ALADDIN *(helps him)*.

This comes of being over-hasty now.

MUSTAPHA *(restraining his anger)*.

Fetch me my ell-wand, that's a darling boy !

*[ALADDIN fetches the ell-wand ; MUSTAPHA makes  
a blow at him with it, but ALADDIN springs  
back ; his father strikes MORGIANA'S spindle,  
and knocks it over upon the lamp. ALADDIN  
runs off.]*

## MORGIANA

*(who has dropped asleep again, starts up, and seeing  
her spindle on fire, exclaims)*

Ha ! Fire ! Fire ! Ispahan—pa—Ispahan !  
Help, murder ! Persia's mighty capital  
Is in a blaze !

## MUSTAPHA.

No, not so bad as that !  
Wretch that I am ! I am the sport of Fate !  
Ha, you young scant-o'-grace ! scamp ! gallows-bird !  
Will you not stop till I chastise you, eh ?

Will you deprive me of my livelihood  
 Amongst my rich, luxurious customers ?  
 Will—Morgiana, have you lost your wits ?  
 There you sit wringing of your hands, and let  
 The spindle burn ! Ho ! Water—water here !

## MORGIANA.

Water, indeed ! And where am I to get it ?  
 There's not a drop—not one in all the house ;  
 Nor fireman's pail, nor engine spout have I.  
 Oh, oh !—my cotton ! Oh, my yarn—my yarn !

*[In her distraction she snatches up the silk dress  
 on which MUSTAPHA is at work, and flings it  
 upon the flames.]*

## MUSTAPHA.

The kaftan burns ! This was the heaviest blow !  
 I never, never shall survive this day.  
 Our house is menaced by a ruthless doom :  
 Its light grows fainter, to be quenched in gloom.

## MORGIANA.

Oh, if it were, what happiness for me !  
 But soon in flames our little home will be.

*[MUSTAPHA swoons away.]*

## AFRICA.

*A large chamber, illuminated by a faintly-burning lamp. Round about, upon the walls, hang all kinds of singular instruments; several book-shelves on one side. In the background sits*

## THE ENCHANTER, NOUREDDIN,

*in a long black robe, with a scarf, on which numerous mystical characters are blazoned. On the table before him a little chest, filled with white sand. Buried in thought, he traces lines in the sand with an ebony stylus. Suddenly he exclaims—*

A wondrous treasure? The greatest in the world?  
 Hid in a cavern?—Where?—In Asia?—  
 And where in Asia?—Hard by Ispahan!  
 Deep in the earth—high overarch'd with rocks,—  
 Girt round with lofty mountains. Holy Allah!  
 What mighty mystery begins to dawn  
 Upon me? Shall I reach the goal at last,  
 At midnight hour, after the silent toil  
 Of forty weary years? I question further;—  
 What is this matchless prize? A copper lamp!—  
 How's this? An old, rust-eaten copper lamp!  
 And what, then, is its virtue?—How!—Concealed—  
 Known but to him that owns it. And shall I—  
 Scarce dares my tongue give the bold question voice—  
 Shall I, then, e'er its happy owner be?  
 See, the fine sand, like water, interblends,  
 And of the stylus leaves no trace behind.  
 All's dark!—Yet stay!—With surging waves it heaves,  
 This arid sea, as when the tempest sweeps  
 With eddying blast through Biledulgerid.  
 What mean these furrows?—I am to draw forth  
 A poem, that lies eastward in the hall,  
 Old, dust-begrimed; and wheresoe'er my eyes,  
 When so I open it, may chance to fall,  
 I am to read, and all shall then be clear.



*(Rises slowly, and takes down an old folio, which he opens, and reads.)*

Fair Fortune's boons are scattered wide and far,  
In single sparkles only found and rare,  
And all her gifts in few combinèd are.

Earth's choicest flow'rets bloom not everywhere.  
Where mellows ripe the vine's inspiring tide,  
With bale and bane doth Nature wrestle there.

In the lush Orient's sultry palm-groves glide  
Fell serpents through rank herbage noiselessly,  
And there death-dealing venom doth abide.

Darkness and storm deface the northern sky,  
Yet there no sudden shock o'erwhelms the land,  
And steadfast cliffs the tempest's rage defy.

Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand,  
And what the sage doth toil to make his prize,  
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,

From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise;  
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,  
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.

'Tis ever thus, that Fortune freely hails  
Her favourite, and on him her blessings showers,  
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.

Unwoo'd she comes, at unexpected hours;  
And little it avails to rack thy brain,  
And ask, where lurk her long reluctant powers.

Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain,  
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;  
Unless foredoomed by Fate, thy toils are vain,  
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair.

These lines were woven in a mortal's brain,  
A sorry rhymers', little conversant  
With nature's deep and sacred mysteries.  
Kindly she tenders me the hidden prize!  
Is it that she, with woman's waywardness,  
May make a mock of me? Not so,—on fools  
She wastes not her sage accents; the pure light

Is not a meteor light, that leads astray.  
 With a grave smile, her finger indicates  
 Where lies the treasure she has mark'd for mine.  
 Yes! I divine the hidden import well  
 Of that enigma she prepared for me  
 In the unconscious poet's mystic song.  
 The needful powers are by no one possess'd:  
 To lift great loads must many hands combine:  
 To me 'twas given, with penetrating soul,  
 To fathom nature's inmost mysteries;  
 But I am not the outward instrument.  
 "Life's gladsome child!" That means, some creature,  
     gay,  
 By nature dower'd, instead of intellect,  
 With body only, and mere youthful bloom.  
 A young dull-witted boy shall be my aid,  
 And, all unconscious of its priceless worth,  
 Secure and place the treasure in my hands.  
 Is it not so, thou mighty Solomon?

*(traces lines in the sand).*

Yes, yes, it is! A fume of incense will  
 Disclose to me the entrance to the rock,  
 And a rose-cheek'd, uneducated boy,  
 Will draw the prize for my advantage forth,  
 As striplings do in Europe's lotteries.  
 Oh holy Prophet! take my fervent thanks!  
 My mind's exhausted with its deep research.  
 The goal achieved, my over-wearied frame  
 Longs for repose. Now will I sleep in peace.  
 To-morrow, by the magic of my ring,  
 I stand in Asia: the succeeding day  
 Beholds me here, and with the wondrous lamp!

## ISPAHAN.

*A Room. MORGIANA and her Female Neighbours round  
MUSTAPHA'S bier.*

## MORGIANA.

Once more I thank you, worthy gossips all,  
 For your kind help with my poor husband here!  
 He's dead, alack! Great Prophet! Ah, he sits  
 No longer stitching on the table there,  
 And scolding me for dropping off to sleep!  
 Now he sleeps faster far than e'er did I.  
 Thanks, thanks, good Mirza! You, Amina, thanks!  
 If God call either of your husbands hence,  
 You may rely on Morgiana's help  
 To wash, and dress, and lay the body out,  
 And weep and wail, as you have done for mine.  
 Oh Allah! think,—the robe, in which he lies,  
 It was the death of him! He fetch'd a blow  
 To hit Aladdin, and upset my distaff  
 Into the lamp. I started from my nap  
 With a great shriek;—how to put out the fire  
 Was my first thought, but in my parlous fright,  
 Not knowing which was black and which was white,  
 I snatch'd the dress up, flung it on the flames,  
 When down he dropp'd, as pale as any sheet,  
 And died of downright terror on the spot. (*weeps*)  
 Well!—'tis a road we all one day must go;  
 Yet it is hard! And then in such a way!  
 Aladdin is a worthless scamp! And now,  
 Farewell, my good kind friends! See, here they come,  
 To take him to the grave! This is too much.  
   [*The corpse-bearers enter.*]  
 My heart is breaking! Oh, good gentle souls!  
 When ye take up the bier, grasp not too hard;  
 'Tis an old man; so lift him tenderly:

He is not fit to bear much buffeting ;  
 And mind you turn his silver-hoary head  
 Towards Mecca, and his feet to Medina.  
 One kiss ! Ah me !—how tranquilly he lies !  
 Once he was always fuming ;—that is past.  
 Farewell, my husband ! Mustapha, farewell !

*[Exeunt bearers with the bier. The women shriek.]*

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A STREET.

*ALADDIN and a troop of ragged Boys ; in the background the Magician, NOUREDDIN, who watches their proceedings attentively.*

SELIM.

There is Aladdin ! Now we may begin !  
 Now we shall have our game !

ALADDIN.

Good morrow, friends !

SELIM.

And where have you been loitering all this time ?

ALADDIN.

Look ye ! There was an old man's funeral,  
 Outside the town, near the small village mosque ;  
 And this it was that kept me. 'Tis so nice  
 To listen to the singing, and to see  
 The stately way they bear the bier along.

SELIM.

Why didn't you, I say, take me with you ?  
 Who was it they were burying ?

ALADDIN (*yawns*).

My father.

SELIM.

Who? What? Your father? Gracious! Is he dead?

ALADDIN.

Two nights ago.

SELIM.

And you,—you never spoke  
A word to me about it.

ALADDIN.

I forgot.

SELIM.

And you're not mourning?

ALADDIN.

Where would be the good?

SELIM.

Not in your dress, I mean, but in your heart?

ALADDIN.

Why, if we mourn'd for all that went amiss,  
We should do nought but mourn. He was old and  
frail.

SINDBAD.

Well, come along! The merchant at the corner  
Will fling three oranges again to-day  
For us to scramble for beneath his window.

ALADDIN.

I will be there.

ALADDIN.

SINDBAD.

Of course! No doubt you will!  
 See, here comes one! Now, youngsters, look alive!  
 (*ALADDIN has caught the orange.*)

SELIM.

You're always lucky.

BOYS (*call out*).

Ho! More oranges!

[*Another orange is thrown from the window, and  
 is caught by ALADDIN.*]

ALADDIN.

That's number two! They make a pretty pair.

SINDBAD.

Aladdin shan't play with us any more.  
 He mustn't try to catch the third. He's got  
 Enough already. Comrades, hold him back!

[*Some of the boys hold ALADDIN. A third orange  
 is thrown out, and falls into his turban.*]

ALADDIN.

That's number three! One I shall eat myself;  
 And now, here go the other two again!  
 (*throws the two oranges into the air. All the boys run  
 off to catch them.*)

NOUREDDIN (*advances*).

Why should I travel further? This child's play,  
 As aimless and as trivial as it seems,  
 Is yet devised by destiny, to show

The tool I am to use. As I surmised,  
 Sturdy and straight, red-cheek'd, without a care !  
 They bury this boy's father, and he goes  
 To gape at this like any other show.

Twice on the child did fortune shower her boons,  
 Ay, and the third time, though his hands were bound,  
 He lured her favour down into his turban.

What would I more ? The thing I sought is here.

*(goes up to ALADDIN).*

God save you, my young friend ! I see that you  
 Are a smart hand at catching.

ALADDIN *(sheepishly)*.

Rather, sir !

NOUREDDIN.

Forgive me if, a stranger as I am,  
 I make so bold as tender you my friendship,  
 For I am drawn to you in many ways ;  
 First, you are much the handsomest of all  
 Your playfellows ;—the tallest, too, to boot.  
 How old are you ?

ALADDIN.

Just turned seventeen.

NOUREDDIN.

I should have thought you older by your looks.  
 You only want a beard, to be a man.  
 Then, in dexterity you're foremost, too.  
 And you have luck. A foreign merchant I,  
 Almost a stranger here in Ispahan,  
 And so would like to know some pleasant people.

ALADDIN.

You show me too much honour, sir, indeed !  
 Small profit will you get from knowing me.

I'm a poor tailor's 'prentice, sir. My father  
 Died very strangely just two days ago.  
 This was the way of it. With his ell-wand  
 He fetch'd a blow at me, but missed, and knock'd  
 My mother's distaff over on the lamp.  
 The yarn caught fire ;—and thereupon he died.

NOUREDDIN.

I heard you speaking of his burial,—  
 And—don't be angry !—the indifference  
 That marked your words somewhat offended me.

ALADDIN.

Why, sir, he was a poor infirm old man,  
 Almost threescore and ten ; and very few  
 Live past that age in Ispahan !

NOUREDDIN.

But then,  
 'Twas you, it seems, who caused the old man's death.

ALADDIN.

Because I would not quietly submit  
 To be felled like an ox ? Because I leapt  
 Aside, and showed him a clean pair of heels ?  
 No, gentle sir ; think what a life is that,  
 Which hangs by such a very spider's thread,  
 It dies of simple fright, because a wisp  
 Of yarn takes fire !—He rather owes me thanks  
 For giving him occasion, as I did,  
 To say good-bye to it for good and all.

NOUREDDIN.

That was not spoken like a son, my friend !

ALADDIN.

A son ? Mashallah, I am fain to think,  
 That I count kindred with that sire of mine



Through my good mother's courtesy alone !  
 For he was old, when he took her to wife,  
 And she was pretty, as the rumour goes.  
 Al Sefi, an Emir, oft called on us ;  
 Right fond of me he was, and I was like him ;  
 Many's the gift I had of him, before  
 He lost his life in fighting with the Turks.

NOUREDDIN.

Your father was so old ! What was his name ?

ALADDIN.

His name, sir ? Mustapha !

NOUREDDIN (*with increasing interest*).

A tailor, said you ?

ALADDIN.

Body and soul a tailor.

NOUREDDIN.

And lived long

In Ispahan ?

ALADDIN.

Since ever I remember.

NOUREDDIN.

A little peevish—naturally testy ?

ALADDIN.

You know him ?

NOUREDDIN.

Yes,—an industrious old man ?

ALADDIN.

Amazingly industrious ?

ALADDIN.

NOUREDDIN.

And he wished  
That you should be the same, no doubt, and not  
Go lounging idly up and down the streets.

ALADDIN.

The very man ! His picture large as life !

NOUREDDIN (*embraces him*).

My brother's son !

ALADDIN.

What ! You his brother, sir ?

NOUREDDIN.

Yes, his own very brother. Mahomet!  
I thought he had been dead this many a day.  
Never could I have hoped to find his son,  
And now I find him in this comely youth !  
Embrace me, child ! What is your name ?

ALADDIN.

Aladdin.

NOUREDDIN.

Yes, yes ! He wrote me word of that.—But now  
Touching that same Emir of whom you spoke——

ALADDIN (*looking embarrassed*).

Oh, gracious ! uncle,—not a word of that !  
Suppose it something whispered to the wind.

NOUREDDIN.

Well, come, Aladdin, my dear nephew, come,  
And lead me to your aged mother straight.  
She's still alive ?

ALADDIN.

The cottage there is hers.

NOUREDDIN.

Almighty God ! how wondrously does fate  
Bring things to meet together in this world !

[*Exeunt into the cottage.*]

A CHAMBER.

NOUREDDIN, MORGIANA, and ALADDIN seated at supper.

MORGIANA.

Most honoured kinsman ! Dear good brother ! Don't,  
Don't take it ill of me to speak so bold—  
Dear bless my soul, I'd sooner have believed  
The Caucasus had sunk into the earth,—  
Yea, the Euphrates run completely dry,  
Than that my dear, my faithful Mustapha—(*weeps*)  
Now he is in the blessed Paradise,  
Where youthful Houris, prettier far than I,  
Caress and dress him day by day, and rub  
With flannels soft his poor rheumatic limbs.  
Well, let them ! I'm not jealous !—No, not I.  
But to come back to what I meant to say,—  
Ne'er, as I said before, had I believed  
That Mustapha, poor, ailing Mustapha,  
Was brother of so grand a gentleman.  
Besides, I never heard him speak of you,  
Yet he was given to gossiping, God knows !  
And so at first I thought—(your pardon, sir!)—  
That you were but a thief, a vagabond,  
Who took this plan to throw us off our guard.  
But when, again, I came to think that here  
There's nothing any man could steal—no more  
Than on the red sands of Sahara's waste ;  
And when you ordered heaps of viands in,



The boy has cost me many an aching heart :  
 It's little else I get from him, God knows !  
 He is my son, my own true flesh and blood ;  
 A handsome youth, and smart—pure red and white,  
 And everybody says he's just my image ;  
 But I must tell the truth, come what come may ;  
 He sees me spin and spin from morn till night,  
 But what is that to him ? God save the mark !  
 He'll not so much as turn his hand, not he,  
 To comb his hair out. Everything is thrown  
 On me,—poor me !—of widows most perplexed.  
 He should have been a tailor, like his father.  
 That was a tailor for you !—Tailor's work  
 Don't drop into one's mouth, like roasted doves.  
 Whilst my poor husband lived, I took his part,  
 The idle dog—and now Heaven pays me off  
 For having been a weak good-natured fool. (*weeps*)

## NOUREDDIN.

Well, well, my worthy sister, dry your tears.  
 As far as I can judge your boy Aladdin,  
 His character is generous, frank and noble.  
 Too young to choose a business for himself,  
 Depressed and hampered by the want of means,  
 He does not know which way to turn himself.  
 In this way indolence has rock'd his spirit,  
 Like any cradled infant, into sleep.  
 I'd wager, were he put into the way  
 Of starting in some trade in proper style,—  
 The master of a handsome shop, we'll say,  
 Well stock'd with fine and well-selected stuffs  
 From China, India, and the Levant—  
 I'd wager, at a venture, two to one,  
 He'd very soon grow tired of his old life,  
 And turn to other courses. Eh, my son ?

## ALADDIN.

Good uncle, you exactly read my heart.

I never pass a merchant's shop like that,  
 Piled to the roof with cloth of gold and silver,  
 Gauzes and velvets, and rich robes and silks,  
 But to myself I say,—Oh, if I had  
 Such a fine shop as that! Then, every day  
 Would lovely Persian ladies visit me;  
 And they would fling their long thick veils aside,  
 In order rightly to inspect the goods;  
 And whilst their eyes were busy with my stuffs,  
 Mine should be busy taking stock of them.  
 Oh, get me such a shop, dear uncle, do,  
 And here I promise you, by all that's sacred,  
 To grow methodical, sagacious, grave,—  
 To comb my hair, and never more to play  
 With stupid dirty boys about the streets.

NOUREDDIN (*offers him his hand*).

Your hand upon it!

ALADDIN (*takes it*).

And my heart too!

NOUREDDIN.

Good!

A shop I'll get you the day after next.

MORGIANA.

Oh, holy Prophet! He a shop! Poor wretch!  
 How in the world is that to come about?

NOUREDDIN.

I'll buy a shop, and set him up in it.

ALADDIN (*falls on NOUREDDIN's neck*).

That's what I call an uncle! Blood with him  
 Is thicker far than water! But, dear uncle,

'Tis a long time till the day after next ;  
 Were it not better instantly, by dawn  
 To-morrow—'tis too late, alas ! to-night—  
 To buy the shop for me ? What's done is done ;  
 And, to confess the truth, I can't abide  
 To be kept waiting long.

## MORGIANA.

Thou saucy knave !  
 Thou mooncalf ! Good-for-nothing ! Hast thou ne'er  
 One grain of sense in all thy stupid skull ?  
 Is this thy gratitude ? Art thou not struck  
 All of a heap with Providence's mercies ?  
 I cannot choose but weep. Oh best of brothers,  
 You are an angel, sent from paradise  
 To save this wretched orphan from perdition ;  
 The poor dear child ! Get up, you rascal ! There,  
 Go kiss your uncle's hand ! Where be your manners ?  
 Have you no thanks ? Ha, is it not a dream ?  
 I am so used to misery and grief,  
 This sudden turn of fortune quite confounds me.

## NOUREDDIN.

Calm thee, good lady.—Friend Aladdin, no ;  
 To-morrow's Friday, and a holiday,  
 And we can do no business. Shops are shut ;  
 The time is given to exercise devout,  
 And quiet recreation. Yet will I  
 Procure you a fresh suit without delay,  
 One that is fitted for your new estate ;  
 And, by your mother's leave, we shall go forth  
 Into the suburbs, for a quiet stroll  
 Among the cool shades of those lovely gardens  
 Outside the gates. Have you a mind for this ?

## ALADDIN.

Yes, that I have.

## NOUREDDIN.

Then for to-day we part ;  
 For it is late, and I am much fatigued.  
 Betimes I shall be with you in the morning ;  
 And now, good night !

ALADDIN *and* MORGIANA.

Kinsman, good night !—good night !  
 [*Exit* NOUREDDIN.]

## A WILD MOUNTAINOUS REGION.

*A narrow valley, covered with grass and flowers, shut in between two precipitous rocks, studded with trees. A stream dashes from one of the rocks.*

NOUREDDIN *and* ALADDIN *enter, in close conversation.*

## ALADDIN.

Good uncle, you do tell the prettiest stories  
 That ever I have heard in all my life :  
 I never should grow tired of listening.  
 I fancy I am wiser, by a deal,  
 Than when we started on our walk but now.  
 To every quarter of the world you've led me.  
 It may be very true, all that you say  
 Of trade and merchandise ; but I confess,  
 What you have told me of these powers occult  
 Of nature, and of marvels manifold,  
 Of men, who in a moment oft attain,  
 By merest chance, what others waste their lives  
 In vain and ceaseless efforts to achieve,  
 Of the invisible and central force,  
 And other such mysterious agencies,  
 These were the things that gave me most delight !

## NOUREDDIN.

These are the noblest themes—the most sublime  
 That can employ the mind of mortal man !



ALADDIN (*looks round him, amazed*).

But where, in all the world, is this we are?  
 You charmed me so with your delightful talk,  
 I took no notice how we came along.  
 Far have we wandered from the gardens,—far,  
 Through brake and greenwood, over hill and dale.  
 We're right among the mountains! Surely we  
 Have come a frightful distance! Now, I think  
 It struck me once, that I was growing tired;  
 But straightway I forgot it. Tell me, uncle,  
 Have you been as oblivious as myself?

NOUREDDIN.

No, my dear son! I led thee by design,  
 Far from the city's stupefying din,  
 To nature's calm, majestic solitudes.  
 I mark'd thy young heart beat with childish joy,  
 Through the fair gardens as we came along,  
 Which, like a chaplet, breathe their fragrance cool  
 Round that huge pile of gross and sculptured stone.  
 Yet, though I do not scruple to confess  
 That these green thickets, musical with brooks,  
 And clustering rich with fruits of choicest hues,  
 Were fair, most fair and pleasant to the eye,  
 Yet nature, fashioned in such puny moulds,  
 Bound down and fetter'd by convention's rules,  
 Grown up within possession's close confine,  
 And under the possessor's lordly eye,  
 Is poor, most poor, beside these glorious hills,  
 Which tower gigantic, like the kings of earth.  
 Though my words seemed to drop at unawares,  
 Yet were they pondered carefully to lead  
 Thy bright and subtle spirit, step by step,  
 Up from the trivial to the sublime.  
 In what I told thee, 'twas my aim to make thee  
 Familiar with the marvellous; that so  
 Thou mayst not, like a fiery-mettled colt,

Foaled in the desert, with his wit to learn,  
 Kear up in terror at the sudden peal.  
 This therefore have I done ; and now, methinks,  
 I may disclose my purpose to thee safely.

ALADDIN.

Speak on, sir ; I am not at all afraid.

NOUREDDIN.

Then know, my son, that I for years on years  
 Have pored o'er nature's book of mysteries,  
 And there unravell'd marvels too occult  
 For the dull glance of common eyes to pierce.  
 Thus, amongst other matters, I have found,  
 That here, where now we stand, beneath our feet  
 A cavern lies, deep vaulted in the rock,  
 Where all, that in the mountain's bosom rests,  
 A deeper bloom and richer lustre wears,  
 Bright with the hues of an eternal spring,  
 Than the pale growths of this our upper earth,  
 Where the flower dies as swiftly as it blows,  
 Leaving its wan sere leaves alone behind.  
 If, then, thou hast the courage to descend  
 Into this cave of marvel and of beauty—  
 For thy sake, mark me, I came here, my son,  
 For I have scann'd its glories many a time—  
 Then will I by a spell of mystic power,  
 First kindling some dry twigs, disclose to thee  
 The hidden entrance to the vault at once.

ALADDIN.

Oh ! is there, then, a real cavern here ?  
 Right underneath our feet ? Here, where we stand ?

NOUREDDIN.

A grotto, studded with the choicest gems,  
 Infinite nature's magazine of art !

ALADDIN.

And you can find its entrance, by a fire  
Of twigs, and muttering some mystic words ?

NOUREDDIN.

That power has Allah's grace on me bestowed.

ALADDIN.

Dear, dear ! I never heard the like before !

NOUREDDIN.

Art thou so soon afraid ?

ALADDIN.

Afraid ? Not I.

And yet it is too wonderful by half !

NOUREDDIN.

You see yon withered branches, how they droop,  
Scorch'd into tinder on the sun-burnt rocks,—  
Away, my son, and fetch them for our fire !  
But be alert, for it grows late and dusk.

ALADDIN.

Trust me for that ! I do so long to see  
This lovely cave ! I'll fetch the wood at once ! [*Exit.*]

NOUREDDIN.

So, then, the moment is at hand, that gives  
The earth and all its glories to my grasp !  
This is the spot has been my life's one dream ;  
The spot I've come so many leagues to reach.  
Here comes my instrument already back,  
Laden with sticks, and merry as a bird.

Poor fool ! so eager to embrace his doom,  
 He stumbles as he runs ;—a dismal fall  
 Awaits him. Ah ! look round thee, giddy boy !  
 For the last time make glad thy wretched eyes  
 With the fresh brightness of these flowery slopes,  
 And warm thy wretched body with the sun !  
 Soon, soon shalt thou, cut off from sun and flowers,  
 Shut in the dark, and rack'd by hunger-pangs,  
 Shriek through the echoing gloom in vain for death.  
 There be weak fools would call this cruelty ;  
 But it is wisdom, unalloy'd by passion.  
 What's doom'd is doom'd, and cannot choose but be.  
 Psha ! Does the sage, who into nature pries,  
 Shrink to impale the insect on his pin ?

## ALADDIN

*(returns with a bundle of faggots on his back).*

Here's wood enough to roast an elephant.  
 But, uncle, on my way, and whilst I broke  
 The branches off, and laid them on my back,  
 There came into my mind the old, old tale  
 Of Abraham, and the sacrifice of Isaac,  
 And how the unhappy lad himself was made  
 To bear the wood for his own funeral pile.  
*(Suddenly he swings round on one leg, and waves his  
 hand triumphantly.)*

But Allah sent an angel to his help,  
 Direct from heaven ! Yes, Allah always helps,  
 Just when our need is sorest ! don't he, sir ?

NOUREDDIN *(confused)*.

Inexplicable Fate o'erruleth all.

## ALADDIN.

Yet the good Isaac was a dunce, methinks,  
 Not to see through his father's artifice !

Just catch me being such a precious fool !  
But after all, perhaps, 'tis all a lie.

NOUREDDIN.

Most likely. Lay the faggots here. And now  
Help me to kindle them. But stay—one word !  
From the first moment that I saw thee catch  
The oranges in thy turban yesterday,  
I set thee down to be a youth of spirit,  
That manfully despises woman's fears,  
And hails adventure like a trumpet-call.

ALADDIN.

If such the notion that you took of me,  
I fancy, sir, you were not much deceived.

NOUREDDIN.

Good ! Then prepare to look upon a sight,  
Will make your very heart leap up with joy.  
When I have set the wood on fire, and strewn  
Some incense on it, and pronounced the word,  
The earth will heave and tremble, and anon  
From out its breast will rise a marble-stone,  
Square, with a ring of iron in its centre ;  
This thou shalt raise, the slightest pull will do,  
So thou but mutter to thyself the while  
Thy father and grandfather's honoured names.  
The stone once raised, thou wilt behold a stair.  
Descend that stair. 'Tis dark, but do not fear.  
Around thee soon the cavern's fruits will spread  
A radiance brighter and more beautiful  
Than yonder sallow, sultry, sulphurous sun's.  
Three lofty grottoes first receive thy steps,  
Ablaze with veins of gold and silver ore,  
Which from the rugged walls of rock protrude.  
Pass onward, and touch nothing that you see ;  
'Tis all too firmly fixed ; 'twere labour lost.

Crossing these chambers, thou wilt find thyself  
 Within a garden. Paradise itself  
 Was not so fair. 'Tis Paradise, perhaps,  
 Here from man's view concealed since his first fall.  
 The finest, and most gorgeous fruits are there,  
 Of every different colour ; crimson, blue,  
 White, yellow, violet, and emerald green,—  
 Like jewels hung in a Sultana's ear,—  
 Flame on the boughs, and give the eye delight.  
 How gladly would I go with you ! But one  
 Alone may taste this rapture on one day.  
 My own delight I sacrifice to thine !  
 And all I ask thee for myself is this,  
 That thou wilt cross the garden, tarrying not,  
 Till, at the end, thou comest to a wall,  
 Where, set within a smoky niche, thou'lt find  
 An ancient copper lamp. This fetch to me.  
 I told you I was fond of old knick-knacks ;  
 That I collect these curious odds and ends ;  
 And so this lamp, to others valueless,  
 Has a mere fancy-value for myself.  
 As thou returnest, thou may'st pluck the fruit,  
 And bring with thee as much as thou canst carry.  
 Only be quick, my son, and fetch the lamp !

## ALADDIN.

All right, dear uncle, I am quite prepared.

## NOUREDDIN

*(takes out a box of incense and flings some upon the flames. Immediately a peal of distant thunder is heard, and a flash of lightning strikes the fire. The earth trembles ; a large square stone rises horizontally with the surface of the ground, in the centre of which is seen a large iron ring).*

Now, quick, Aladdin ! Pull away ! Make haste !

ALADDIN.

Oh, no, dear uncle ! Dearest uncle, spare me !  
I tremble so ! I can't, indeed I can't.

NOUREDDIN

*(strikes him to the ground).*

Wilt thou provoke me, craven-hearted boy ?  
How ! Have I undertaken for thy good  
A task so hard and perilous, that thou  
Shouldst, like a lap-dog over-nursed and cloy'd,  
Tremble with mere distrust when I but stroke thee ?  
Quick ! Seize the ring ! Do it, or by the Prophet,  
And by the mighty Solomon, I'll chain thee  
Down to the stone, and leave thee here behind,  
Prey for the eagles and the mountain wolves !

ALADDIN.

Ah, dearest uncle, do not be so cross ;  
I'll do your bidding willingly, I will.

NOUREDDIN.

Do so, and I will make it worth your while ;  
Tush, silly boy ! What ! tears still in your eyes ?  
For shame, Aladdin ! Show yourself a man,  
And a kind kinsman you shall find in me.  
In sooth, I stand you in a father's stead,  
And therefore 'tis my duty to chastise you,  
When you deserve it. Trust me, it is all  
For your advantage. Come, then, come and show  
How brave you can be—grasp the ring, and whisper  
Your father's and his father's name.

ALADDIN *(resolutely)*.

I will !

*(He mutters to himself, grasps the ring and pulls, but is  
unable to lift the stone).*

ALADDIN.

NOUREDDIN

*(aside, and starting back affrighted).*

Almighty Prophet! What is this I see?  
Does the spell fail me? Have I been deceived?

ALADDIN.

I thought 'twas not the thing!

NOUREDDIN.

What didst thou think?  
Didst thou not name thy father's name, thou wretch?

ALADDIN.

Out of respect for you, my honoured kinsman,  
I whispered Mustapha and Casem's names,  
And so the stone lies rooted to the rock.  
But by your leave—I mean, sir, no offence,  
None in the world!—but if you'll let me name  
The Emir whom you wot of, and his father,  
Then you shall see!

NOUREDDIN.

Ah! name them,—name them, boy!

ALADDIN *(again grasping the stone).*

Al Mamon and Al Safi.—Here it comes!

NOUREDDIN.

Soh! You were right!

ALADDIN.

A rare disclosure this!  
If one may judge by what we just have seen,  
We ne'er were kinsmen.



NOUREDDIN.

Well then, we are friends.  
But now away at once, and fetch the lamp !

ALADDIN.

The stairs are marble ! beautiful and broad !  
It don't look dangerous at all ; and there  
I spy the light already ! Yet 'tis strange.  
Now I am in the hole, I have no fear ;  
A little nervous, I must own, or so,—  
But, come what may, here goes !

NOUREDDIN.

That's bravely said.  
Mind, don't forget the lamp.

ALADDIN.

Oh, never fear !  
(*is about to descend.*)

NOUREDDIN.

One word ! Upon thy finger place this ring.  
Whatever my befall, 'twill keep thee safe.  
(*Takes a ring from his finger and places it on ALADDIN'S.*)

ALADDIN.

Uncle, all right ! I'm eager to be gone ! (*disappears.*)

NOUREDDIN.

Oh Mahomet, be gracious to thy servant !  
I struck Aladdin, to accustom him  
To be obedient. For spontaneously,  
And not from fear or menace, must he fetch me  
The lamp from this same murky cave below.

But if with it he reascends to earth,  
The lamp belongs to him ! Fate wills it so.  
And once closed in, the mountain opes no more.  
Strange chance ! Well, well—here will I wait my doom.  
Within the shrouded urn the lots repose.  
Ah ! can the ministers of darkness say,  
If chance or industry shall gain the day ?

END OF ACT FIRST.

## ACT SECOND.

A subterranean garden blooms, in the mountain deeply shrouded,  
 With trees of sparkling metal bright, and radiant leafage crowded.  
 There copper, iron, lead and tin, aloft in air are gleaming,  
 And rarest fruits on every bough with wondrous sheen are beaming.  
 For some are white as milk, and some like crystal sparkle gaily :  
 Blood-red are some, and others like the coral blushing palely ;  
 Green, violet, yellow, blue and brown, in many a varied cluster,  
 Within this beauteous garden shine with bright and fiery lustre.  
 The fruits of white are pearls, the bright are diamonds, and the  
     flaming  
 Are rubies bloody red of hue, all other hues outshaming.  
 The grass is grown of emerald, and 'mongst the tree-roots creeping,  
 With their azure light, the sapphires bright, like forget-me-nots are  
     peeping.  
 And all around that wondrous ground, now clustering and now  
     single,  
 The agate and pale amethyst, and glowing garnet mingle ;  
 Through the trees along, with cheery song, a sparkling brook is  
     straying,  
 It prattles well, though none may tell what that little brook is  
     saying ;  
 And in a niche, with smoke begrimed, and damp, and looking  
     meanly,  
 Doth burn the lamp, the wonderful, with steady light serenely.  
 And bright as day its lonely ray that wondrous garden maketh,  
 For every gleam on gold or gem in a thousand sparkles breaketh.

## CHORUS OF MOUNTAIN SPIRITS.

Hark to the thunder !  
 The levin has broke,  
 And rifted asunder  
 The rock with its stroke !

VOICES (*soft and afar off*).

Life, glowing and fair to see,  
Is coming to our lifeless bower ;  
His shall the best of our treasures be,  
His be our garden's goodliest flower.

## VOICE OF THE LAMP.

Then shall my flame, with radiance stronger,  
In heaven's free air as freely glow ;  
And these deserted halls no longer  
Illumine for a bootless show.

Hark to the hero's tread, as fearless  
Through jewel'd groves he comes to me ;  
Soon from this hush of death so cheerless  
Shall endless wisdom set me free !

## VOICES OF THE TREES.

And thou wilt go, and leave us here in sadness ?  
No longer shall our fruits a radiance shed ;  
What beauty will be left, what lustre—gladness,  
When from the cave thy magic light hath fled ?

## VOICE OF THE LAMP.

Rest ye content, ye stones of every die !  
Soon shall you kindle in another light ;  
Within these caverns flames not only I,  
But an eternal fire, for ever bright.

To steal the light, life's bloom and strength, of yore  
Prometheus climb'd, he now descends for this ;  
And Odin through Gunlöden's love once more  
Doth from the mountain take the draught of bliss.

## ALADDIN

(*who starts on entering, and looks round*).

Oh me ! what a strange garden ! All the trees  
Full of such pretty fruit ! Ripe, rosy apples,  
Green-gages, peaches with a purple bloom,  
And oranges like flame, white gooseberries,  
And, oh me ! grapes !—some blue as heaven itself,  
And others clear as water in a stream.  
How sweetly winds the little brook through all !

Oh, what a pity there is ne'er a bird  
 To warble in and out among the leaves !  
 How very still it is ! What pretty flowers,  
 Yellow and filigreed, like ruddy gold !  
 Ha, what tremendous lilies ! How they shine,  
 As though each leaf were out of silver carved !  
 I'll smell to one of them ! They have no smell !  
 How comes it now they have no smell, I wonder ?  
 My uncle, I must own, was in the right ;  
 This sort of thing is only worth a look,  
 And then good bye.—But, see ! there hangs the lamp !  
 How strangely does its steady gleam light up  
 All round about, and make it beautiful !  
 My uncle is the oddest sort of man.  
 What wants he with the lamp ? These fruits, I'm sure,  
 Are better far, and prettier. Heaven preserve me !  
 Saw ever mortal such a bunch of grapes !  
 Oh, what a size ! Oh, shan't I have a feast ?  
 I am so thirsty.—So, here goes at them !  
 My uncle gave me leave. How ! What is this ?  
 Dear me ! these are no ordinary grapes,—  
 They're nothing but mere glass ! Let's try again !  
 These red ones may taste better, possibly.—  
 How ! Still mere glass ? Well, this beats everything !  
 All these fine things are nothing else but glass.  
 Ha, ha, ha ! This is too ridiculous !  
 I made my mind up, they were luscious fruit,  
 And they are only stones ! Oh, what a cheat !  
 Since this is so, 'twere best get home again  
 As quickly as we can ; the victuals there  
 Are bad and scanty ; still they have a relish.  
 These glistening stones are wonderfully fine,  
 And to my comrades when I show them off,  
 How they will stare at their magnificence !  
 I'll pluck as many as my clothes will hold.  
 Mashallah ! I am pack'd and laden like  
 A camel for a jaunt across the desert.  
 Now to be off ! Yet, stay,——Good gracious me !

I very nearly had forgot the lamp !  
 And then my uncle would have cuff'd me finely.  
*(he takes it from the niche).*

So, come this way, old battered trumpery !  
 Had I my will, I'd rather let thee hang.  
 I'll not put out the light, though, till I see  
 The daylight through the opening again.  
 This cave is certainly the prettiest place !  
 There hangs a plum, of such a brilliant blue,  
 I should so like to take it with the rest.  
 And now farewell, thou daintiest of glass shops !  
 I must away—my uncle waits for me. *[Exit.*

THE NARROW PASS BETWEEN THE ROCKS.

NOUREDDIN

*(stands at the entrance of the cave, he bends down and listens).*

At length, at length he comes ! I hear his step !  
 'Tis manifest he bears a heavy load.  
 He's weighted with the stones, and can't get on.  
 No matter ! Once the lamp is in my hands,  
 I'll fling this incense on the fire, and speak  
 The magic word, then all shuts up again.  
 I'll not be tortured by the ceaseless dread,  
 That through this boy's simplicity, whose soul  
 Stands like an empty chest agape to all,  
 My secret should be bruited to the world.  
 He comes ! No more ! Let Destiny decide !

ALADDIN *(still in the cave).*

Here I am, uncle ! Let me have your hand,  
 It is so steep here.

NOUREDDIN.

Give me first the lamp,  
 My own dear boy, and then I'll help you up.

ALADDIN.

I've such a load of pretty pebbles here  
 Within my kaftan, and beneath them all  
 Lies the old lamp. So, pray just help me out !

NOUREDDIN.

You stupid booby ! let your rubbish drop,  
 And hand me up the lamp ! What ! playing off  
 Your childish prauks again ! The lamp, I say !

ALADDIN (*to himself*).

He makes me first go down like any fool  
 To fetch him up a trumpery rusty lamp,  
 And, when that's done, and on the way I've pick'd  
 Some score of pretty stones up for myself,  
 He'll not so much as let me take them home.  
 (*Aloud.*) You shall not have it till I'm out again !

NOUREDDIN

(*restraining himself, and with a gentle voice*).

Boy, take your toys and gewgaws from your kaftan,  
 And let me have the lamp at once ! You can  
 Pick up the stones again.

ALADDIN.

Good gracious, sir !  
 Why should you ask me such a thing ? Why not  
 Wait till I'm fairly out ? 'Tis very strange,  
 The staircase should so suddenly have vanished.  
 Come, uncle !—come, be quick !—give me your hand !

NOUREDDIN.

That I will not, until I have the lamp.

ALADDIN.

Then I can scramble out without your aid.

[*He is nearly out, when NOUREDDIN in a rage  
 strikes him, and throws some incense upon the fire.*

## NOUREDDIN.

Close up once more, ye ruthless rocky walls !  
He shall not reap the harvest of my toil.

*[The mountain closes. He gazes steadily for awhile upon the place where the entrance to the cave had been; then heaving a deep sigh, he sits down exhausted upon a boulder of rock.]*

What were the words of the old minstrel's lay ?  
"Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain !"  
Why was I so impatient in my wrath ?  
What evil spirit did o'ermaster me ?  
'Tis done, and, being done, is past recal.  
This fortune, then, was not designed for me.  
*(Starts up.)* Despair I shall not—no, though baffled now !  
Before the power of will shall nature bow.  
Home, home to Africa I haste once more,  
And there anon renew my mystic lore.  
By strenuous toil a power evoke I will,  
To be the bond-slave of my wizard skill.  
This stake is play'd and lost. Boy, greet thy fate,  
And with thy life thy rashness expiate ! *[Exit.]*

## THE CAVERN.

## ALADDIN

*(enters, feeling about in the dark; stumbles, and falls down exhausted).*

Oh, dearest uncle ! open, open pray !  
I'll do whate'er you ask—indeed I will !  
Oh, good—oh, best of uncles !—open, do !  
Already he is far away ! Oh heaven !  
How many a tear shall I be forced to weep  
In this dark, dismal, dog-hole of a place !  
Ha ! thou art not mine uncle ! No,—thou art  
A wicked wizard, full of tricks and snares,  
That joys in leading simple lads astray,  
And takes a fiendish pleasure in their death.



Yah, thou gaunt, livid scarecrow ! Holy Prophet !  
 Bring me deliverance from this bitter strait !  
 Have I been guilty of so great a crime  
 As to deserve such heavy chastisement ?  
 My father died,—but how was I to blame ?  
 Oh, dear, good Allah ! rescue me, I pray,  
 And leave me not to die of hunger here !

*(He drops for a few seconds into powerless silence, and listens ; and then says quietly with a childish distraction)*

How strangely does the brook, in the big garden,  
 Run on and sing, and sing and still run on !  
 So was it flowing long long years ago,—  
 Ay, many hundred years ere I was born.  
 Hark to the trickling from the stalactites  
 High up upon the roof!—There, there it drops,  
 Still with the self-same sound ! Plump, plump, plump,  
 plump !  
 Will it ne'er have an end ?—Hark ! there again ?

*[The monotonous sound lulls him gradually into a sweet sleep.]*

#### TWO FAIRIES

*glide through a cleft of the rock, each with a flaming torch in her hand ; they bend over ALADDIN and regard him tenderly.*

#### THE FIRST (*softly*).

Look at the boy, how he smiles in his sleep !

#### THE SECOND (*pityingly*).

Who hath made him a pillow so stony and steep ?

#### THE FIRST.

How comes one so blest in the mountain to be ?

## THE SECOND.

Far fairer than dwarf or than fairy is he!

## THE FIRST.

What bloom! Ah, what sweetness!

## THE SECOND.

What exquisite shape!

## THE FIRST.

See! sighs from his breast, as he slumbers, escape!

## THE SECOND.

One kiss—oh, delicious!

## THE FIRST.

His cheeks are aflame!

## THE SECOND.

Hush!—he wakens!

## THE FIRST.

Alas! we must hence as we came.

[*They vanish.*]

ALADDIN (*looking up*).

How? Still shut up within this dismal cave?  
 What ice-cold lips, as of a corpse, touched mine?  
 'Tis death has kissed me. I am faint for food.  
 Ha! cursed fruits, that are but glass and stone,  
 And prompt the hunger ye cannot appease!  
 (*Springs up.*) I will go drink some water at the brook.  
 I cannot! A great rock has fallen between.  
 Oh Allah then have mercy on my soul!

[*He strikes the ring which he received from NOUREDDIN against the rock; a sparkle of light leaps from the stone, remains burning upon the ground, and illumines the cave.*]

## THE SPIRIT OF THE RING

*appears in the form of a giant, and asks, in a voice of thunder,*

What wouldst thou with me? Say!  
 For thee I must obey.  
 A sovereign's right hast thou;  
 Thy slave, to thee I bow.  
 Nor only I must be  
 Obedient unto thee;  
 But every slave, where'er  
 He be, in earth or air,  
 That serves the ring, at thy  
 All-potent spell must fly.

## ALADDIN.

*(on his knees, with clasped hands).*

Ah most tremendous Djin! if thou wouldst save  
 A wretched child, as I am sure thou canst,  
 Transport me from this miserable hole  
 To my dear mother's house in Ispahan.

## THE SPIRIT.

Freely give order,  
 Ruler and lord,  
 And spirits all-potent  
 Will come at thy word.  
 Anon with swift pinion  
 I'll bear thee on high,  
 And far o'er the snow-peaks  
 Of Caucasus fly.  
 O'er mountain and under,  
 Transport thee I can;  
 Through the air, o'er the forest,  
 To Ispahan.

*[Vanishes with ALADDIN.]*

## BEFORE A GATE OF ISPAHAN.

## SUNRISE.

*Enter ALADDIN, his pockets filled with the precious stones of the cave.*

## ALADDIN.

My head is all aspin. Well! such a journey  
I never made in all my life before!  
He caught me by the waist; the parting air  
Around me flow'd, like water in the bath.  
In the clear moonshine, what a height he flew!  
And oh, how strangely small the earth became!  
Great Ispahan itself, with all its lights,  
That in the distance one by one went out,  
Looked like a bit of paper which we burn,  
And see the boys all running out of school.  
In a wide circle round the sky he wheeled,  
That I might view the wide expanse of earth,  
Bathed in the magic moon's transparent beams.  
I never shall forget how far he flew  
O'er Caucasus, and rested on its peak,  
Then swept sheer down upon the plain, as though  
He meant to plunge me in Euphrates deep.  
A tall three-decker flew before the gale  
Upon the chafing sea;—thither he sped,  
And resting with his toe upon the mast,  
He, like a pillar, poised himself in air,  
And there, secure as though he trod the ground,  
He held me in one hand aloft to heaven.  
Then when the moon, as pale as any ghost,  
Vanished before the earliest flush of dawn,  
Straightway he changed into a purple cloud,  
And dropped down with me softly as the dew,  
'Mongst the small flowers, close by the city gate.  
This done, transformed again, he soared, a lark,  
And vanished twittering in the azure air.  
Oh me! I'm faint and weary;—now, for home!

How will my mother stare and gape at me !  
 I hope she has some victuals in the house,  
 For I am hungry, ravenously hungry !

[*Exit.*

A ROOM.

MORGIANA. ALADDIN (*seated at a table, eating*).

MORGIANA.

My son, eat slowly ! Do not bolt your food  
 So very fast ! Pause for a little while !  
 There—take a drink ! Spill not the precious meat,  
 And do not smudge your kaftan with the fat.  
 Ah ! we get nothing from our children, nothing,  
 But care and cark !—Where Allah children sends,  
 There, too, He sends vexation. I made sure,  
 Our days of care and trouble were gone by,  
 And that you were to turn out something great,—  
 That when you were a merchant, I should sit  
 Beside you always, selling of my yarn.  
 And wherefore not ? Allah confound thee, thou  
 Accursed magician, for the whole affair !

ALADDIN.

Yes, mother, was it not a scurvy trick,  
 To shut me up in such a way ? To leave me,  
 Without remorse, to perish of starvation ?

MORGIANA.

And, what was worse than all, to box your ears,  
 And send you spinning clean heels over head.  
 The saucy jack ! Marry, who gave him leave,  
 To punish other people's children, eh ?  
 A scurvy rogue !

ALADDIN.

Look ye, good mother mine,  
 What's past is past, and cannot be recalled.  
 While here am I, so very hungry still,  
 I positively must have more to eat.

## MORGIANA.

Alas, dear child, there's nothing in the house.  
 My little bit of supper I had saved,  
 And hoped, 'twould be enough to stay your cravings.  
 I have no money either, to get more,  
 Until I sell the yarn that I am spinning.

## ALADDIN.

That's in the last degree unfortunate.  
 I always have a monstrous appetite  
 After a walk. But stay,—a lucky thought!  
 Reserve your yarn, dear mother, yet awhile,  
 And hand me that old rusty copper lamp,  
 Which I brought home with me. A coppersmith  
 Will give us for it, take it at the worst,  
 What will procure us two good meals at least.

## MORGIANA.

Well, here it is! But who will buy such trash?  
 It looks for all the world as it had lain  
 Unscrubb'd for centuries in dirt and mire.  
 They must be perfect pigs, these elfin folk,  
 That live inside the mountains! Who can tell,  
 If it be made of ordinary metal.  
 I'll scour it up a little bit, and then  
 If you can manage to dispose of it,  
 So much the better; if not, you must wait,  
 And curb your appetite until to-morrow.

*[Takes a cloth, and wets it, then dipping it in sand,  
 she begins to scour.]*

## THE SPIRIT OF THE LAMP,

*a giant of beautiful aspect, rises out of the ground.*

Scour not with such force and fury; I am here at thy command:  
 Swiftly speed I when thou callest, swiftly as the lightning's  
 brand;

Every spirit of the Earth, too, eager is, nor I alone,  
Thy behests, the lamp's great mistress, to fulfil as soon as known.

## MORGIANA.

Oh holy Prophet! Help me!—help, help, help!  
(swoons).

## ALADDIN

*recovers himself, seizes the lamp, and says,*

Ah, dear good devil! I am mighty hungry!  
Get me some dinner only now, and I  
Will do you a kind turn some other time.

(THE SPIRIT *vanishes, but immediately re-appears with a large silver tray upon his head, in which are twelve silver dishes full of the most choice viands; six white loaves upon platters, and two flasks of rare wine and two glasses. All these he places on the table and vanishes. ALADDIN looks on in amazement for a time. At last his appetite gives him courage; he advances slowly to the table, lifts the covers from some of the dishes, and then exclaims, full of delight and admiration, as one by one he tastes all the dishes*)

How? Roast meat? Soup? Rice exquisitely boiled?  
Pastry and fruit besides? Fish, pheasants too,—  
The dish of dishes that I like the best?

A spirit this of taste, and no mistake!

He's hit my fancy to a nicety.

(Suddenly dejected.) But, mighty Mahomet, they're  
not, I hope,

Glass, like the fruit in the enchanted garden!

(Eats.) No, Heaven be praised! 'Tis all good honest  
meat,

The best of beef, and with a savoury sauce.

(sits down at table).

Here goes,—in Allah's name! But, gracious me!

Where is my mother? Ah, she tumbled down

As soon as the great giant showed himself.

Ho! mother!—ho! get up, and come to dinner!

He's fairly gone—he is. Rise, mother, rise!—

If she won't rise, why, I suppose I must,

Just when I was so nicely seated, too.—

(*Riess.*) There's nothing perfect in this vale of tears.

(*Shakes her.*) Ho! mother,—ho! What fancy can you have

For lying in the dirt? How's this? My God!

She is not, surely, dead? Oh, gracious Heaven!

Father and mother both cut off so soon!

[*Runs to the table, fetches a jug of water, and putting some meat into his mouth, returns and dashes the contents of the jug in her face.*]

Ah, dearest mother! do recover, pray;

If, like my father, you are dead and gone,

I shan't enjoy a single morsel more.

MORGIANA (*opens her eyes*).

Oh, good and kind Sir Spirit, spare me, spare!

ALADDIN.

He's gone long since. Why, mother, can't you see

The difference 'twixt your own child and a spirit?

MORGIANA.

Aladdin, did you see the phantom, too?

ALADDIN.

Of course I did.

MORGIANA.

Ah, 'twas your blessed father,

Or I am much mistaken.

ALADDIN.

Then you are.



No tailor's ghost was ever such a size,  
You take my word for that !

MORGIANA (*gets up*).

When did he go ?

ALADDIN.

He brought this dinner, and then took his leave.

MORGIANA.

What ! He, the ghost, bring all these dainty things !

ALADDIN.

Yes, mother ! There ! Fall to, and with a will !

MORGIANA.

Into the dust-hole with them, every scrap !

ALADDIN.

No, I am not so mad. Come, come now, mother,  
You only try how nice the victuals taste.

MORGIANA.

I will taste nothing, not a morsel I.  
Ah me ! I've gone through many a strait in life ;  
I'm old, and have seen strange things in my time,  
But anything like this I never knew.  
We learn, they tell us, every day we live.  
But say, my blessed boy, how it fell out  
That this appalling incident occurred.

ALADDIN.

That's plain enough. Because you scoured the lamp.

MORGIANA.

And so the lamp's to blame for this mischance ?

Go, sell it—sell it any how you can !  
 I shall not have a moment's peace as long  
 As it is in the house.

ALADDIN.

Good gracious, mother !  
 Sell the lamp now ? What ? Part with such a treasure ?  
 No, mother, no ; collect your scattered wits ;  
 The fever's on you still. Mischance, indeed ?  
 A most astonishing mischance, no doubt !  
 When I've a mind for pheasants, roast-meat, cakes,  
 And all the choicest dainties of the season,  
 'Tis but to rub a little verdigris  
 From this same lamp, and lo ! I have my wish !

MORGIANA.

Oh my dear son, just for a moment think,  
 That this is devilry and nothing else ;  
 And 'tis enjoined us by the prophet's law,  
 To hold the devil and his imps at bay.

ALADDIN.

But I have always heard, that devils were  
 Wicked and mischievous ; but this of ours  
 Is such an honest soul, that he might pass  
 Most fairly for an angel at a pinch.  
 'Faith, I am much mistaken, if this lamp  
 Is not a blessing sent us by the Prophet.  
 Now, now I comprehend why the magician,  
 Sly rascal, was so bent on getting it,  
 And why he called it queer old trumpery.  
 Just such a spirit saw I once before.  
 Heaven only knows, what way he came ; but I,  
 Somehow or other, must have rubb'd the lamp ;  
 And him, and him alone I have to thank  
 For my release from the dark dreary cave !  
 'Twere shame to recompense the good with ill,

And to despise the spirits that befriend us,  
 Just when we're driven into the hardest straits.  
 Look now, what handsome dishes! Silver all!  
 One of the plates I'll in my kaftan take,  
 And straightway sell it somewhere in the town;  
 So with the rest, till I have sold them all;  
 For, mother, it would not be right, you know,  
 To call the spirit sooner than we need.  
 Come, now, do take some victuals on your plate!

## MORGIANA.

After this fright I could not touch a scrap.  
 As for yourself, my son, do what you please:  
 I wash my hands of it: I'll have no part,  
 Not I, in any of your wizard tricks.

## ALADDIN.

No more you shall, so never fret your heart.  
 I'll soon be back. And now to sell the plate! [*Exit.*]

## A STREET.

ALADDIN, *with a silver plate.* An old JEW.

## JEW.

A fair good morning, sweet young gentleman!  
 Hey, anything to sell? You've something there  
 Behind your kaftan; I can see you have.  
 You want to sell it? Well, friend, I can buy  
 As well as other men, of course I can.

## ALADDIN.

That's to be seen. Say, how much will you give  
 For this fine silver dish?

JEW (*makes a grasp at it*).

A silver dish!

Silver, of course. He, he, my good young friend!  
 Tin, tin more likely. Let me look at it!

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN.

Out of my hand I part not with the dish,  
Till you have paid me for't. I know you Jews.  
When you had got it, you might run away,  
And say it was your own.

JEW.

Oh holy Moses!  
How can he slander honest people so!  
But how much might you want, now, for the dish?

ALADDIN.

What will you give?

JEW.

Oh, is that all you know  
Of doing business, friend? The seller first  
Must name his price, and then the buyer bargains.

ALADDIN.

Oh, I've no skill in chaffering, not I.  
Say, at a word, how much you'll let me have,  
And I will trust you for your honest looks.

JEW

*(eyes attentively first the plate and then ALADDIN).*

My honest looks! That's fairly said. He thinks,  
There's still some honesty left in the world.  
A nice young man,—a very nice young man!  
But not extremely wide awake, I'd say.

ALADDIN.

Well, Jew, what do you offer for the dish?

JEW.

Na, it is good—all real silver! But  
A man may buy even gold too dear, you know.

*(Takes hesitatingly a gold coin from his pocket, to try*  
ALADDIN.)

What do you say, now, to a piece like this ?

ALADDIN *(takes it)*.

I'm perfectly contented. *(Aside.)* It is gold !  
I'm half afraid lest he, on second thoughts,  
Should think his bargain dear, and want to get  
His money back again ; so, I'll be off ! *[Exit.*

JEW *(calls after him)*.

Hark ye, young man ! Already gone ! Woe's me,  
He fancies I might think my bargain dear.  
Hog that I was,—dog—idiot—stupid dolt !  
He would have sold it me for half the money ;  
Ay, for the quarter of it ; yea, the sixth. *(Shouts.)*  
Ho ! Stop him, catch the thief ! He's out of sight.  
Ha, thou old hunx ! thou stupid addlebrains !  
*(Looks at the plate.)* Sure it is well worth sixty times  
as much

As I gave for it. Excellent, fine silver !  
Perhaps he may have more to sell. Go to !  
The chance is past ; what boots it now to whine ?  
The thing is done !—Ah Moses, what disgrace  
For an old rogue like me to be outdone  
By such a green young simpleton as that ! *[Exit.*

#### A KHAN.

*Merchants seated round about, smoking and drinking*  
*coffee.*

ALI and BEDREDDIN *(at the window)*.

Look ! there's the young man coming down the street ;  
I mean the handsome fellow, who came here  
Two days ago and yesterday. Across the street  
With the high turban and the dandy kaftan !

BEDREDDIN.

A handsome fellow, truly !

ALI.

I am told,  
That not long since that youth was to be seen  
Playing with ragged urchins in the streets ;  
But all at once, most unaccountably,  
A change so great came over him, one scarce  
Could know him for the same ; and now, you see,  
He's always smart, frequents the choicest khans,  
And listens with a heedful modest air,  
When learned men or aged people talk.

BEDREDDIN.

See the young rascal, stealing sidelong looks  
At Abon Hassan's windows ; he expects  
To see his pretty wife. Ah, cunning rogue !  
You must be hankering for forbidden fruits,  
My pretty butterfly ?

ALI.

See, here he comes !

BEDREDDIN.

We'll have some sport with him.

ALADDIN

*(enters, rather bashfully, and salutes them).*

Sirs, Allah's blessing  
Be with you, and the Prophet's !

ALI.

Fairly spoken !  
But may I be so bold as ask, young man,  
What were your eyes in search of, when they look'd  
So hard at Abon Hassan's window ?

BEDREDDIN.

Oh,  
He merely wished to see if it remained  
In the same place as yesterday,—no more.

ALL.

Brother, you do him wrong! This gentleman  
Looked not *at* Abon Hassan's window,—no,  
But *through* it, I'll be sworn.

BEDREDDIN.

And there beheld  
The iron bars, that stand there night and morn,  
So slim and straight, to keep intruders out.

ALL.

Ay, and though speechless, speaking plain enough,  
And at all seasons, Fatima is fair,  
And Abon Hassan old, and jealous too.

ALADDIN.

Fair sirs, I'm young and simple, shy, unschooled,  
And therefore am I a most ready butt  
For you to ply with arrows of your wit.

BEDREDDIN.

Oh! simple, very! Innocence itself!  
The long and short of it is simply this—  
You think the spouse of Abon Hassan fair,  
And so she is. Yet do I know a maid,  
That far excels her, lovely though she be.

ALADDIN (*eagerly*).

And who may she be, sir?

BEDREDDIN.

The Sultan's daughter,  
The exquisite Gulnare. Oh, she is fair!

Fair as the first blush of the morning sun ;  
 The big round moon, mantled in silver clouds,  
 Is not so bright, so witching to the view,  
 As the full radiance of her orbèd cheeks  
 Behind her tissued veil of new fallen snow.  
 And when she lifts the fringes of her eyes,  
 And looks aloft to heaven, oh then 'tis sweet,  
 As when the grave gives up its denizen,  
 And the blest soul ascends to Paradise.  
 In her hath nature made essay, young man,  
 To blend all opposites in perfect union.  
 The warmth of spring burns in the winter's snow,  
 And through the lustrous alabaster skin  
 The azure veins are faintly seen to gleam.  
 Who thinks that darkness can be luminous ?  
 And yet there is no darkness half so black,  
 As her large, laming, and voluptuous eyes.  
 Joyous and languishing, half earth, half heaven ;  
 As ivory smooth ; yet doth her dusky hair  
 Roll o'er her shoulders like a crispèd stream.  
 Here slender, there luxuriantly full,  
 The butterfly moves not more light, and she  
 Is good and gentle as the turtle dove.  
 But why essay to paint her, when all words  
 But mock the glory of her matchless beauty ?

## ALADDIN.

Oh, dear sir, cease, I beg, implore you, cease !  
 I've held my breath till I was nearly choked,  
 For fear of interrupting you too soon ;  
 If, sir, your sketch be like her, she is fair.

## BEDREDDIN.

Like, said you ? 'Tis a vile, a lying daub !  
 Mere botcher's work. Words are but as the threads  
 On the wrong side of tapestry, young man,  
 Whenever woman's beauty's in the case.



ALADDIN.

I should be glad, kind sir, to learn the way  
To get a view upon the proper side.

BEDREDDIN.

Hem ! Almost every day, about this hour,  
She goes to bathe ! Now, if you have the pluck,  
To steal behind a pillar out of sight,  
Close by the door,—oh, many have done this !—  
You may content your longing eyes at ease ;  
For commonly she puts her veil aside,  
To cool herself, before she passes in.  
But have a care, my good young friend, that this  
Same doffing of her veil, which makes her cool,  
Don't set you in a blaze.

ALADDIN.

Nay, never fear.

You ask if I have pluck ? What punishment  
May one expect that's found there ?

ALL.

A mere trifle !

What ducks and geese must very often bear ;  
Just to be spitted, or, perchance, to make  
One leap, for the advantage of your health,  
Down 'mongst the iron spikes around the tower.

ALADDIN.

I said I was a simple youth, 'tis true,  
And only to be likened to a goose,  
But catch me coming to such gooselike end ! (*Bows.*)

BEDREDDIN.

Oh, don't believe him, sir ! The Sultan is  
An amiable man, and feels much flattered,  
If anybody dares to snatch a glance ;

If you're found out, your greatest punishment  
Will be a hearty scolding from the eunuchs.

ALADDIN.

But may I trust you now ?

BEDREDDIN.

Most certainly.

ALADDIN.

Some day, when leisure serves, and I've a mind,  
I'll make the venture ; I am busy now ;  
Some matters of the very greatest moment  
Require my instant care ;—so fare you well ! [*Exit.*]

BEDREDDIN.

Busy ? Of course. My smart young gentleman  
Has posted off, I'd wager, to the bath,  
As fast as feet can carry him.

ALL.

No doubt !

But 'twas too bad, it was, upon my life,  
To put such maggots in the young man's head !  
If the poor devil, now, should fall in love ?

BEDREDDIN.

Then home he'll go heart-sick, as we did once,  
And sleep his love off there as best he may. [*Exeunt.*]

A GARDEN.

*In the background the Princess's Bagnio, a handsome  
building, with marble pillars.*

ALADDIN (*running in out of breath*).

This is the place ! Here, where the pillars stand,  
Shall I be charmed into a pillar too ?

In love and admiration lost, shall I  
 Like a Chaldean shepherd stand at gaze,  
 While the bright star gleams on across the sky?  
 Courage, Aladdin! If the guard should see me?  
 If they should wait here while she's in the bath?  
 No, no, they won't. They'll wait within the hall.  
 Ah, heaven! she comes! Now, to conceal myself!

[Enter GULNARE with her Nurse, followed by a large retinue of black Eunuuchs. At the entrance she throws back her veil and uncovers her face.]

THE NURSE (*whispers to the Princess*).

Look, daughter! look! What shameless impudence!  
 You see that young man by the pillar there!  
 It is to look at you—he hides himself.  
 On with your veil!

GULNARE (*looking at ALADDIN*).

I am so hot, dear mother!  
 Nay, let him look; I'll pay him glance for glance.  
 How can you grudge him such a transient pleasure?  
 (*They pass in*).

ALADDIN .

(*steps out from behind the pillar, and stands gazing motionless, with hands folded*).

Yes, she is fair! An angel! Oh, what eyes!  
 And her mouth's smile, her bosom's rise and fall!  
 I never, never saw such eyes!—Oh, Allah!  
 I feel a strange commotion! Yes, 'tis true,  
 The merchant's sketch was but a botcher's work.  
 But how paint light with colours of the earth?  
 Colours are nought but shadows of the light!  
 Oh, gracious Allah! send her back again!  
 Oh, come again, and soon, thou beauteous Hour!  
 Here will I wait thy coming! Oh, return!

(*He stands immovable as a statue.*)

## MORGIANA

*(enters with her market-basket on her arm ; as she passes, she stops to look at the Bagnio).*

Although I have a world of things to do,  
To purchase beef and potherbs for the day,  
I must have one good look, I always have,  
At this same wondrous bagnio as I pass.  
Oh, what immense pilasters, and so fine !  
The bathing here must be quite excellent.  
Heyday ! What have we here ? A spick and span  
New marble statue, made like a young man.  
Why, how he stares, stock still, without one wink !  
And yet that's not so strange ; he's only stone.

*(draws nearer).*

Oh, Mecca's Prophet, what is this I see ?  
It is my son ! My very flesh and blood.  
All stone, the kaftan, turban, boots and all !  
Done to the life, his very counterpart !  
How ever came he by this honour ? Why,  
They surely can't have done it for a jest,  
Because he's only a poor tailor's son ?  
Let me go closer. Now he moves his arm,  
And now, dear me ! he brushes off a fly,  
That settled on his nose. To think of that !  
And now he rubs his nose. No, that can't be !  
This is sheer witchcraft ! 'Tis too much to ask  
Of any statue. But perhaps it is  
A puppet, that can move, and not a stone.  
What's that ? A sigh ? That's more than statue can,  
Or puppet either. It don't look fierce at all,  
I'll peep a little closer. So, here goes ! *(goes closer).*  
Aladdin, my dear child ! I beg of you,  
Speak, if 'twere but a word, that I may hear,  
If you're indeed my son. But if I'm wrong,  
And you are not Aladdin, but a stranger,  
Do not be angry ; but forgive your mother,  
As a good, loving, loyal son should do.

ALADDIN

*(observes his mother, and leaps down).*

How, mother, you? What are you doing here?

MORGIANA.

I'm buying potherbs, beef, all sorts of things;  
 But what, sir, are you after, stuck up there  
 Like any popinjay?

ALADDIN *(sighs)*.

Oh shape-divine!

MORGIANA.

The house, I grant you, has a handsome shape.  
 Of architecture nothing do I know,  
 And yet I can't help stopping every time  
 I pass this way to have a look at it.

ALADDIN.

How, mother, how! You too stand here at times,  
 Here, on these steps?

MORGIANA.

I?—bless your heart!—not I.

For, first, in vaulting I am not expert;  
 And secondly, my bones are old; and thirdly,  
 My petticoats are not near wide enough;  
 And fourthly, it would not become me quite;  
 And fifthly, standing in the corner there,  
 One cannot see the outside half so well,  
 As one can do out here. Now, come along.  
 I see they're opening the doors again,  
 And here's the Princess coming from the bath.  
 'Twill never do to linger here. No man  
 Is suffered to be by when she comes forth.

ALADDIN *(lingers and looks round)*.

Ah me, dear mother!

## MORGIANA.

Come along, I say !  
There, take my basket, sir, and carry it ;  
Help your old mother with her work, young man,  
And don't stand gaping, like a ninny there !

[ALADDIN *reluctantly takes the basket and follows his mother.*

That's right. What business has a lad like you  
Casting sheep's glances after pretty girls ?  
Go on to market with the basket, child !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT THIRD.

## A STREET.

ALADDIN (*enters with the large silver salver*).

Of my great salver I will now dispose,  
 The last that's left me of my costly plate ;  
 And when the price of that is spent and gone,  
 I'll rub my wondrous lamp again. And then—  
 Perhaps—perhaps—he is a spirit—and——  
 Oh, heaven ! what am I mad enough to hope ?  
 And wherefore not ? All men are free to hope,  
 And he that has a spell to conjure spirits  
 Hopes not too much, even when he hopes for all.

[*An old Christian goldsmith comes out of his booth,  
 and accosts ALADDIN.*

## GOLDSMITH.

Young master, by your leave, I've often seen you  
 Do business with the Jew here in the street.  
 Good honest men there are among the Jews,  
 Precisely as there are 'mongst other sects,  
 And knaves amongst them as amongst their neigh-  
 bours.

But he, the Jew, who deals with you at times,  
 Is an arch knave.

## ALADDIN.

I've found that to my cost.

GOLDSMITH.

What did he give you for a plate like those  
You used to sell him ?

ALADDIN.

Only a zecchin.

GOLDSMITH.

What! A zecchin! Oh, gentle God of Peace!  
Five hundred will I give you, money down,  
For this same salver. If another goldsmith  
Should be disposed to give a trifle more,  
Why, so will I, as well as he.

ALADDIN.

You are  
An honest man. (*aside.*) Who'd e'er have thought to  
find  
A conscience even amongst Christian men?  
(*Aloud.*) Come, sir, I will go with you to your shop.

THE JEW (*rushes in out of breath.*)

Hey! Stop! You there! Ha, scoundrel, Christian dog!  
And so you'd rob me of my customer?

GOLDSMITH.

Peace, or I'll tweak that rusty beard of thine,  
Thou livid Judas, and so roughly too,  
Thou'lt cheat no more unto thy dying day!

THE JEW.

How,—Judas? Cheat? Can I believe my ears,  
Or is it fancy? What I will, I will;  
And that which I do buy, why that I buy;  
And that which I do sell, why that I sell;  
And if I have said A, I must say B,



Which is, in other words, I have the dish,  
 And so the salver also is my due.  
 But he that whisks my customers away  
 Is nothing but a thief.

ALADDIN.

Dog of a Jew!

Are you deranged?

THE JEW.

If I don't get that salver,  
 I'll go deranged, I will. Have it I must.  
 I reckoned on that salver long ago.

ALADDIN (*beats him*).

There, get thee gone, thou pale, and hungry knave!  
 Thou'dst cheat a Moslem, wouldst thou? Take thou  
 that!

THE JEW.

Moslem! Who talks of Moslem or of Jew?  
 And, as for cheating, I cheat all mankind,  
 And would the devil, for that matter, too.

GOLDSMITH.

Come, sir! We will go in. The man is crazed.  
 He's often subject to attacks like this  
 Of avaricious madness. Let us go.

ALADDIN.

Since crazed thou art, thou shalt not lack for what  
 Thou richly hast deserved this many a day.  
 These unbelieving soles of thine shall taste  
 The Cadi's bastinado till thou roar'st.

[*Exit with the Goldsmith.*]

THE JEW.

Abraham! Isaac! Jacob! (*Spits.*) Scoundrels all!  
 Call you this helping of your children's children?

I will go hang myself! Yes, that I will!  
 I had made sure of the pure, lovely silver,  
 As sure as though I had it in my chest.  
 What's life without gold and silver? Money, money!  
 That is our nation's true Messiah, who  
 From all our troubles frees us. Oh lovely silver!  
 If I were laid upon my dying bed,  
 Sight fading from my eyes, and one should hold  
 A salver such as that before my view,  
 My life would straight come back to me again;  
 Back to my livid finger-tips the blood  
 Would flow; my fingers gain their strength anew,  
 And at the silver clutch with ecstasy.  
 Now I am ill. I shiver to the bones.  
 This salver, it was worth a goodly sum.  
 I will go hang myself; for how to live  
 After so great a loss I do not know.  
 I'll hang myself! But let me first away,  
 And steal the platter from the Christian dog! [*Exit.*]

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A CHAMBER.

MORGIANA (*at her wheel, spinning*).

I can't think what's the matter with my son:  
 He is not ill;—no, no,—it can't be that.  
 He sits for hours together in a corner,  
 And never says a word, but stares, and sighs;  
 And if by any accident he speaks,  
 It is mere rambling incoherent stuff,  
 And no more has he of philosophy—  
 Yes, that's the name they call it!—than my cat.  
 I was so happy, for he had of late  
 Grown quite a prudent, careful, steady lad,  
 He earned his living with that lamp of his,  
 And in a kind of way it might be said,  
 To be the boy's vocation. So far, well!  
 But since the last few days he's quite upset!

Can he have fallen into consumption, eh ?  
 Or caught the dropsy, measles, or the gout ?  
 Here comes the boy ! Allah, how ill he looks !

ALADDIN (*sighs*).

God bless you, mother ! Here is money,—plenty !  
 [*Throws a bag upon the table.*]

MORGIANA.

How ever did you come by all that gold ?  
 You never, never were so rich before.

ALADDIN (*sighs*).

Ah me ! I never was so poor before.

MORGIANA.

Of what then is the bag there full ?

ALADDIN.

Of gold.

MORGIANA.

Gold, boy ?

ALADDIN.

Dear mother, let me have to drink.

MORGIANA.

You are too hot ; it is not well to drink,  
 Hot as you are.

ALADDIN.

But one is thirstiest then.

MORGIANA.

There, that was spoken sensibly for once !  
 Dear me, dear me ! I am so glad to hear

Some words of sense come from you any how ;  
 For, look ye, boy ! the last ten days or so,  
 I've been quite puzzled to make head or tail  
 Of all the rambling nonsense you have talked.

ALADDIN.

Have you no notion, mother, of the cause ?

MORGIANA.

I tell you, it quite beats my comprehension.  
 I am a plain, straightforward, simple woman.  
 What other folks may think, I do not know ;  
 But what I think myself, I'm free to speak.

ALADDIN.

What do you think ? Tell me your thoughts, dear  
 mother.

MORGIANA.

Well, what I think, young man, is, that I think,  
 That what you think is thinking to no good.

ALADDIN.

Well, then, what do I think ?

MORGIANA.

Heaven only knows !

Small trouble do I give myself about it.  
 I spin my cotton ;—that I understand,  
 And do not plague my head with fancies, sir,  
 That shoot beyond the moon.

ALADDIN.

That's very right.

So every man should spin his proper wheel.  
 And if, as it may be, the flax I spin  
 Is much too fine for you, and for your hand

My spindle is too high, and if your sight  
 Too feeble is to follow up the thread,  
 And so it snaps between your fingers,—then,  
 'Tis meet you stick to your old spinning-wheel,  
 And spin at that from morning until night.  
 Grease it at times with oil of modesty,  
 To keep its whirr from waxing over loud ;  
 Call not its everlasting buzzing wisdom,  
 And scorn not what demands a higher skill.

## MORGIANA.

I should be glad to know, boy, which requires  
 Most toil and sweat,—to spin, or rub a lamp ?

## ALADDIN.

He that is strong is slow to feel fatigue.  
 Whilst in the wood the insect bores its hole,  
 Allah swings round the sphere the circling sun :  
 Which, do you think, puts forth the greatest power ?

## MORGIANA.

Whoever works with all his might and main  
 Deserves at least the most respect, young man.

## ALADDIN.

Then is the insect worthier than God.

## MORGIANA.

How you do mix up things ; lamps, spinning-wheels,  
 Philosophy and skill, Allah and insects !  
 Boy, boy, your wits have gone wool-gathering,  
 Since you took up with these new-fangled books.  
 Just try, for once, and read the old ones too,  
 And they will bring them home to roost again.  
 But now I'll talk to you of something else.  
 What is the matter ? Why are you so pale ?  
 And why do you sit sighing all day long,  
 And staring straight before you ? What's amiss ?

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN.

Mother, I am in love, heart-deep in love.  
 And therefore is it that I draw my breath  
 As deep as you do water from a well,  
 At summer tide, when all the streams run dry.

MORGIANA.

In love, God bless the boy ! With whom, with whom ?

ALADDIN.

Alas ! our Sultan's daughter.

MORGIANA.

What ? Gulnare ?

ALADDIN.

Yes, mother, yes.

MORGIANA.

The Princess ?

ALADDIN.

Even so. [MORGIANA weeps.

Why do you weep ?

MORGIANA.

I am so sad to think,  
 You are so clean forsaken by your wits.

ALADDIN.

Hark, mother ! Ah, I know not how it is,—  
 I can no longer chatter as I used,  
 And prattle freely what comes uppermost,  
 I have almost to force myself to speak.  
 Now my chief pleasure is to roam alone  
 Through wild woods, where the fluting of the birds  
 Chimes with the brook's sweet mellow under-song.

There all is vocal with Gulnara's name.  
 Now, mark my words ; and if you would not see  
 Your son pine off and wither like a flower,  
 Go hence and do what I desire of you.

MORGIANA.

What would you have me do ?

ALADDIN.

Go woo for me  
 With Sultan Soliman, and that at once.

MORGIANA.

With Sultan Solomon ? What should I say ?  
 With Soliman ? Yet Soli—Solomon,  
 It all comes to the same thing ; one is not  
 More possible or proper than the other.

ALADDIN.

Unless you'd see me at your feet a corpse,  
 You'll promise to do this for me, you will.

MORGIANA.

Aladdin ! Son ! What freak of fancy's this ?  
 A tailor's son !

ALADDIN.

That any tailor's needle  
 Had any share in my begetting, I  
 Will ne'er believe. Al Sefi was my father.

MORGIANA.

Is this the way, you knave, you speak to me ?  
 To make the colour rush into my cheeks,  
 As rush it has not for this many a day.

ALADDIN.

Mother, on this there needs no more be said.  
 I am the Emir's son—I know the fact.

You are a cooper's daughter ; well, the mother  
Of Sultan Soliman was but a slave.  
He has an empire, and I have the lamp ;  
And so the scales are even.

## MORGIANA.

Oh no, no !

The Sultan sinks and makes you kick the beam.  
To weigh the Persian empire 'gainst the lamp,  
Is just as rational as if I were  
To set a joint-stool 'gainst a velvet couch,  
A sweet cake 'gainst a loaf of musty rye.

## ALADDIN.

And have you then forgotten, that the lamp  
Possesses this slight virtue, that it can  
Conjure up giants ready at a word  
Our every wish and order to fulfil ?

## MORGIANA.

No doubt, they bring us many a famous dinner ;  
But dinners are not princesses, my son.  
I have a parlous fear our jug will go  
So often to the spring, 'twill break at last,—  
That some day, when the spirit's out of humour—  
And why, pray, should he not, like other folks ?—  
He'll twist your neck, and make an end of you.

## ALADDIN.

Of that I've not the very smallest fear.  
Enough ! What I have asked you, you must do,  
If you'd not have my death upon your conscience.

## MORGIANA.

Well then, suppose me there, what should I say ?  
“ Lord Sultan, will you be so very good  
As give your daughter to my son for wife ?”



“Who are you, dame?” “Who, I? A tailor’s wife!”  
 “And who may be your son?” “He is my son.”  
 “Nought else?” “No, please your Majesty; nought  
 else.”  
 “And he desires to have my daughter?” “Yes,  
 He’s over head and ears in love with her,  
 And wants to wed her.” What a fool I’d look!  
 And I should make him, too, so mad with rage,  
 He’d order his attendants instantly  
 To drive me forth with blows from the divan.

ALADDIN.

You need not fear for that; he is not cruel.

MORGIANA.

What’s more,—oh, what an arrant goose you are!—  
 There is a re—script,—that’s a sort of law,  
 By which it is enjoined, that no one dare  
 Approach his Majesty in the divan,  
 Unless he brings some valuable gift.

ALADDIN.

Now, then, you reach the point I want to come to.  
 You’ve not forgot the fruit so large and fine,  
 That’s lying in the lumber-room upstairs?

MORGIANA.

You mean the painted glass? Is that your gift?  
 That, what you’d offer to the Sultan, boy?  
 A body then may say with perfect truth,  
 That as the donkey is, so is the bridle. (*weeps*)

ALADDIN.

Mother! The things which you call painted glass  
 Are diamonds of the purest water,—ay,  
 Rubies, and sapphires, and choice emeralds,

Of rare, yea, priceless value ; such as these  
 The Sultan cannot boast of in his crown.  
 This I discovered only recently.  
 So you shall take him these same precious stones,  
 And tell him they are sent by him that woos.  
 Trust me, his wrath will very quickly cool,  
 And you at least—this much I'll answer for—  
 Will not incur his Majesty's displeasure.

## MORGIANA.

How? Is this true? Bless me, and are they all  
 Diamonds and sapphires, then, these pebble stones?

## ALADDIN.

As certainly as that you are my mother,  
 And that I am Aladdin, your own son.  
 Now go at once, and get the business over,  
 But not a word, remember, of the lamp!

## MORGIANA.

Ah, well-a-day, what plagues one's children are!  
 I must obey your bidding, I suppose,  
 If they be precious stones, as you maintain.  
 But first I'll run a stitch, before I go,  
 Through the old lining of my Sunday cloak;  
 It's come undone;—and wash my hands with soap,  
 To take the strong smell of the yarn away.  
 A veil, too, I should buy myself, a bargain,  
 If I had but the money.

## ALADDIN.

Money, mother?  
 In yonder purse is more than you can want.  
 You never bear my copper lamp in mind.

## MORGIANA.

Would it had never come inside the house!

## ALADDIN.

I'm going out. I'll sit till sunset near  
The fountain in the grove, outside the gates;  
There you may bring me tidings how you speed,  
And tell me if I am to live or die.

## MORGIANA.

I'll dress myself a bit, and go at once.

[*Exit* ALADDIN.]

## THE DIVAN.

SOLIMAN *upon the throne. The GRAND VIZIR, and the  
Council. Spectators. Business is over, and the crowd  
are dispersing.*

## VIZIR.

Will't please your Majesty to give command,  
Forthwith to shut the doors of the divan?

## SOLIMAN.

Nay, wait a little longer! That old woman  
There at the door, who looks so very poor,  
Has been here thrice already, and each time  
Planted herself direct before the throne.  
She bears two bundles; doubtless she is come  
To seek for justice at our royal hands.  
Perhaps some baker in the town has given her  
Some half an ounce too little in her loaf;  
And, simple soul, she'd have me weigh her loaves,  
Instead of taking them before the Cadi.  
Well, be it so! Go, fetch her here to me.

[*The VIZIR fetches MORGIANA. She throws herself  
on her knees before the throne.*

## SOLIMAN.

I have observed you here repeatedly;  
And every time you looked at me, as though

You hoped that I would call you nearer. Well,  
 I have done so ; now tell me what you want !  
 What have you in these napkins ? Is it bread,  
 Your rascal baker knavishly hath clipped,  
 As avaricious Jews clip our zecchins ?  
 Or has the butcher in the market cut  
 Your bit of beef too close upon the bone ?  
 Or the greengrocer, with unblushing face,  
 Given you stale cabbage for your money's worth ?

## MORGIANA.

Most mighty and most wonderful Lord King !  
 Sultan, I mean ! Pray, take it not amiss,  
 If I shall happen to cut short your titles !  
 It's precious little that I know of rank,—  
 I am a poor tailor's widow, nothing more,  
 Called Morgiana ;—lack-a-day ! that's all.  
 My husband—he's dead now ; but when he lived,  
 He was called Mustapha. What he's called now,  
 The blessed God in heaven alone can tell.  
 My son, too, he is not, as one may say,  
 Of any wonderful or great ascent—  
 His name—if I remember rightly—is——  
 But, bless my soul ! my wits are quite confused  
 In this immense assembly ; and, besides,  
 This kneeling's rather more than I can bear,  
 For my poor bones are old. But if, my Lord,  
 You'll only send these people from the hall,  
 And let me get upon my feet again,  
 All will come straight ere long, I fain would hope.  
 [SOLIMAN gives a sign ; all retire, except the  
 GRAND VIZIR.

## SOLIMAN.

Rise up, my good old woman ; do not fear,  
 And if you're tired, sit down upon the carpet.

MORGIANA (*rises*).

No, most substantial and grand Sultan ! No !

You must not think, for all I am so poor,  
That I am so unmannerly as that.

SOLIMAN.

Say, then, what hast thou in the bundles there?  
Is't bread or beef? Speak, dame! Or rotten fruit?

MORGIANA.

The last, so please your gracious Majesty!  
Sure, fruit it is; but rotten it is not.  
Why, you may send it to Siberia,  
And I will answer for it, it will keep.  
It is a lot of lovely winter apples,  
That no amount of frost will ever spoil.  
But all things have their season, as your Grace's  
Great, great-grandfather, Solomon the Wise,  
Said once upon a time. As I was saying,  
I have a son, Aladdin is his name,  
A little over seventeen years—seventeen  
Is all I own to—tall, and slim, and smart,  
And glorious white and red, like milk and blood,  
Clever, and ready at his lessons, too,  
When he's disposed, though that's not often; hot  
And passionate, but all right stuff at core.  
I'll wager now, Lord Sultan, you and he  
Would get along together famously.

SOLIMAN.

I understand your wish. You fain would see  
The lad hold some appointment at our court  
Among the eunuchs.

MORGIANA.

No! The heavens forefend!  
Wide of the mark, your most Imperious Highness.  
Oh—far, far wide! As touching that, your Grace,  
He much prefers remaining as he is.

SOLIMAN.

What wants he, then ?

MORGIANA.

What only he can want,  
 Who's knock'd a hole, and does not know it, sir,  
 In his brain-pan—right through the bottom, too—  
 Where, bit by bit, his wits keep tumbling out.  
 He is my son. They say, the apple falls  
 Close by the tree ;—that any one may tell  
 The cow that once has had a calf ; but then  
 Another proverb runs clean contrary ;—  
 That brothers are one kind, but not one mind !  
 That all trees are not crooked in the wood,  
 Because one is. According to this saw,  
 You must not think, oh most stupendous monarch,  
 That in this fancy I had any part.

SOLIMAN.

What is the fancy which your son has formed ?  
 Out with it, and as briefly as you can !

MORGIANA.

And so I will ; but you must promise first,  
 Not to fly out into a passion, most  
 Illustrious Sultan, on my son's account.

SOLIMAN.

Well, a boy's fancy cannot anger me.  
 What does he want ?

MORGIANA.

What does he want ? (*Aside.*) Now comes  
 The pinch ! (*Aloud.*) So please you, oh most gracious  
 Sultan,  
 He'd fain contract a marriage out of hand,  
 If to the match you don't object.

ALADDIN.

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SOLIMAN.

With whom?

MORGIANA.

Your daughter.

SOLIMAN.

With Gulnare?

MORGIANA.

Just so!

SOLIMAN (*smiling*).

Why, this

Comes on me rather unexpectedly ;  
The step is one of some importance, too.

MORGIANA.

A truer word than that you never spoke.  
There's nothing dearer than our flesh and blood,  
And marriage surely either makes or mars.

SOLIMAN.

Then, prithee, madam, leave this point awhile,  
And say, what have you in the napkins there?

MORGIANA.

It is the usage of the country here,  
When seeking audience of your Majesty,  
To come with a good handsome gift in hand.  
In other countries, I have heard it said,  
The servants pocket such gratuities ;  
You take them for yourself ;—a better way,  
For who is half so near us as ourselves ?  
As then I had a word to speak with you,  
My son Aladdin gave me these two bundles  
To offer you, by way of morning-gift.

SOLIMAN.

Now, that is well ; and as you said before,  
They are fine, hardy winter apples, hey ?

MORGIANA.

They are, most gracious Sultan. But look here,  
You'll find they're mixed with other sorts of fruits,  
So please your Highness.

SOLIMAN (*to the VIZIR*).

Take them all away !  
And let them be delivered to the cook.

VIZIR.

How ? They are hard as stone, and smooth as glass :  
They are glass !

SOLIMAN.

Glass ! Here ! Hand them up to me ;  
Some skilful imitations, 'tis most like.

*[The VIZIR opens the napkins ; the SULTAN looks at  
them, and starts back in amazement.]*

What do I see ? Pearls, rubies, diamonds,  
As big as eggs, and sapphires large as plums,  
And many other glorious gems besides !  
A treasure quite immense. And this from you ?

MORGIANA (*boldly*).

No, not from me, but from my son, great sir !

SOLIMAN.

A treasure of incalculable worth.  
Ha ! weigh'd against these gems, my royal crown  
Is but a mummer's cap of paste and tinsel.  
Who is your son ?

MORGIANA.

A poor young tailor lad.



SOLIMAN.

Oh, what a treasure! Look at the fine colours!  
As the fresh radiance of the morning sun,  
Breaking in myriad sparkles on the dew,  
So shines the lustre of these glorious gems.  
In them hath Nature blended all the pomp  
And bloom and gorgeous beauty of the East.  
Ha! darling gems, how ye rejoice my heart!  
Go woman, go, and tell your son from me,  
The man, whose gifts are treasures such as these,  
May hope to marry with a prince's daughter.

VIZIR (*aside to MORGIANA*).

Go home in peace, and wait in patience there,  
Until you're summoned to the Court again.

[MORGIANA drops a curtsey, and exits.]

SOLIMAN.

What say'st thou, Nuschirwan, my friend, to this  
Great treasure?

VIZIR (*coldly*).

Certainly, the stones are fine.

SOLIMAN.

And is this all?

VIZIR.

I think the treasure is  
Of most rare price.

SOLIMAN.

Incalculably great!

VIZIR.

Yet do I think, that my great Lord and Sultan  
Himself possesses one far costlier gem,  
Than all these put together.

SOLIMAN.

I? A gem?  
Art dreaming, Nuschirwan? What may it be?

VIZIR.

Here, in your palace, mighty Soliman,  
A diamond, and of the rarest water,  
Which none but the pure gem of innocence  
Is fit to hold.

SOLIMAN.

Ha, now I comprehend you!  
You mean Gulnare.

VIZIR.

A gem, whose beauty shows  
Not in the garish glitter of an hour.  
Dead as a stone? No! full of sweet warm life.  
A gem immaculate, of twofold price,  
Whose inner worth its outer far outvies;  
A gem, wherein all qualities are met.  
The paler ruby is her crimson cheek,  
The darker ruby is her cherry mouth,  
Her eye a bright and glistening garnet is,  
That in its tears of bliss drops diamonds;  
Her radiant teeth are pearls in order strung;  
All in a frame of alabaster set,  
White as the snow, warm as the springtide sun.  
And this fair flower, with living sweetness brimmed,  
Shoot of a noble soil, and nobly grown,  
Nourished and tended by imperial hands,  
You would not barter for a lifeless stone?

SOLIMAN.

Ha! Nuschirwan, thou speakest wisely.

VIZIR.

Barter

To a presumptuous boy, who by some chance

Hath found this treasure here in your own realm ;  
Which, therefore, is not his to give, but yours !

SOLIMAN.

Peace, Nuschirwan ! The splendour of the stones  
For the first moment so absorbed my soul,  
It turned a heedless ear to what my lips  
Were whispering to my memory the while.  
Long since I gave my promise to your son ;  
And this first promise should alone prevent me,  
Although there were no other obstacle,  
From carrying out the second, rashly given.

VIZIR.

When shall the rites be solemnized, my Lord ?

SOLIMAN.

This very night, that you may see how little  
This recent folly has affected me.  
Yet, 'twas not well these words escaped my lips  
In the old woman's presence.

VIZIR.

Ah, my Lord !

Along with many other properties,  
Which words are known to have, they have this, too,  
That they *are* words, which means they are but  
sounds,

Which pass away as lightly as they come.  
If there be hands so rash and indiscreet  
As try to catch at words upon the wing,  
Why, in the world there's something else than words,  
Things we call satellites, right sturdy knaves,  
Who stand with pikes and halberds in their hands,  
And from the palace drive such headstrong guests,  
As come there when their presence is unwelcome.  
Deny this free discretion to the Sultan,  
Make every word he drops a bond to him,  
And wherein does he differ from his slaves ?

SOLIMAN.

Marry, well said. A very pattern thou  
 For grand vizirs ! Come, follow me within !  
 I must show Zulima this sumptuous gift. [*Exeunt.*]

A STREET.

*Evening. Noise in the street, most of the houses illuminated. Enter MORGIANA. She knocks at a grocer's door.*

GROCER

*(puts his head out of the window).*

Who's there ? Leave off this knocking at my door !  
 I've told you, nothing will I sell to-night !  
 Can you not read ? Look at my window there,  
 At my magnificent transparency,  
 An angel with a trumpet and a palm,  
 And an inscription with two lines of rhyme !  
 A grocer's not a dog, tied by the leg,  
 And bound to dip his fists into the soap  
 Or resin box at everybody's call.  
 This evening all the town enjoys itself ;  
 And I too will enjoy myself for once.

MORGIANA.

Sir Neighbour, in God's name, enjoy yourself,  
 As much as e'er you like ; I don't object,  
 So you let me enjoy myself as well,  
 With oil enough to keep my lamp alight.  
 Else shall I sit, i' faith, the whole long night  
 In the dull dark, while all the city else  
 Has such a superfluity of light,  
 It looks as some eruption had broke out,  
 And all the streets glow, just for all the world  
 As if they'd caught a furious scarlet fever.

GROCER.

Aha, dame Morgiana! is it you?  
 Just wait a bit! I'm dazzled with this blaze,  
 And cannot see for sheer excess of light.

MORGIANA.

And I can't see for sheer excess of darkness.

GROCER.

Ay, ay,—just so, just so! They dazzle both.  
 Too much, too little,—both are good for nought.  
 I will not, neighbour, go so close to work  
 With an old customer like you. So, come!  
 You want some oil—the best, eh?

MORGIANA.

Bless you, no!

Some of the commonest will do for me;  
 But, mind, be sure to let me have it good.

GROCER.

You're economical.

MORGIANA.

Ay, neighbour dear,  
 Else it would fare but ill with me. But tell me,  
 What does this lighting and rejoicing mean?  
 Hark! I hear music in the distance, too!

GROCER.

Are you the only soul in Ispahan,  
 Who does not know, our Sultan Soliman  
 This evening celebrates his daughter's marriage  
 With Saladin, the son of the Grand Vizir?

MORGIANA.

What's that you say? What, what? Good neighbour  
 mine,  
 I had a notion that you told me something.

GROCER.

In that you certainly were not deceived !

MORGIANA.

I'm grieved to give you so much trouble, friend.  
Put back the oil, and measure me instead  
Some lavender-water for my halfpenny,—  
I'm taken very ill.

GROCER.

God bless my soul !

What ails the woman ? What's the matter, dame ?  
What's your objection to the match ?

MORGIANA.

I struck

My corns against the step here ; that is all !  
Good-bye. I have no time to spare for sights ;  
But must go home direct to tell my son. [*Exit.*]

GROCER.

See, there she goes full trot, and here am I,  
Her money in my hand. What's to be done ?  
Ho, Morgiana ! No, she's out of sight !  
I am a man of substance and good name :  
No man could ever say I did him wrong,  
And what is more, I never in my life,  
That is to say, directly, picked a pocket.  
What in my trade was indirectly won  
Is quite another thing. There all are thieves.  
That in his calling every man's a thief,  
Is one, I think, of the great Lokman's saws,  
And a wise saw it is, and true withal.  
But for this halfpenny ! Oh holy Prophet,  
'Tis a poor woman. Many and many a time  
It's cut my very heart, to see her left  
Without a bit of bread even in the house.  
One can't help everybody ! Just last week

I let her have a brace of plums for nothing,  
 To give her something for her teeth to do.  
 But for this halfpenny! Were I to die?—  
 It is a great, a heavy sin, God knows,  
 To enrich oneself with a poor widow's goods.  
 I'll make a memorandum in my book. (*writes*)  
 "Received a halfpenny from Morgiana;  
 If in return I am to give her oil  
 Or lavender-water, yet is dubious."  
 Soh! now a load is off my heart; 'tis well;  
 It stands recorded here, come death or life!

[*Exit into the house.*]

ALADDIN'S CHAMBER.

ALADDIN *standing with the lamp in his hand; he rubs it, when immediately appears*

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAMP, *and says*:—

Mighty master, what desirest thou? Quick! Despatch me on thy  
 'hest!

ALADDIN.

Scarce can I find words to frame it, for the rage that rends my  
 breast.

Briefly hear a deed disgraceful, false all other guile above!  
 Sultan Soliman had granted the entreaty of my love.  
 I believed—oh, judge my rapture—that Gulnara mine should be,  
 Oh, the transports, the sweet frenzy, can I ever paint to thee!  
 But the Sultan, faithless, shameless, in his promised word's  
 despite,

Gives to Saladin, the Vizir's son, my own dear love to-night.  
 Therefore storms my heart as darkly as the murky midnight hour;  
 Listen, then, what I command thee, then essay thine utmost  
 power.

When now the divine Gulnara—in the thought there lies despair—  
 Enters the hushed nuptial chamber, to the hateful bridegroom  
 there,

Soon as they are left together, take the couch where they recline,  
 Through the air transport it swiftly, up into the clear moon-  
 shine ;  
 Through the cooling stream of ether bring them here without  
 delay,  
 Set the couch within my chamber, but that caitiff bear away.  
 He shall watch upon the house-top, stiff and cold, and mad with  
 pain,  
 But within the couch Gulnara, blooming beauty, shall remain.  
 By another spouse full quickly shall her heart be woo'd and  
 won ;  
 But so soon as in the orient purple-red appears the sun,  
 Come to fetch the couch, and bear it to the Sultan's palace  
 back.  
 This to thee is my injunction. See it done, and do not slack !

## SPIRIT OF THE LAMP.

Lord, I do what thou enjoimest.—Rest thee happy and serene !  
 Hadst thou but a moment longer tarried, plucked the flower had  
 been.

*(He vanishes for a moment, but returns immediately  
 with the bridal bed in his arms, in which SALADIN  
 and GULNARE are lying ; he takes out SALADIN  
 and says to ALADDIN),*

Now rejoice, my lord and master, while the caitiff o'er your  
 heads  
 Keeps his watch, and gapes and goggles at the stars upon the  
 leads.

*[ Vanishes with SALADIN.*

## GULNARE

*(raises herself upon the couch).*

Where am I ? Holy Prophet, where am I ?  
 What gracious power invisible has saved me,  
 Even while despairing in his arms I lay,  
 And shrunk with terror from his loathed caress ?  
 Where am I ? Can this be some blessed dream ?  
 Can it be fancy, or do I behold  
 The handsome youth, who late concealed himself  
 Behind the pillar of my bagnio,



And since has hovered in my waking dreams ?  
Where am I ? Holy Prophet, where am I ?

ALADDIN

*(advances, and throws himself at her feet).*

In the protection, dearest maid, of one,  
Who without thee is but an empty shade,  
Who loves thee truly, and whom Allah clothes  
With wondrous power, that he may win thy hand.  
Prithee look up and fear not ! Far away  
Is your detested bridegroom ; while we speak,  
He's fixed, stiff as a mummy, on the roof.  
But tell me frankly, oh, my beautiful,  
If thou canst love me ! Seen me, — yes, thou  
hast,  
And not forgotten ? Oh, delicious hope !

*[Takes her hand.*

GULNARE.

Art thou a blessed angel, fair young man,  
Sent by the Prophet for my rescue ? Speak !

ALADDIN.

Oh, how divine she is ! The filmy veil  
Essays, but all in vain, within its folds  
To hide the bloom and beauty of her form.  
Oh, tell me, thou most artless and most fair,  
Canst thou, oh, canst thou love me ? Speak !

GULNARE.

I loved thee

From the first moment I beheld thy face.  
Pent in the harem from my infant years,  
Few of thy sex have ever met my view.  
Yet doth my heart assure me, there is none  
Can ever be so dear to me as thou.

## ALADDIN.

Oh bliss of blisses ! (*Kisses her.*) Now thou art my  
bride.

No angel I ! Praise be to heaven ! I am  
Mere flesh and blood, and mortal, like thyself.  
Now sleep in peace. Here by thy side I'll rest ;  
But until Allah ratifies the bond,  
That knits us each to each, shall this bare sword,  
Which naked from its sheath I place between us,  
Be like a cherub, scaring deadly sin  
Far from the Eden of thy stainless soul.

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## THE HOUSE-TOP.

## SALADIN

*(leaning like a pillar against the balustrade, his head  
turned towards the stars).*

Ha, treachery ! disgrace ! Ha, rage ! despair !  
How, still the same ? Weak, miserable arm,  
Canst thou not move ? Ah, not one limb, one limb !  
Here am I stuck, congealed and motionless.  
I feel as if the marrow had been sucked  
From all my bones. I've not a joint, but is  
As stiff, and damp, as if I'd gone to sleep  
Among the grass in the cold morning dew,  
And woke up lame, by rheumatism set.  
"Stand there !" he shouted with a ghastly grin,  
"Stand like Lot's wife, a pillar, and of salt !"  
And then he disappeared. Ha, death and hell !  
A moment since, warm in my bridal bed,  
On the fair bosom of a lovely girl ;  
Now—stock still as a mummy ! Nothing stirs,  
Save the cold wind that through my kaftan blows ;  
My miserable eyes turned up to heaven,

My tongue, the herald of a vile despair.  
I never, never can survive this night !  
Now lies another in those rounded arms !  
Ha, madness ! Ha, distracting jealousy !  
Rob me of life at once ! Ye pale, cold stars,  
Fall down, and dash me to oblivion !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT FOURTH.

## THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

SOLIMAN. ZULIMA, *his Wife*. GULNARE. THE VIZIR.  
SALADIN.

SOLIMAN.

The grounds of the divorce are so peculiar,  
And lie so very far beyond the bounds  
Of what is either possible, or likely,  
I'm fairly puzzled what reply to make.

VIZIR.

Such, oh my liege, is my opinion too.  
Experience shows, how readily the blood  
Inflames the fancy with delirious dreams.

SOLIMAN.

And yet that both of them should dream the same,  
Is odd ; yet is it not impossible.  
And if we are to trust the tale at all,  
'Tis better to believe it in the course  
Of nature, than suppose a miracle.  
In order to arrive, then, at the truth,  
It will be best that we wait patiently,  
And see the issue of the second night.

Then shall we both within the bridal room  
 Conceal ourselves, where we can see and hear,  
 And for ourselves decide upon the facts.

## VIZIR.

Thou art a sage, most mighty potentate !  
 If it was fancy, nothing shall we see ;  
 But if the devil's hand be in the business,  
 Then we are sure to probe it to the root ;  
 And in that case we may allow our children—  
 It cuts me to the heart, the very thought—  
 To be unfetter'd from the marriage bond.

## ZULIMA.

What says my daughter to this fair resolve ?

## GULNARE.

I am submissive to my father's will.

## VIZIR.

We hold this business as concluded, then.

## SALADIN.

No, stop! I have some claim to be allowed  
 A little word or two in this affair.  
 I love your daughter, mighty Sultan, well ;  
 My rare good fortune, too, I clearly see ;  
 But not for her sake—no, not for the world,  
 Would I encounter such another night !  
 You have no notion what it is to stand  
 Stiff as a post, and rooted to the roof,  
 Contemplating the stars and milky way !  
 You have no notion what it is to be  
 By spirits pinched and squeezed, and pulled about !—  
 To see a strange man get into your bed,  
 And make himself at home there with your wife,  
 Whilst you aloft, like a mad dog, perforce  
 Must bay the dogstar and the grinning moon !

Gulnara there may well submit, for she  
 Stays in her warm and comfortable bed,  
 So wide and roomy, that the naked sword  
 Can do no harm ; and, touching that same sword,  
 I'm quite of your opinion, that 'tis hard  
 To credit what our own eyes have not seen.  
 Now I have really seen my bride abed,  
 With the enchanter nestling at her side ;  
 But that same naked sword I have not seen !  
 Perhaps the thought of it is all a dream,  
 To follow your opinion, oh great Sultan !—  
 A mere creation of her virgin fancy.

GULNARE (*contemptuously*).

Audacious wretch !

ZULIMA.

This language to my daughter !

SOLIMAN.

Ha ! by the Prophet, this is too absurd !  
 What ! chafing still ! There, fume away, my children !  
 Your peevish brawl is like the angry bay  
 Of a caged hound, that quarrels with the night,  
 Because the fleecy clouds play round the moon.

VIZIR.

Call up your manhood, boy !

SALADIN.

Not I, indeed ;  
 I want to rid me of my womanhood.

VIZIR.

Can you not brave the hazard one night more,  
 To win a pearl so far beyond all price ?

SALADIN.

Can you appraise his risk that dives for pearls ?

If you can do so, multiply it o'er  
An hundred thousand times. Such risk is mine.

VIZIR.

By Mahomed, it might be dangerous  
For some poor, puny, pitiful poltroon,  
To find himself in such a case as yours ;  
But ne'er could I have dream'd such fears in you.

SALADIN.

Make me not frantic ! Tantalus was blest,  
Compared with me : it was but water lapp'd  
Against his baffled lips ;—but I—oh hell !  
Enough !—'Tis very palpable to me,  
This business sets your reckonings all awry.  
To be a sultan's brother is as fine,  
I fancy, as to be his son-in-law.  
Yet, father, you must arm yourself with patience !  
'Tis a son's duty, doubtless, to obey ;  
But to stand nightly, for the family honour,  
Cold sentry on the housetop, whilst another  
Enjoys himself at leisure with my wife,  
Is, you'll excuse me, Sir, too much to ask.

VIZIR.

Forget not, boy, the pride, the self-respect,  
Which your exalted station claims from you.

SALADIN.

The exalted station on the roof, you mean ?  
To that, methinks, I have already shown  
All due respect.

VIZIR.

You always *will* fall back  
On this preposterous vision.

GULNARE.

Oh dear father,  
Grant, I entreat you, Saladin's desire.

SOLIMAN.

What do you say, Vizir? What shall we do?

VIZIR.

The tale is simply ludicrous, my liege.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE BODY GUARD (*enters*).

Sire, Ali Baba, the astrologer,  
Awaits outside, with bald, uncovered head;  
Something of moment he has come to tell.

SOLIMAN.

Let him come in! (*exit Captain.*) A sage and learned  
man,  
Skilled in the mystic volume of the stars.  
Far on the plain I've built for him a tower,  
Where all night long he sits, with sleepless eyes,  
Reading the marvels which the stars portend.

SALADIN.

Marvels, indeed! Believe me, oh great Sultan,  
There's not one grain of marvel stirring there:  
One stands, and gapes, and yawns—and that is all!

ALI BABA (*enters*).

God send to Persia's Sultan peace and joy,  
Firm stand his throne, and may his race increase!

SOLIMAN.

I thank thee! Say, what vision of the night  
Hath brought thee hither from thy tower in haste?  
But for such cause thou scarcely hadst come here.  
Thou lovest solitude.

ALI BABA.

Ah, good my Lord!  
An old man I, and weary of the world.  
Earth's baubles have no longer charms for me;



Its greatest things seem little to the sage.  
 When old age shades us with his silvery wings,  
 Then ever more and more the eye is bent  
 Up to the star-sown canopy of heaven ;  
 Thither we look, as to our real home,  
 The haven of our earthly pilgrimage.  
 As for myself, it is my joy and solace,  
 To watch, serene of soul, night's feeble rays,  
 Till heaven its mighty gates wide open flings,  
 And floods me with the radiance of the dawn.

## SOLIMAN.

What revelation dost thou bring me now ?

## ALI BABA.

As I last night, according to my wont,  
 Had climb'd into my tower, and there had pray'd,  
 Upon the moon I let my eyes repose,  
 And mused, how our great Prophet, on a time,  
 In order to the unbelieving earth  
 To prove his mission, beckoned it from heaven,  
 When, clanging down to earth, it fell, and broke  
 On either side the mountain Elikais :  
 Whereon by his all-powerful command,  
 He welded it anew, and bade it rise,  
 And shine in ether, as it did before.  
 As I stood musing thus with gaze intent,  
 The moon grew suddenly so pitchy dark,  
 That under it the earth seemed black as coal.  
 The owls shrieked dismally within the wood,  
 The village mastiffs suddenly grew dumb,  
 But still I kept my place, though sore perplexed  
 By the mysterious darkness ; the whole sky  
 Was clear, without a cloud ; besides, no cloud  
 Could have thrown such a shadow on the earth.  
 I thought, Perhaps 'tis the Eternal's will,  
 This very night to judge creation ;  
 The Angel hath He summoned now of Death,

The mighty Israfil, who evermore  
 Stands ready with his flashing trump, at once  
 With shattering blast to shake the universe  
 To crumbling ruin. I was calm as now.  
 Yet as upon my knees, resigned to Heaven,  
 I waited in the dark for what might come,  
 The moon regained its lustre by degrees,  
 And in the clear light palpably I saw,  
 It was a mighty angel's dusky wings  
 Had o'er the sky diffused this strange eclipse.  
 Along the air he floated with a bed  
 Of ebony and gold, whereon were laid,  
 Clear to the sight, a woman and a man.  
 What unto us this wondrous sign portends  
 Is more than I can fathom. But I come,  
 Impelled by duty, with my dearest speed,  
 To make all known, my liege, to thee. Heaven grant  
 It bode no evil swiftly to ensue !

SALADIN.

Evil, forsooth ! What evil could ensue  
 Hath, by my beard, ensued already.

SOLIMAN.

Beard !

You have none.

SALADIN.

But I hope for one in time.

ALI BABA.

What do you mean, fair sir ?

SOLIMAN.

Say, hast thou not  
 Descried me through thy telescope, great sage,  
 Upon a certain house-top yesternight,  
 Fixed, like yourself, contemplating the stars ?

ALI BABA.

What time, fair sir ?

ALADDIN.

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SALADIN.

Why, shortly after you  
Beheld that monster in the air.

ALI BABA.

Not I.

SALADIN.

'Twas me you saw up yonder in the air.

ALI BABA.

You lay hard names upon yourself, young sir.

SALADIN.

Ha, take me not for yonder devil's spawn !  
Yonder great, black, unsightly vampire-bat !  
I was but one of the two persons, you  
Beheld reclining on the handsome bed.

VIZIR.

Were you the woman, milkbeard, or the man ?

SALADIN.

The man ! Good gracious ! had I been the woman,  
I should have been more pleasantly employed,  
Than in research of that celestial lore,  
Which, to my thinking, might be better styled  
A lore downright infernal.

ALI BABA.

Sir, you rave.

GULNARE.

Beloved father, hesitate no longer.  
Now thou must see, it was no feverish dream.

SOLIMAN.

The ways of God are oft inscrutable ;

H

Yet that this marriage is not blessed of heaven,  
I see beyond all question. Be it then  
Dissolved from this hour forth.

GULNARE.

Oh father, thanks!

SALADIN.

Thanks, mighty Sultan, for this blest release  
From bondage dire, that would have driven me mad!

VIZIR (*aside*).

Oh wretched churl! By heaven, he's not my son!  
Such a vile recreant I could ne'er beget.  
Ha, all my hopes are torn up by the roots,  
And yet—I must be grateful to my liege.  
Grateful? Oh Allah! (*Aloud.*) Thanks, great Sultan;  
thanks!

SOLIMAN.

Most strange! Now follow me to the Divan!

[*Exeunt the SULTAN and the VIZIR. GULNARE  
follows her mother.*]

ALI BABA (*to SALADIN*).

Will you inform me, sir, what all this means?

SALADIN.

Go goggle at the stars, and learn of them.  
But, for myself, the world can't flout me now;  
The cuckold's horns no longer grace my brow. [*Exit.*]

[*ALI BABA returns to his tower.*]

## THE DIVAN.

SOLIMAN ; *the VIZIR ;* SPECTATORS ; *the COUNCIL.*  
MORGIANA *at the door.*

MORGIANA

*(to a drunken peasant).*

Good gracious me ! don't poke me in the ribs !  
Wait till you're call'd, and don't come bouncing so  
Against a frail old woman like myself !

PEASANT.

What business have you here ? Go, get along !  
You can't speak with his Majesty to-day.  
He only talks to people of my rank,  
Who come to see him on important business.

MORGIANA.

Important business ? Marry and indeed !  
And don't I come upon important business ?  
I come, if you must know it, to arrange  
The marriage of his daughter with my son.

SOLIMAN.

Nuschirwan, dost thou see there, by the door,  
The woman who, last week, presented me  
With yonder glorious treasure ?

VIZIR.

Impudence !

The guard shall instantly——

SOLIMAN.

Hold, Vizir, hold !

Remember what beseems my dignity,  
And what doth wrong it. In the flush of joy  
A promise 'scaped my lips, which cannot now  
Be kept, indeed ; but which with violence

I will not break ; for violence begets  
 Anger, and anger generates revenge :  
 Where by a momentary prudence this  
 Can be avoided, it behoves it should.

VIZIR.

My Sultan's words do make me smile perforce.  
 Anger, revenge ! Revenge and anger ! What !  
 A tailor lad and Sultan Soliman !

SOLIMAN.

And what of that ? Be who he may, he is  
 My subject still, and am I not his prince ?  
 My state demands that I should tend the flock  
 Entrusted to my charge with loving care.  
 To treat it with a brutelike recklessness,  
 Were but to prove myself a sorry shepherd.

VIZIR.

Forgive, my Lord, the outburst of my wrath,  
 And unto me, too, let your grace extend :  
 The coldest nature shows a hasty spark,  
 When its green wounds are roughly touched ; and  
 mine—  
 Need I add more ?

SOLIMAN.

Well, well—I understand.  
 Yet these green wounds, which gall us both alike,  
 You promised me, Nuschirwan, not to touch.  
 Let me forget them, then ; and tell me what  
 You think is best and fittest to be done.

VIZIR.

If all you wish be to get rid, my Lord,  
 Of the old fool, and not to punish her,  
 'Tis but to ask her love-sick son, what he  
 Can by no possibility fulfil.  
 This will effectually conclude the matter.

SOLIMAN.

You counsel sagely. Bring the woman in,  
And let the others for to-day depart.

*[The VIZIR calls in MORGIANA, who throws herself  
down before the throne. The others retire.]*

SOLIMAN (*sternly*).

I recognise you, know why you are here ;  
My promise also have I not forgotten.  
I said to you, the man who could afford  
Such gifts to our exchequer as the last,  
Might, if the rest were equal to the first,  
Conceive the hope to wed a prince's daughter.  
What then I said, old woman, I say still ;  
For if your son in treasure be so rich,  
As his last gift doth give us cause to hope,  
To such a bride he fairly may aspire.  
Then, to make sure of this—for it might be,  
Mere chance had thrown that treasure in his way—  
I now desire, that he send here to me,  
To-morrow at this hour, forty large vases,  
Curiously carved, and of the purest gold.  
These also he must fill with precious stones,  
Much better than the former ; every vase  
Must by a handsome negro slave be borne ;  
And forty more white slaves must follow these.  
Let this be done, and by my word I stand,  
And give my daughter to your son for bride.  
But if this be not done, let me no more  
Have word or sign from you. Remembering  
The gift which late you brought me, I forgive  
Your son's audacious insolence this once ;  
But let him dare no farther to offend  
With his unblushing importunity.

*[Rises, and exit with the VIZIR.]*

MORGIANA.

Ay, ay ; just so, just so ! Did I not say it ?

Have I not warned him as a mother should ?  
 Not said a thousand times, Boy, stretch your hand  
 No farther out than you can draw it back ?  
 Red shoes alone wont make a body dance.  
 Need you be told, that rotten eggs must make  
 Unsavoury cakes—that wooden covers go  
 With wooden bowls ? That he who has no cat  
 Must catch his mice with owls, or let them gnaw ;  
 And he that lacks for lime must build with loam ?  
 Why, then, the Princess ?—why but her ? If you  
 Have neither horse nor ox, boy, take an ass.  
 But 'twas mere preaching in a deaf man's ear.  
 A buckler's no defence against a noose.  
 He'd have his way, because he had this lamp,  
 And our good Sultan courteous is and kind.  
 But never wake a sleeping dog ; nor pull  
 A donkey's girth too tight ! Beware of cats  
 That lap before, and use their claws behind.  
 We tread upon the worm until it turns.  
 Now, what a howl he'll make ! Why did he then  
 Lie down between the corner and the door ?  
 Like yarn, like cloth ;—laugh in the morning, cry  
 Before the night. An oaken cudgel is  
 The true fool's towel ;—as you make your bed,  
 So you must lie in't ;—as the clay, the pay ! [Exit.

### A ROOM.

ALADDIN. (*To him enters MORGIANA*).

ALADDIN (*runs to meet her*).

Well, dearest mother ?

MORGIANA.

Well, my dearest son ?  
*(Aside.)* I've not the heart to let him know the truth.



ALADDIN.

Well, mother!—Well now, tell me,—you have been——

MORGIANA.

At the butcher's? Yes, boy, that indeed I have,  
And got a famous joint of venison.

ALADDIN.

That's not the question. You've——

MORGIANA.

Been at the tailor's?

Oh yes; I just look'd in upon him! Dear,  
What a good, kindly, honest soul it is!  
Your father and himself were ever friends,—  
Ay, though they both were tailors to their craft.  
Your father, none could match him at a cloak:  
The genius of the other lay in hose.  
And so they rubbed along, the best of friends,  
Each in his line a master of his needle.  
They never fell to loggerheads, these two;  
He always trumpeted your father's cloaks,  
Who always trumpeted his hose in turn.  
So all went bravely many and many a year.  
That was the golden age of tailorhood!

ALADDIN.

But, mother, tell me——

MORGIANA.

What the tailor said?

Good dame, you may be sure of this, said he,  
That I will stitch as soundly for your son,  
As for himself he could have stitched, if he  
Had followed out his father's handicraft.

ALADDIN.

Who, in the fiend's name, asked about the tailor?

## MORGIANA.

Who soars too high, my son, must have a fall.

## ALADDIN.

Now do I see, too plainly, what the bell  
Has struck; but, by mine honour, he shall find,—  
This Sultan,—that he plays a dangerous game.

## MORGIANA.

'Tis bad, my son, to eat cherries with great folks,  
For they are apt in very wantonness  
To throw the stones into your face.

## ALADDIN.

I'll stone him!  
But quick, quick, mother,—tell me everything!

## MORGIANA.

What shall I tell you, boy? You know the truth.  
You have already guessed it to a turn.  
It's no use stirring in this business more.  
Best, once for all, to let the stone lie still,  
You find too hard to lift: this sort of thing  
Is just like writing black upon the chimney.

## ALADDIN.

I almost burst. Ha, Sultan, wait awhile!  
Thou beggar king! Just wait, thou haughty churl;  
I'll teach thee what it is to play with me,  
As though I were the meanest of thy slaves!  
I'll teach thee to fulfil thy plighted word!  
Not long shalt thou contemn me, like the sheep,  
That from the rocks bleats mockery at the wolf,  
Because I cannot reach thee. Reach thee I shall!  
Yes, by the Prophet's beard I swear it here!

## MORGIANA.

Pray curb these hasty paroxysms, boy.  
They make you most unhappy—that they do.

## ALADDIN.

Unhappy! And what makes my happiness,  
 Or my unhappiness? Canst tell me that?  
 To live a noble life, unsoiled by shame,  
 That constitutes my happiness; to be  
 Abased and scorned, my chiefest misery.  
 To vanquish obstacles, be what they may,  
 Hath Allah gifted me with strength and will,  
 With so much pride and constancy combined,  
 That though my love should bring disaster, death,  
 Yet shall I triumph even in my fall.

## MORGIANA.

Snap goes the bowstring that's too highly strung.

## ALADDIN.

Yes, if 'twas never fit to bear a strain.  
 Great Heaven! Shall the free spirit ne'er aspire!  
 Must we for ever stoop, for ever crawl?  
 But, psha! Enough of this! Tell me what passed.  
 He ordered you away, no doubt, at once?  
 No doubt he chid you for audacity,  
 And did not choose to recognise you?

## MORGIANA.

No,

That he did not, but, on the contrary,  
 Stuck to the promise which he gave before.  
 But, what can all his promises avail?  
 They leave us just precisely where we were.

## ALADDIN.

What did he say?

## MORGIANA.

He said, if you to-morrow  
 Should send him forty vases, all of gold,  
 And filled with painted crystal, like the last,

That you should have his daughter for your wife.  
 But, look you! every vase was to be brought  
 By a black slave, and he,—his very words,—  
 Must be attended by another, white.  
 But how is all this to be brought about?

ALADDIN.

How, mother, how! And this is all he asked?

MORGIANA.

All! And a mighty deal too much, say I.

ALADDIN.

Why did you fire my blood without a cause,  
 And stir my anger 'gainst the Sultan thus?  
 Most moderate, in sooth, is his demand,  
 And by to-morrow it shall be fulfilled.

MORGIANA.

To-morrow! By to-morrow! Well, and how?

ALADDIN.

How? By the lamp!

MORGIANA.

The lamp! Ods pitikins!  
 The lamp! That's true! I never thought of that.  
 Who can remember an old rusty lamp?  
 The lamp, boy! So you really think, the lamp——

ALADDIN.

Yes, mother, certainly—beyond a doubt.

MORGIANA.

You and the lamp be blessed! Nobody has  
 A lamp like this, of course, but you; I mean,  
 That everybody has a lamp, but this——

ALADDIN.

Is a lamp, mother, of no common kind.

MORGIANA.

Still, boy, I have my doubts. To do all this  
May be beyond the Spirit.

ALADDIN.

We shall see.

What is beyond his power, and what is not,  
The Spirit for himself can best decide ;  
We'll ascertain at once. (*Takes out the lamp.*)

MORGIANA.

Just wait a bit,

I want to purchase something in the town,  
And, as it's growing dark, I must be off. (*Runs out.*)

ALADDIN.

She cannot get the lamp into her head !  
She always will forget it. Strange enough !  
While for my life she plans and schemes all day,  
Her thoughts should never turn upon the lamp !  
To her I'm but her son, not the lamp's lord ;  
Now, if I be its lord, this test will show.  
*(Rubs the lamp.)*

THE SPIRIT (*appears*).

Lord, what will'st thou? Straight give order! All thy wishes to  
fulfil,  
Hath Almighty Allah gifted me with power and strength and  
will.

ALADDIN.

Precious to me is thine aidance; strong and great art thou, and I  
Therefore with a bold assurance on thy potent help rely.

SPIRIT.

What thou wishest, say, and waste not praises of my skill and  
might.

## ALADDIN.

## ALADDIN.

Forty mighty golden vases, as the flashing sunbeams bright,  
Through the filmy streams of ether must thou bring me, brimming  
o'er

With the diamond's lustrous water, with the ruby's rosy gore;  
With the emerald's earthy verdure, with the sapphire's heavenly  
blue,

As they gleam and glow in beauty in the mountain's spring-tide  
dew,

Large and lustrous, each a marvel, with no flaw in all their sheen,  
As they bloomed within the garden, hidden deep the rocks between.  
There no black stone intermingles, to set off the radiance gay,  
But black slaves must bear the vases, night shall bring the  
glorious day.

And, a more imposing contrast to the mingling hues to lend,  
Forty white slaves you must find me, with that dusky train to  
blend.

Pair by pair these slaves shall mingle, white and black and black  
and white;

Lay on every vase a napkin, woven with tissues dipt in light,  
Where on ground of softest velvet, copied in the silk, are seen,  
Rose and tulip and carnation, budding from the meadow green.  
All this by to-morrow bring me, then thy power is firm and good.

SPIRIT (*in the act of vanishing*).

They shall stand, great lord and master, there where even now I  
stood.

ALADDIN ( *rubs the lamp*).

Not so fast, thou best of servants; stay, my further 'hests to hear!

SPIRIT (*reappears*).

Thou hast but to rub, oh master! and straightway I reappear.

## ALADDIN.

List, then, to what more I order! Dexterous art thou, and swift:  
All these treasures, I have ordered, for the Sultan are a gift;  
And already thou divinest, I must come in such array,  
As beseems a prince, before him such a princely gift to lay.  
First a bath must thou prepare me, where on every wall doth  
shine

Marble, agate stone, and jasper, quaintly carved and polished fine.  
Let two streams of purest water, hot and cold, be flowing still,  
So contrived that I may mingle either current at my will.

There, attending on my pleasure, must be maidens fair and bright,  
 With sweet balsams to anoint me, and to steep me in delight.  
 Then the finest kaftan bring me, diapered with jewels rare,  
 Next a sabre of Damascus, and a wild Arabian mare,  
 Wild, but which the costly bridle at my will can turn and wind;  
 Fetch my mother, too, all vestments whereunto she hath a mind.  
 Bring her trusty handmaids also, oh thou Spirit good and great!  
 Who, to execute her wishes, on her every step shall wait.  
 Do thou this, and do it swiftly, and thy praise I'll sound alway!

SPIRIT.

All which thou hast yet commanded is to me but baby's play.

[*Vanishes.*]

ALADDIN (*rubs the lamp*).

Servant, I again must call thee; doubly long thou mak'st thy flight.

SPIRIT (*appears*).

Thou wilt sooner tire of rubbing, than will I of toil so light.

ALADDIN.

When now all is fairly ordered, and when all is now complete,  
 When the nuptial hour approaches, hour of rapture heavenly sweet!

Then shalt thou a palace rear me, all of pure white marble, there,  
 Full before the Sultan's harem, in the midst of the great square;  
 After thine own wisdom rear it; but let it be gorgeous all,  
 Store it with the costliest treasures, and within it build a hall,  
 Vast, four-square, and highly vaulted, peerless for its pomp and pride;

Four-and-twenty spacious windows make for me on every side:  
 Yet of these so matchless windows one imperfect thou shalt leave,  
 Wherefore thus I do command thee, thou, true servant, wilt conceive.

Solemnize my nuptials nobly, make all sumptuous, festive, bright,  
 Let the torches fume with amber, day arise from dusky night.  
 Choirs of nimbly-footing fairies bring to lead the dance along,  
 Whilst a throng of loveliest damsels thrill all hearts with lute and song.

Canst thou do this? Of my wishes this within my heart is chief.

SPIRIT.

Yes; as easily, oh master! as the zephyr stirs the leaf.

[*Vanishes.*]

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

## ACT FIFTH.

## THE ENTRANCE TO THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

## FIRST SENTINEL.

What do I see? What a great swarm of men  
 Is coming to the palace down the street!  
 A grand procession of distinguished strangers,—  
 Princes they are, that's clear. Run, Hassan, run  
 And let the Sultan know, with your best haste,  
 That several princes from some distant land  
 Are on the road to visit him to-day.

[*Exit Second Sentinel.*

(*Eighty black and white slaves enter slowly in procession, the black bearing the vases on their heads. After them enters MORGIANA, sumptuously clad, attended by six female slaves. SOLIMAN, attended by his VIZIR and body-guard, meets them on the steps of the palace. As the first slave reaches the top, he speaks.*)

## SOLIMAN.

Welcome, my trusty and beloved kinsman, welcome!  
 Great, yea, most great, the joy that fills our heart,  
 To see you here thus unexpectedly.

THE SLAVE (*kneels*).

I am a slave, oh mighty Lord; no prince!



The eightieth merely in this long array.  
Most humbly we approach, here at thy feet  
To lay the gifts Aladdin promised thee.

SOLIMAN.

You—slaves, and thus right royally attired ?  
From him ? The tail—the stripling ? From Aladdin ?

SLAVE.

Yes, mighty Sultan.

SOLIMAN.

And the aged dame,  
Attended by these lovely creatures, is——

SLAVE.

His mother, Sire.

SOLIMAN.

His— What ? The tailor's widow ?

MORGIANA (*throwing back her veil*).

The same, most mighty Sultan ! So, you don't  
Know me again ? That's probably because  
I wear a veil.

SOLIMAN.

Vizir !

VIZIR.

My gracious liege !

SOLIMAN.

What say you now ?

VIZIR.

I'm dumb ! I'm petrified.

SOLIMAN.

Come on, dear madam,—to the palace ! Come !  
And there you shall awake me from my dream.

## MORGIANA.

Ah, not a bit of it's a dream, Sir Sultan !  
 'Tis simple, downright, plain, straightforward fact,  
 And not a grain of witchcraft in it all.  
 Come, follow, slaves, me and your master ! Come !

## SOLIMAN.

If this be not a dream, and no delusion,  
 Gulnara soon will be Aladdin's bride.

THE SLAVES (*shout*).

Long live great Soliman ! Long live Aladdin !  
 [*Exeunt into the palace.*]

## A BEAUTIFUL MARBLE BATH.

ALADDIN (*waited on by invisible fairies*).

PERIBANOU, *their Queen*.

Fair youth, we wait thy pleasure ;  
 Lo, all thou seest is thine ;  
 Here all thy heart but yearned for  
 In magic light doth shine.  
 The chamber's lofty arches  
 Are bold and sculptured fair,  
 And walls of polished marble  
 Are round thee everywhere.  
 With sand of alabaster  
 The floor is softly strewn ;  
 The bath exhales the perfume  
 Of sweet flowers newly blown.  
 Its surface, like a mirror,  
 Reflects thy visage near ;  
 Oh, see the limpid water,  
 As starry diamonds clear !  
 Here, to the right, a fountain  
 Of icy coolness flows ;  
 Along a bed it wimples  
 Of the lily and the rose.

Here to the left is streaming  
 A river's tiny arm ;  
 It gushes from the mountain,  
 And it is soft and warm.  
 Then mingle at thy pleasure—  
 The means are by thy side—  
 The cool flower-shaded brooklet,  
 With the glowing rock-born tide.  
 And when with quickened vigour  
 Thou leav'st the waters bright ;  
 Fair maiden hands shall dry thee,  
 And lap thee in delight.

## ALADDIN.

Ha! voice of sweetness, let me see thy mouth,  
 The flute through which thy witching accents flow !  
 Why dost thou hide thyself, oh beauteous rose,  
 So cruelly, the whilst a nightingale  
 Trills on thy crimson petals her glad strain ?

## PERIBANOU.

Content thee, youth, content thee  
 With the perfume of the rose ;  
 Seek not to view, nor fondle,  
 What are but airy shows.  
 We are here, above, around thee,  
 But of earth thy glances be ;  
 The creatures of the element  
 They pierce, but cannot see.  
 Then such fond wishes banish,  
 Learn thou our might to prize ;  
 Ourselves we show but rarely  
 In earthly woman's guise.  
 Oh dear young man, but rarely,  
 And ne'er in open day ;  
 In the bath before a stripling  
 So frolicsome and gay.

## ALADDIN.

Oh, pain in every pleasure—every joy !

THE FAIRIES (*sing*).

Play, ye limpid waters, fondly  
 Round these limbs so sweetly rounded ;

Make the sturdy sinews pliant,  
Hard and strong the youthful nerves.

ALADDIN.

How ! Was it not as though the water sang ?

FAIRIES.

Cool is now thy hot blood's crimson ;  
Sweetly is thy heart refreshed ;  
Glorious are thy locks resplendent ;  
From the bath new-nerved arise !

ALADDIN.

How ! Was it not as though the ether rang ?

FAIRIES.

From the bath new-nerved arise !

ALADDIN.

I rise ! What tones, what rapturous sensation !  
By zephyr's viewless pinions I am fann'd,  
By breezes, which a fragrant warmth have drawn  
From the deep bosom of a bursting rose.

PERIBANOU.

Now let Beauty come apace  
To the bath with rosy grace ;  
Strength too, rough, o'ergrown with hair,  
Hasting from his forest lair !

STRENGTH *and* BEAUTY, *a giant and a fairy, enter,*  
*but are also invisible to ALADDIN ; the former bearing*  
*a sponge, the latter bearing a hyacinth.*

STRENGTH.

Strong art thou, but at my bidding greater strength shall soon be  
thine.

BEAUTY.

Fair art thou, but soon, Aladdin, shalt thou fairer be at mine.

STRENGTH.

Every thew shall swell and harden, underneath my rubbing hand.

## BEAUTY.

Every limb I'll round and soften with this flower from fairy land.

## STRENGTH.

Ampler still must be thy shoulders, stalwart each and rounded well.

## BEAUTY.

In thine eyes a deeper hazel shall love's secrets sweetly tell.

## STRENGTH.

Now thy chest is narrow, quickly shall it arch in amplest might.

## BEAUTY.

Cheek, to me too like a maiden's seems thy rosy lustre bright!

## STRENGTH.

Let the back in sinewy vigour, like hewn marble, smoothly shine.

## BEAUTY.

Only just a trifle smaller must I make those lips of thine.

## STRENGTH.

Broader be thy feet, and stronger; like a rock thou'lt stand in place.

## BEAUTY.

Thine shall be a just proportion, not too tall to move with grace.

## STRENGTH.

Boldly shall thy lofty forehead tell of spirit, power, and pride.

## BEAUTY.

Arching eyebrows shall betoken worth doth there with strength abide.

## STRENGTH.

Beauty, he is not a maiden, but a man. Then have a care!

## BEAUTY.

Right; so they must droop serenely, with a high and thoughtful air.

## STRENGTH.

Straighter still the swelling haunches, and the arm an oaken root.

## BEAUTY.

Whiter still the fair round fingers, smaller too must be the foot.

## STRENGTH.

In thy heart I pour, all glowing, heroes' blood unstained by guile.

## BEAUTY.

Love's pure flame, the sweet, the holy, thus unto thine eyes I smile.

## STRENGTH.

Of thy foes be thou the terror ; like a lion to pursue.

## BEAUTY.

Bloom thou, ever loved of beauty, and to loving beauty true.

## BOTH.

Thus have I, oh youth belovèd, all my gifts bestowed on thee.  
Henceforth may thy life be sunshine, ever happy, ever free !

*[They vanish.]*

## THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

SOLIMAN. ALADDIN.

SOLIMAN.

To Allah and the Prophet I give thanks,  
That such a worthy son-in-law have sent me.  
Thy wealth I scarcely yet can comprehend ;  
Surpassing is thy beauty ; spirit, health,  
And constancy are beaming in thine eyes.  
Oh noble youth, thou dost deserve my daughter :  
Of that I'm well convinced. Another man  
Would ask, perchance, how thou camest by thy wealth,  
Who, what thou art. and more ! So do not I.  
Since thou to keep this secret thinkest meet,

Doubtless thou hast good reasons of thine own,  
 Which though I knew, what better should I be ?  
 I see well what thou hast ; but how thou hast it,  
 I do not know ; but better do I know,  
 How I, or any other child of Adam,  
 Have what we have ? Enough to know the "what :"  
 'Tis only fools make question of the "how."

ALADDIN.

Great Sultan, these your noble words of wisdom  
 Refresh my soul, as morning dews that fall  
 From the high cedar's top refresh the bush,  
 Which seeks a shelter in its giant shade.

SOLIMAN.

To-morrow, then, and with the dawn, my son,  
 We celebrate in state thy nuptial feast.

ALADDIN.

The bee, great Sultan, yearneth not at morn  
 More fondly for the rose's honey'd cup,  
 Than I to rest within her arms divine ;  
 The grass, bent with the stormy rains of night,  
 Not more impatiently awaits the sun,  
 To lift its head with added strength anew,  
 Than I, bow'd down by love's long feverish watch,  
 Await the gracious smiling of her eyes.  
 Yet I entreat, the marriage, oh my Sire,  
 May be postponed but for some little space,  
 Till in the square, before the palace here,  
 I have a mansion built, may worthily  
 Receive a mistress so unparagoned.

SOLIMAN.

My son, I will concede the boon you ask.  
 How long will you require to be prepared ?

ALADDIN.

That I can not with certainty foretell ;

But this at least I know, 'twill not be long ;  
My masons are unmatch'd for industry.

SOLIMAN.

So be it, then. Now, come to the divan,  
That I may there acquaint thee with the duties  
Of my vicegerent, and the burdens, thou  
Must henceforth as my son submit to share.

ALADDIN.

Ah, if the needful strength were only mine !  
But you shall strengthen me ; your wisdom shall  
Upraise me, whensoever I droop or fall. [*Exeunt.*]

THE GREAT SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE PALACE.

*Night.* SPIRITS OF THE LAMP, *engaged in building the  
Palace.*

FIRST SPIRIT.

There ! The first stone is fast, and stuffed with golden  
coins !  
Get me but freestone now, and I shall build apace.

TWO OTHERS

(*advance through the air with massive blocks of stone.*)  
Here's stone for thee ! A lovely marble, white as  
milk,  
With veins as blue as e'er gleam'd through a young  
maid's skin.  
Out of the Caucasus we quarried them, and swift  
Have posted hither ; yet not fast enough for you !  
A band of shepherd youths sat fluting on the cliff ;  
The fairest of their maids, unseen of her, we caught,  
And from her rounded throat the napkin tore away,  
That with her bosom we our marble might compare.



But straightway spread a purple bloom o'er all her  
breast  
Of maiden bashfulness ; " Look ! " with a laugh we  
cried,  
" The marble, child, is like thy bosom, white and full,  
Yet blush so sweet as clothes thy breast no stone  
can show ! "

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Who brings me lime ? Ho, lime, I say ; now, be  
alive !

## TWO OTHERS.

Here's lime from Hindostan, dug from the central  
earth !

A dazzling white ! but sprinkled here and there with  
blood.

At the dead hour of midnight, by the King's command,  
The head of a blaspheming rebel was to fall.

Then to the scaffold we upon our errand flew.

Loud rang the axe : his blood shot heavenwards in a  
stream ;

But, mixed with it, the lime will have a firmer hold.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Who'll fetch me from the North a granite corner-stone ?

## TWO OTHERS.

Here is a stone, a sacred stone, will last for aye.

We stole it in far Norway from a peasant band,

Who bore it from the quarry to their monarch's grave,

Which newly had been closed. Here's dew upon the  
stone,

Will harden it against the tooth of wasting time,

For 'tis the tear of sorrow, given to parted worth.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Who now will bring me carvings for the cornice here ?

## TWO OTHERS.

Into a giant whale we two transformed ourselves,  
 And down beneath the ocean's foam and sedges plunged,  
 Till far, far in the South, against an isle we drove,  
 All netted round with coral and thick-clustering shells ;  
 These from the ground we tore away, and on our head  
 Set, like a wreath, the whole red jagged labyrinth,  
 For thee to fasten in festoons around the wall.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Where now shall I find pearls, and radiant carbuncles ?

## TWO OTHERS.

We come rich-laden from the vale of diamonds,  
 That's fenced and girdled round with precipices steep,  
 To mortal tread for ever inaccessible.  
 Upon the distant rocks some merchants throng'd,  
     agape,  
 In hopes to see the eagle to his nest return.  
 For round about his talons lumps of meat they tie,  
 And when into the vale he swoops upon his prey,  
 To sate his hunger on the snakes and vermin there,  
 The diamonds cleave unto the beef beneath his feet.  
 And every merchant has his nest ; and thence he hopes  
 To find a fortune wafted to him through the air.  
 To-day their hopes were fated to be dash'd ; for we  
 Swept for ourselves away gems, eagle, nest, and all,  
 And left the gapers standing pale in blank despair.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Who brings me pictures now unmatchable in worth ?

## TWO OTHERS.

See, here they are, my friend ! To Italy we flew.  
 Beneath the silver moon a pair of lovers sat,  
 And the bride sang a tender lay to her guitar ;  
 Unseen, beneath a pile of ruins, they were hid,

Which in that country's tongue are Herculaneum  
 styled.

Amain we dived, as dive the wild geese in the sea,  
 Deep down into the earth, and brought these pictures  
 thence.

Magnificently they will deck thy great saloon.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Now, where shall I find gold, my mouldings to enrich ?

TWO OTHERS.

See, here is golden ore, sufficient and to spare !  
 We wing'd our viewless way to Afric's lonely waste :  
 The midnight cool hung o'er it : on the tawny sand  
 The moon shed tawny light, and tawny lions round  
 And round the desert roamed, and with their claws  
 tore up

The tawny gold in masses from the spongy earth,  
 And in the filmy moonlight toss'd them to and fro.  
 Ten steers we flung them, we from Barbary had brought,  
 And, whilst the lions were despatching these, we took  
 The gold. Such lumps thou never hast till now beheld.

FIRST SPIRIT.

And now for silk, is meet to deck imperial walls !

TWO OTHERS.

From China, from the wood of mulberries we come,  
 Where in the starlight clear the silvery brooklet runs,  
 And countless silkworms spin their webs unceasingly.  
 More than we bring thee here thou'lt scarcely lack,  
 my friend.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Who'll fetch me pillars now, to bear the palace gates ?

TWO OTHERS.

To Taurus' skyey peak we clomb, and look'd around ;  
 There in the vale a herd of elephants we saw,

Trampling a peasant's corn-fields down into the clay.  
To punish this wild pastime on the plain we swoop'd,  
And from the creatures wrench'd their tuaks right  
cunningly.

Look here, what sickles! Hast thou e'er beheld the  
like?

FIRST SPIRIT.

Now in the cold moonshine I'll pillars carve from them.  
But copper for the palace roof who next will bring?

TWO OTHERS.

Two mighty armies were encamped in Tartary.  
The ground was strewn with helmets, shields, spears,  
shirts of mail,  
And every shield was blood-red copper of Japan.  
These seem'd to us right handy copings for the roof,  
And so from every hero there his shield we stole,  
Though he had laid it down as pillow for his head.  
When they awake at dawn,—lo! every shield is gone!  
Good! they will have to wield their swords to more  
account.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Now for a diamond staff to crown the tower withal!

TWO OTHERS.

A youthful king, milk-bearded, sat upon a throne,  
And slept, the sceptre in his left hand, upside down,  
And dreamily he swung it, like a baby's toy,  
Among a slavish horde; so that the last remains  
Of order disappeared, and all to chaos fell.  
In anger, from the feeble hand we wrench'd the staff;  
Here it will shine, and boldly heavenwards still aspire.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Thus do I crown the whole with the ruby's lustrous  
fire.

*[He puts the coping on the peak of the tower, and  
then contemplates the building.]*

Oh, see, friends, how the moonbeams, softly gilding all,  
 Are smiling on the new and snow-white marble wall !  
 Her moist rays curiously peer through the window  
 bars ;

The pinnacles are bright, and twinkle like the stars.  
 But now from distant ocean's verge the morning  
 glows,

And on our copper roof a furtive glance she throws.  
 How day will marvel, when it sees the palace there,  
 Born in a night, and yet so perfect and so fair !  
 Ah, look there, how the dome towers proudly into  
 view !

Go, fetch me brightest tints ; bring thou an azure blue,  
 And thou, dive southward far into the deep dark sea,  
 And bring a purple conch right suddenly to me !  
 Then roses I will paint, shall bloom, 'midst leafage  
 green,

When garden roses long to dust have withered been.  
 Thee next I'll sketch, Gulnare ! Thy swan-like bosom  
 white

Shall fire thy children's children with still new delight.  
 Here shall the youth enamour'd gaze, and say full oft,  
 " Our grandame's bosom, oh, how full it was, and soft !  
 Who ever would believe, that Time, so old and hoar,  
 Could give such beauty birth, for ages to adore ?"  
 And when his hair is grey, his eye will glow anew  
 With all its youthful fire, her likeness here to view.  
 Thus youth and age will rise, and wither and decay ;  
 But in the picture she bloom freshly as to-day.  
 See, how she smiles ! Ho, Spirits, quickly do my  
 will !

Here 'tis a shade too small, and here too ample still.  
 No more ! 'Tis nobly done ! But, hark ! what cry was  
 there ? [The cock crows.

#### ALL THE SPIRITS.

Red-crested watchman calls. We scent the morning  
 air.

Now mounts the sun, the earth with golden glow to  
cheer ;

When mortals wake to toil, we Spirits disappear.

[*They vanish.*]

### THE HAREM.

GULNARE (*in a bridal dress*).

The dreadful hour approaches ! How I tremble !  
Deliver me, kind Heaven ! Once hast thou saved me,  
And brought me by a miracle to him,  
Who reigns alone, supreme, within my heart.  
How happy was I then ! But, oh kind Allah !  
Didst thou release me from the tiger's claws,  
That I might fall a victim to the pard ?  
Oh no ; that cannot be ! It must not be !  
For then thy mercy had been cruelty.  
Ah me ! what fate was ever like to mine ?  
Bound to a man I loathed,—then, in the hour  
Of my despair, saved by a youth divine.  
Oh, how I love him ! Thou slim cedar, thou !  
Like palm-leaves waves thy undulating hair ;  
Thy kindling eye is like the antelope's,  
And like the crimson tulip are thy cheeks.  
The moon shines in the firmament of heaven  
Not half so fair as thou in that of love !  
What free-born pine-tree on the rocks doth lift  
Its head so high and haughtily as thou ?  
Yet was a shepherd's mildness in thy glance.  
Love's gentle yearnings nestle in thy heart.  
Oh, how he loved me ! and how blest was I !  
But woe's me,—sever'd suddenly again,  
Alone within my chamber I am left  
To mourn the piteous loss, until the tears  
Of my despair are stifled, as they flow,  
By the dread news of fresh calamity.  
Oh cruel father, wilt thou sell me now

To some coarse creature of the boorish mob?  
 How blest is woman in the Frankish land!  
 There her best feelings—all she prizes most—  
 Are not contemned and trampled in the dust.  
 Man doth respect her there, and cherish her  
 As nature's fairest blossom. There a maid  
 Culls for herself, and is not handed o'er,  
 The mindless bond-slave of an unknown lord.  
 The husband there for mistress owns his wife;  
 And there the lion lets himself be led,  
 Gentle and tame, by beauty's leading strings.  
 Oh, that must be a good, a glorious land!  
 Would I might live there! Yet I would not, no!  
 For then were I still farther from thy side,  
 Invisible beloved one of my heart!  
 Oh, if thou wert no phantom of a dream,  
 Appear: come forth in all thy youthful pride,  
 Strong as a lion, as a tiger lithe,  
 Warm as the sun, and lovely as the moon!  
 Thine own love calls to thee in her despair!  
 Oh, come, and bring her rescue from a strait  
 More piteous, and more cruel far than death!

*Enter SOLIMAN with ALADDIN, the Suite, and Court  
 Jester.*

Oh heavens! (*Throws herself at ALADDIN's feet.*)  
 Good Angel, hast thou heard my prayer?  
 And hasted hither, from the vulture's claws  
 To save the frightened lamb? My Gabriel thou!  
 For my sake hast thou left thy glorious home  
 In Paradise above?

ALADDIN.

My dearest bride!

SOLIMAN (*aside*).

What means all this? I thought to find her still  
 Bathed in her tears, and overwhelmed with grief.  
 I had my father's sternness all prepared,

And now, instead of scratching out his eyes,  
As she declared she was resolved to do,  
Down at his feet she falls, and worships him  
As an archangel! Well, well! I must say,  
They are strange creatures, these same womenfolks!

GULNARE.

Oh, most unlooked for chance! Oh, sweet surprise!

SOLIMAN.

How! Chance!—Surprise! Reflect, reflect, Gulnare!  
What will this hairbrained creature come to next?  
Thou wert prepared beforehand.

GULNARE.

I prepared?  
You told me I was destined for a wretch,—  
A miserable slave you called Aladdin.

SOLIMAN.

That miserable slave, that wretch, my child,  
Is he, you clasp so fondly to your breast.

GULNARE.

Art thou he?

ALADDIN.

Yes, my love!

SOLIMAN.

Compose yourself.

It gives me joy to see you weep no more;  
Yet must you not give full career to mirth.  
The gravity, which evermore should grace  
A princely forehead, is a flower that scorns  
The rain of tears and sun of smiles alike;  
For only in the shade it strikes a root,  
And blooms the fairest in an arid soil.



JESTER.

Marry, well said ; that's my opinion too.

SOLIMAN.

She neither sees nor hears me.

JESTER.

Talk away.

I'll lend a patient hearing to thy saws,  
While the young folks are in each other wrapt.

GULNARE (*to ALADDIN*).

And that great lovely palace, is it thine ?

ALADDIN.

No, no ; thou dearest of all womankind,  
That is thy temple, and the throne of love !

GULNARE.

And thou my bridegroom ?

ALADDIN.

Yes, beloved, yes !

GULNARE.

I know not if I wake, or if I dream.  
If waking, I am blest past words to tell ;  
But if a dream it be,—oh, sweetest dream,  
Sink with me in the slumber of the grave !

SOLIMAN.

They're both in such a state of ecstasy,  
I cannot make them hear.

JESTER.

Stay where you are,  
I will approach them and perform your part.

My dignity will not be compromised,  
If they shall turn as deaf an ear to me.

*[Goes up to ALADDIN and GULNARE, who are conversing in the background.]*

The Ruler of the Faithful, sweet young people,  
Requests you will attend him to the palace,  
Where, for this hour and more, in the great hall,  
A most select assemblage waits your coming.

ALADDIN.

The golden hour invites us, my sweet bride :  
Bliss waves us onward : let us haste to meet it !

JESTER *(pulls him back)*.

Here, my good friend, haste goes with measured step !  
At court, sir, ceremonies govern all ;  
And pray you note, I'm master of them,—I ;  
An office which from immemorial time  
Has with the Jester's piously been link'd.  
First comes a lengthen'd train of negro slaves,  
With sabres, and with halberds in their hands,  
To keep aloof the mob of lookers-on.  
Then follow the Vizirs and Privy Council.  
These are not negro slaves, friend ; they are white.  
Next comes the Sultan 'neath a velvet pall,  
Attended like a shadow by his fool,  
And only then the princess and yourself  
Appear upon a handsome dromedary.

*(He arranges the procession, then makes a sign from the windows with his bauble and exclaims,)*

Now blow, ye rascals, all your trumpets blow,  
As fierce and loudly as your lungs can strain ;  
Let cannon thunder, bells by thousands ring,  
And all the world in joyful chorus sing !

*[They go off in procession.]*

## AFRICA.

## NOUREDDIN

*(seated at his table buried in thought. He lets the stylus drop from his hand into the box of sand, and sinks back exhausted).*

Ha, Fate, why art thou hostile to me still?  
 My hand is weary with long toil ; my eye  
 Is dim with staring into vacancy.  
 Where'er I draw my lines, all, all is blank,  
 And bare and barren as Saharah's sand.  
 To the mountain still they point near Ispahan :  
 There do they seek the lamp's small eye of flame.  
 But woe is me ! all bootless is the search !  
 Without the lamp I stumble in the dark ;  
 For what I seek is with the magic lamp  
 Link'd closely, wholly,—yea, inseparably.  
 This much, alas ! I see,—too well, too well !  
 Oh execrable fate ! Accursèd boy,  
 Long, long ere now thy wretched frame is dust,  
 And thy bleach'd bones lie freezing in the brook.  
 And can it really be, that mortal hands  
 Shall never more obtain the wondrous lamp ?  
 Is there no measure, none, I still may try ?  
 Or have I tried them all ? Full well I know,  
 Open the cave again I never can,  
 And all that has relation to this cave—  
 As, for example, what befel the boy—  
 Is shrouded from mine eyes, that see all else.  
 It is not true. Thou liest, Nouredin ! What  
 Prevents thee seeing further ? Ha, 'tis this !  
 I would not even confess it to myself.  
 I shrank till now with shuddering from the sight ;  
 For all too well I knew what I should see,—  
 The loathsome, livid body, half decay'd.  
 Now that is past ! A whited skeleton,

What's horrible in that, or grim to view?  
 Down, weakness, down! Courage! I'll probe again.  
 That glorious cave, the seat of every joy,  
 Shall be no more to me a den of woe.

*[He puncturates, and drops the stylus from his hand  
 in affright.]*

Oh, Heavens! Allah! Mecca and Medina!  
 Happy! A prince! And on the eve of wedding  
 The Sultan's daughter! Master of the lamp!  
 Saved by the ring, which I—I, like a fool,  
 Placed on his finger! Fury, Death and Hell!  
 What devil robb'd me of my memory,  
 That I could thus so totally forget  
 My magic ring? Ha, malapert! and thou  
 Art reaping now the fruits of all my toil?  
 Plundering the tree I planted? I must know,  
 How all has come about,—I must, and shall.  
 Straight will I call the Water Spirit here,  
 The only spirit, from which my present powers  
 Can now constrain obedience to my will. *(Makes signs.)*  
 Thou Spirit of the Stream, appear, appear!  
 Answer thy master all that he demands.

THE WATER SPIRIT *(appears)*.

What would'st thou with me? Ho!  
 Be brief, and let me go!  
 I cannot keep my shape  
 For long, but must escape  
 On every side, and flow,  
 Now trickling fine and slow,  
 Now tumbling white in foam,  
 Where'er my fancies roam;  
 And ever must I range  
 In sunshine and in storm,  
 And pass from change to change,  
 And shift from form to form.

NOUREDDIN.

Thou art a feeble spirit, but still a spirit;  
 And, as the denizen of yonder world,

Know'st more than he, whose summons brought thee  
here.

Say, then, who 'twas that drugg'd my memory?  
How hath it chanced that I forgot my ring,  
And by what spell have I been cheated thus?

## SPIRIT.

The little golden snake,  
That wears a diadem  
Of precious stone and gem,  
Blood-red and emerald bright,  
And diamantine light;  
The little golden snake  
Doth at the water quake;  
She is no water snake.

## NOUREDDIN.

She is no water snake!

## SPIRIT.

It is for her too chill,  
Where dreary billows scream;  
She shuns the sphere of dream,  
She loves the palpable.

## NOUREDDIN.

She loves the palpable!

## SPIRIT.

Her home is fixed and still.  
The vague desires, that rise  
Before the schemer's eyes,  
Are banished thence away;  
She bows to nature's sway.

## NOUREDDIN.

She bows to nature's sway!

## SPIRIT.

In meads she loves to stray,  
Where nobly fashion'd flowers  
Bloom on through endless hours;  
Where fresh buds still unfold,

## ALADDIN.

And time is never old ;  
She bows to nature's sway.

## NOUREDDIN.

Own I not nature's sway ?

## SPIRIT.

Thou art to dreams a prey !  
Her bounds they will not 'bide,  
They reel from side to side ;  
Mere foam-flakes are they, chased  
O'er ocean's formless waste.  
The little golden snake  
Doth at the water quake,  
It is for her too chill ;  
She is no water snake,  
She loves the palpable.

## NOUREDDIN.

Am I not palpable ?

## SPIRIT.

Thine is a rebel's will  
Against creation's course !  
Thou dost essay by force  
Its limits to o'erleap,  
And far beyond to sweep.  
Thou dost not own the ring,  
That girdles everything.  
The little golden snake  
Is nothing but the ring.

## NOUREDDIN.

At that I do not quake.  
Success shall soon be mine ;  
Soon shall I find the lamp,  
And brightly shall it shine.

## SPIRIT.

It bears a life divine ;  
It burns not in the damp.

## NOUREDDIN.

And when I've won the lamp,  
Mine too shall be the ring.

SPIRIT.

The ring shall hold the lamp,  
But not the lamp the ring.

NOUREDDIN.

My wish I'll soon command.

SPIRIT.

Yet both go hand in hand.  
The lamp burns near the ring;  
The ring shines near the lamp.

NOUREDDIN.

To flout me is thy care;  
And dark distrust to shed.

SPIRIT.

The temple's dome in air  
Must meekly lift its head;  
That on the altar fair,  
The pure flame may be fed.

NOUREDDIN.

Untruly hast thou spoken,  
Thou silly vap'rous thing!

SPIRIT.

Thyself the ring hast broken;  
Thou ne'er shalt find the ring.

NOUREDDIN.

Ha! Babbling idly yet!

SPIRIT.

Thou wilt again forget!

[*Vanishes.*]

NOUREDDIN.

A philosophic spirit! Grant me patience!  
The stupidest of dolts that lives on earth  
Will mix you physics up with metaphysics,

Proprieties and ethics. What the plague,  
 Have ethics and proprieties to do  
 With magic? Pshaw! A moral necromancer!  
 The art, for which our ancestors subscribed  
 Allegiance to the fiend with their own blood,  
 Is to be practised now on moral rules?  
 Zounds! every day the world grows worse and worse.  
 I never could have fancied any spirit  
 Was such a fool, even though he were mere water.

*Enter HINDBAD.*

HINDBAD.

How, brother! what does all this fury mean?  
 You used to pore at night within your room,  
 As still as owls by daylight, where the wood  
 Is thickest. What has roused your anger thus?

NOUREDDIN.

To-morrow I set out for Ispahan.  
 For know, my brother, that the wondrous lamp  
 Is in the power of that audacious boy,  
 Who, I believed, was dead.

HINDBAD.

Good Heavens! The lamp?

NOUREDDIN.

Thou art my brother; unto me thou owest  
 Whatever thou hast learned; more hadst thou learned,  
 Had zeal kept pace with thy ability.  
 To-morrow I set out, and hope the best;  
 But destiny is cross, and full of guile.  
 Then swear to me, and by the Prophet's tomb,  
 Thou wilt avenge me, like a faithful brother,  
 If I should fall a victim to my foe.

HINDBAD.

I swear to thee as brother and as friend,



If thou shalt fall, no thirsty tongue did e'er  
 Long more for water in the wilderness,  
 Than Hindbad's dagger for thy murderer's blood.

## NOUREDDIN.

'Tis well ! Then take this talisman. Thou see'st,  
 That now 'tis black ; if it shall turn blood red,  
 It is a token of thy brother's death ? [Exit.

## HINDBAD.

And is the lamp, then, really on the earth,  
 And no mere figment of a beldame's tale ?  
 Is this not one of your old lies, Nouredin,  
 To titillate your shallow vanity ?  
 So, then, your crucibles, your fumes, and stenches,  
 Have borne some fruit at last ! In sober sooth,  
 I fain would be the lord of such a lamp !  
 Nought could be handier to one, who loves,  
 Like me, to link his pleasures with his ease.  
 Then as I sat o' nights, and wished some girl  
 Within my arms, who had my fancy hit,  
 I rub my lamp—and there she lies like Eve,  
 And I, like Adam, straight in Paradise.  
 Then when I want to eat, no need have I  
 To plague myself about a stupid cook :  
 I send my spirits off to help themselves  
 To the choice viands of a Sultan's table,  
 Eat to my fill, and have the jest, besides,  
 Of thinking how his majesty is starving.  
 Water shall no man mingle in my wine.  
 I shall have every cellarer who does  
 Strangled at once ; for to mix wine with water  
 Is a high crime, which merits instant death.  
 Such rascals as I relish not I'll have  
 Hang'd by my spirits on a gallows. Jest  
 In bushels shall my darling lamp supply !  
 To be a Sultan were an easy thing ;

But I will not be one ; I'd rather reign  
 Incognito, and at my own caprice.  
 All things which men call duties I detest !  
 It is not wickedness ;—no, by my soul !  
 'Tis only love of ease, and that I take  
 Restraint upon my inclinations ill ;  
 And that the world is a mad world, and he  
 The greatest madman who would govern it ;  
 And he, that is the sagest, angles on  
 In troubled waters, till he bites the hook  
 Of death himself at last. This, in few words,  
 Is my religion and philosophy.  
 Well, go, Nouredin, I can scarcely blame you,  
 For seeking to dispose of that same boy.  
 I will direct my course by your example,  
 And in due season, on the self-same grounds,  
 Essay the same experiment with you.  
 For such a lamp is worth a little stroke  
 Of private murder, even between brothers.

[*Exit.*]

#### ALADDIN'S PALACE.

*The Great Hall. ALADDIN and his Bride, SOLIMAN, ZULIMA, MORGIANA, the VIZIR, and numerous Guests seated at table.*

SOLIMAN.

Magnificence like this I ne'er beheld !  
 But say, my son, when everything beside  
 Is perfect, wherefore is the window there,  
 In yonder farther corner, incomplete ?

ALADDIN.

My lord and father, all my happiness  
 Is to your goodness due ; and therefore I,  
 As a poor token of my gratitude,  
 Have left this single window incomplete,

That you might put the final hand yourself  
To this fair structure : you alone might have  
The praise and glory of the perfect work.

SOLIMAN.

Charming ! Aladdin, you enchant me ! All  
My artists shall be sent for with the dawn.

ALADDIN.

Now, by your leave, let dance and song proceed,  
To give a daintier relish to our feast !

*ALADDIN makes a signal, whereupon enter a band of  
fairies, some dressed for dancing, some with instru-  
ments; when the dance begins, sings the*

CHORUS.

Spring is come ; swathed softly in its leafy sheath,  
Slumbers the young bud ; how red it swells beneath !  
Tinkle, then, ye strings, like brook in forest glades,  
Loud as birds in spring, sing, ye beauteous maids !  
Every bosom now is glowing with love's fires,  
Age itself anew is thrilled with fond desires !  
All the earth doth wear a garniture divine ;  
Freely sprinkle, then, the golden-juicèd wine !  
With its gladsome nectar, brimm'd in goblets full,  
Love's consuming ardour moderate and cool !  
Mahomet, he chides not ; see, his smile divine,  
Myrtle-wreathed, bids welcome maidens, love, and  
wine !

SECOND CHORUS.

Let her praises loudly echo through the hall,  
Who of fairest roses fairest is of all !

THIRD CHORUS.

Sing Gulnara's charms, serene, and soft and bright :  
We shall sing Aladdin's prowess in the fight !

## FIRST CHORUS.

In her scarf hast thou been toying, zephyr, say?  
 Love's delicious perfume bring'st thou thence away?  
 Say, hast thou been sporting 'mongst her dusky  
     hair,  
 That sweeps in crispèd waves adown her shoulders fair?  
 Hast thou in her bosom's mirror peep'd, and seen  
 There thyself reflected in its ivory sheen?  
 Hast thou drunk enchantment from the musky air,  
 Linger'd for a while among the hollows there?  
 Answer, zephyr, answer; haste not to be gone;  
 Tell me every beauty thou hast look'd upon!

## THIRD CHORUS.

Zephyr, hence!—go whispering on through woodland  
     ways;  
 Here resounds the hero's trumpet-song of praise!  
 Though he ne'er hath pitch'd his tent on listed  
     field,  
 Hear, oh world, the glory soon to be reveal'd!  
 Stars shall quail before the gleaming of his spear;  
 Even the sun shall fail before his falchion clear;  
 Hordes of slain his steed in war shall trample o'er,  
 Wading to the hoofs incarnadined with gore!  
 Every young maid's locks shall murmur, "Oh, to be  
 Manacles of gold to clasp and fetter thee!"  
 In his good sword, flashing from its sheath, shall  
     gleam  
 Elements that war, but each of worth supreme;  
 Water when at peace within his arm it rests,  
 Fire, when it is whirling o'er his foemen's crests.  
 Loud its iron tongue shall in the battle hour  
 Peal the war-note shrill of its death-dealing power.  
 Joy! Thy glory puts the poet's skill to shame!  
 Thou shalt sweep the desert like a blasting flame;  
 Strong in righteous wrath, and ruddily array'd,  
 Death, unfailing death, cleaves to thy falchion's blade!

**ALL.**

See, where now with panting breast and kindling eye,  
To the nuptial room, hand linked in hand, they hie !  
Oh the blossoms love's sweet flame shall ripen there,  
When to stem so stalwart nestles rose so fair !  
On with song and dance, ye maidens, and unbind  
The wreath of lilies woven, that in her hair is twined ;  
Crown her in their stead with hyacinths, to be  
Emblems meet of Beauty, Strength, Fertility !

**END OF PART THE FIRST.**



PART THE SECOND. ✓

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Melpomene.





## PROLOGUE.

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### MELPOMENE (*speaks*).

THALIA, bright one of the rosy cheeks,  
Thy lily-wan and tragic sister thou  
Hast bidden to this play. Accept my thanks  
For mirth that hath brought sunshine to my soul.  
Wilt thou pursue thy task, and to the close  
Spin out the threads, have been but loosely laid  
In these fantastic gambols? Sister, this  
Thou hast not power to do, without my aid!  
For never man did all his life long tread  
On roses; no, not even the happiest;  
Nor ever yet did any child of earth  
Over his playthings trip into the grave.  
Two swarthy shadows shall in season due  
Upon the far horizon rear their heads,  
And cloud thy glad creation with their gloom.  
Then thou, defenceless shepherdess, shalt need  
My vengeful sword, and Atropos the old  
Must join her aid to ours, and with her shears  
Cut through the ravelled skein of destiny,  
That she, who rules the warp and woof of time,  
May this her motley broidery complete.  
Agreed! Then hand in hand we travel on.  
Thou to a joyful issue, I foresee,  
Wilt bring thy hero's fate, through brief eclipse  
Of night, that morning with a rosier bloom  
May break, new risen, through the parting clouds.

I see that thou wilt strew thy quips, as thick  
As stars along the dusky firmament ;  
And that thy love, more brightly than the moon,  
Shall shine around him, wheresoe'er he goes,  
And be a lamp and glory to his feet.  
Still shall this struggle, this stern conflict, pass  
In tragic action : blood, not roses, dye  
The track of his perplexed and perilous steps.  
Therefore most meet it is, Melpomene  
Should high on spear the ample shield upraise,  
Which she thy hero means to guard withal ;  
Her sacred name aflame on its black field,  
As blazon of the trophy to ensue.

## ACT FIRST.

## THE GREAT HALL IN ALADDIN'S PALACE.

*Day. A number of the Sultan's workmen at work, completing a window.*

## ARCHITECT.

WAS ever man in such a strait?  
 I sink beneath the heavy weight.  
 A month has slipped away, and still  
 I'm at the bottom of the hill.  
 We never, never shall achieve  
 This plaguë window, I believe.  
 Confound it! Here the Sultan and  
 His son-in-law are close at hand,  
 Back from the war, where they have crushed  
 The foe. In gory silence hushed,  
 The rebels thickly strew the plain,  
 And all is peace and joy again!  
 Aladdin with his good sword came,  
 And carved a way to deathless fame.  
 He has, I'd swear, however screened,  
 Some private dealings with the fiend,  
 Else how should he, a tailor's brat,  
 Display such fortitude as that,  
 Or such a wondrous structure rear  
 As this colossal palace here?

With windows in it, too, like these,  
That leave me not one moment's ease,  
And all my skill at mockery set ?  
Green serpentine how shall I get ?

MASTER MASON.

It is a scarce and precious stone,  
And hard to come by, even when known.  
I sent to seek it all around,  
But it was nowhere to be found.  
Nothing we want is to be had ;  
'Tis quite enough to drive one mad.  
What could we do for granite, say,  
When we had nothing else but clay ?  
One plan alone I could suggest,  
And hope you'll think I've done my best.  
As smooth as stone I've made the wall,  
Of stucco pounded fine and small ;  
This has the painter oiled, and bright  
The green and brown, you see, unite.  
'Twill pass for marble ; though I fear,  
That people must not look too near.  
Still, if you do not like it, we  
Can pull it down quite easily.  
For this one great advantage is  
Chalk has o'er stone, that walls like this  
Are easier to run up, and they  
Still easier are to take away.

ARCHITECT.

I must be patient, friend, and where  
No marble is, with plaster bear.  
But out of stucco, say, will you  
Make gems and such like matters too ?

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY (*enters*).

Look at these precious stones ! How fine !  
Ne'er issued choicer from the mine !

They'll decorate this window, now,  
 Most admirably, for I vow,  
 Aladdin has no finer, none ;  
 See how they sparkle in the sun !  
 Of every sheen, of every shape,  
 Apple and berry, plum and grape !

## ARCHITECT.

I know them well. They are the same,  
 Which from the Prince Aladdin came ;  
 Those by his slaves, the eighty, sent,  
 And like all his, most excellent.  
 But they are not enough, by much,  
 And where shall we find others such ?

COURT JEW (*enters*).

Here be some gems of every hue !  
 They are a trifle small, 'tis true ;  
 But see, their fire, how delicate !  
 I sold them at a costly rate.  
 The Sultan paid me for them well,  
 And so 'tis right to make them tell.  
 They're not so large as these ; but lies  
 All beauty, then, alone in size ?  
 And if they're not so brilliant, why,  
 They're in much better taste, say I.

## ARCHITECT.

Go to ! You gabble like a goose.  
 How can I turn such pips to use ?  
 They can avail as little here  
 As paste or tinsel, that is clear.

## JEW.

Oh sir, the stones are really fine,  
 I would that they again were mine !

## ARCHITECT.

And what would you do with them then ?

JEW.

Do? Sell them when I could again.

ARCHITECT.

Use them I must, poor though they be.  
Where shall I find gold presently?

SECOND LORD OF THE TREASURY.

For that your labours shall not slack.  
Brimful of gold is yonder sack.  
The Sultan sealed with his own hand,  
And sent a mandate through the land,  
That all his subjects, east and west,  
Who were of golden store possessed,  
Should hither bring their yellow ore.  
This wounded many to the core,  
And thence the great rebellion rose,  
Of which we just have seen the close.  
For though men love their king, they will  
Be fonder of their money still.  
But here it is, no matter how,  
And ready at your service now.

ARCHITECT.

You've drained the nation, great and small,  
Yet this won't finish half the wall.  
The Sultan can't complain, if this  
Attempt of ours turn out amiss.  
Where nought is, fools even understand,  
The Sultan forfeits his command.  
But statues we must have, a pair,  
To set within the niches there,  
Carved curiously, like those that grace  
The other windows of the place.

A LABOURER.

Here comes the sculptor, hot and steaming;  
The moisture from his forehead streaming!

Two figures on a truck he brings,  
 No doubt, they're quite surpassing things.  
 All swathed in linen they repose,  
 Like babies in their swaddling clothes.

## SCULPTOR.

I've laboured like a packman's ass !  
 Zounds, things are at a pretty pass,  
 When I, a man of such fine power,  
 Must carve and chisel, hour on hour !  
 I've hewn and chipped till I'm half dead.  
 What will a man not do for bread ?  
 But I've so thriven in my attempt,  
 I vow, my mother never dreamt,  
 She would the happy author be  
 Of such a gifted soul as me.  
 What a strange thing is genius, now !  
 It comes—'tis here ! We know not how ;  
 As into view a comet strays,  
 And sets the welkin in a blaze.

## ARCHITECT.

Enough ! What is it you have brought ?

## SCULPTOR.

A master-piece of skill and thought :  
 Two copies, fine beyond compare,  
 Of the most exquisite Gulnare.

## ARCHITECT.

Two copies ? Two ? Good sir, and why ?

## SCULPTOR.

For reasons good, you may rely.  
 How easily past all belief  
 A sculptor's works may come to grief ?  
 So 'gainst the risk of such a fate,  
 'Tis well to have a duplicate.

Grant me this much,—of course you will;—  
 Yet there's another reason still.  
 I had too little time! The two  
 In one night I was forced to hew,  
 And so I had to carve them both  
 Upon the self-same lines, in troth.  
 Had longer space been given, I should  
 Have carved Aladdin too in wood.

## ARCHITECT.

Your tongue's expert; and now to see,  
 If as expert your fingers be! (*Uncovers the statues.*)  
 What have we here? Ye heavenly hosts!  
 Gulnares indeed! A pair of ghosts!  
 No trace of her is here, I'm sure.

## SCULPTOR.

Here all, sir, is in miniature;  
 So must her charms diminished be,  
 That all may tone in harmony.

## ARCHITECT.

Tone! Harmony! You're crazed downright!  
 Your beauty is a perfect fright.  
 All goes from bad to worse. Ah, me!  
 What I'm to do, I cannot see.  
 The window is a botch, a vast  
 Bungle and daub from first to last! (*Trumpets.*)  
 Hark! The sound fills my soul with awe.

## ALL THE WORKMEN.

The Sultan, with his son-in-law!



## ALADDIN'S PALACE.

*The Great Hall. The window is finished. SOLIMAN and ALADDIN, with their Suite, equipped for the chase. GULNARE and her Nurse.*

## SOLIMAN.

I never hoped for such a blithe old age,  
 Although with joy familiar all my days,  
 A prince by blood, and destined for the throne.  
 What shall I most admire in thee, my son ?  
 Wealth hast thou, wisdom, love, a lion heart,  
 And such a power as ne'er before was man's.  
 Where shall we find a house, like this of thine ?  
 'Twas well, that window was left incomplete,  
 That I might learn to prize the glorious work,  
 By proving my own incapacity.  
 Thou in a night didst the whole fabric rear,  
 Yet in a month my best artificers  
 Could not so much as finish this one window.  
 A word from thee, and there it stands complete.  
 Thy sword has scattered my rebellious subject,  
 And taught them due submission ; yet hast thou  
 Given back two-fold to every man of them  
 The gold I levied, in the idle hope  
 To execute the promise I had made  
 About this single window.—And my daughter,  
 How tenderly thou lovest her ! To me  
 Thou art the best of sons ! Gulnare is right,  
 In calling thee a cherub ; to my realm  
 Thou art like him, whose falchion guarded Eden.  
 Let us away, my son ! The hunting horn  
 With cheery summons calls us to the glade.  
 I have appointed there some childish sport ;  
 For he, that quells a rebel horde so soon,  
 Must deem it baby's play to hunt the tiger.—  
 Gulnare, my darling, for brief space farewell !

ALADDIN.

GULNARE.

Beloved father! Oh, my darling lord,  
 Leave the fell tiger free to range the forest,  
 And do not rashly give him cause to rend  
 The best of hearts in his infuriate rage.

ALADDIN.

How womanly and tender are thy fears!  
 But what becomes thee as a woman, we  
 Must poise with what becometh us as men;  
 And that is, to be flattered by thy fears,  
 But not to share them. Sweet, farewell!

GULNARE.

And when wilt thou return?

ALADDIN.

In two days, love!  
 Supposing the fell tiger rends me not.

GULNARE.

Thou triflest with my fears?

ALADDIN.

I joy in them,  
 And know, thou lovest the fearlessness in me.  
 Farewell, my bride! We soon shall meet again. *(Kisses her.)*

*[Exeunt ALADDIN, SOLIMAN, and Suite.]*

THE NURSE.

That's pretty tenderness! To go and leave  
 His youthful wife so calmly!

GULNARE.

Silence, nurse.  
 Think'st thou I'd love a puling shepherd boy?

Man's greatest charm is courage, pride, adventure,  
 For these are but the consciousness of power.  
 I do not love your silken smooth gallants.

## NURSE.

It never yet vexed a brave woman's heart,  
 If in the play of lips a sturdy beard  
 Brushed her cheek somewhat roughly. Thou art right.  
 A weakling ne'er made a good lover yet,  
 And beard on chin is ever sure to win.  
 Time was, I've pined for such a beard myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

## STREET.

## NOUREDDIN.

Yes, yes! 'Tis to the lamp he owes it all!  
 The palace is its work, and its alone.  
 And it lies yonder; 'tis not at the chase  
 With its possessor; 'tis in the great hall,  
 Thrust heedlessly behind a marble pillar.  
 This much I have deciphered by my art.  
 Success, I hope, will crown the plan I've framed;  
 Fails it, I'll straight essay some new device.  
 Here dwells a coppersmith—I need his aid. (*Knocks.*)

COPPERSMITH (*enters from the house.*)

A stranger! Ho! Good day! Your servant, sir.  
 Pray, is your visit kindly meant for me?

## NOUREDDIN.

Master, it is.

## COPPERSMITH.

Well, that is truly kind.  
 Will you allow me just one question? Are you  
 Come to the friend, or to the coppersmith?

NOUREDDIN.

The coppersmith.

COPPERSMITH.

Oh excellent ! In sooth,  
 That is more pleasant far to me, than if  
 You'd said the friend. Your calls of courtesy,  
 Too well I know them. They imply a breakfast,  
 Coffee, tobacco, loss of time and temper.  
 No, sir, he is the man for me, who wants  
 The coppersmith ; he forages for me,  
 Not I for him. Now, dear, good, worthy sir,  
 Don't be alarmed, I will not run you hard !  
 But who,—forgive my asking,—could have told you,  
 The harumscarum smith lived in this street ?  
 I've not yet hung my sign above my door ;  
 The new, I mean, for there the old one hangs,  
 As it has hung these dozen years and more ;  
 But shower and shiue have licked his face as clean,  
 As my cat licks the platter. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha !  
 You see, sir, I have fancies ; I'm a poet,  
 And can make similes with cat and platter.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha ! But make your mind quite easy,  
 I've higher genius still for smithy work.  
 Who was it, now, directed you to me ?

NOUREDDIN.

No one ! The people in this street of yours  
 Can't hear one speak, and so they answer not.  
 From one end of the street unto the other,  
 There's not the drum of even one ear unbroke,  
 You've taken care of that, my worthy friend !  
 But as I come from the barbarian waste,  
 Where only panthers, tigers, lions roar,  
 And have not altogether lost my hearing,  
 I could detect your presence six streets off.  
 I only had to follow up the din.

COPPERSMITH (*aside*).

A cunning dog! (*Aloud*.) My very worthy sir,  
 It is not I,—I am as mum's a mouse,—  
 But the infernal copper's always shrieking,  
 As though it felt a clasp-knife at its throat.  
 And I may thump at it from dawn till dark,  
 Yet never can I make it hold its peace.

## NOUREDDIN.

You really should try, by reason's force,  
 To bring it into ways more orderly,  
 And let it go unthumped.

## COPPERSMITH.

Such treatment, sir,  
 We Asiatics do not understand!  
 I'll wager now, were I to take your counsel,  
 It would bewray itself with verdant gall,  
 And, ten to one, go fair to poison folks,  
 Who chanced to finger it. No, my dear sir,  
 Copper and woman-kind must both have blows,  
 As polish'd boots must daily be well black'd!  
 If you'd have leather pliant, curry it well.  
 But now to business! Wherein can I serve you?  
 You'd marry, and are furnishing a house?  
 Only step in, sir! You'll find coffee-pots,  
 Tea-urns, and kettles, admirably tinned.  
 A soldier, eh! Helmets I forge, and greaves,  
 As well as pots and kettles, worthy sir!  
 Who makes the one, can make the other too.

## NOUREDDIN.

I wish to have a dozen copper lamps.

## COPPERSMITH.

St! St! Speak low, sir, an' you love me, pray!  
 My neighbour is a tallow-chandler, sir,  
 And hates a lamp worse than the pestilence.

But if 'tis lamps you want, step in with me,  
And I will shew you lamps, give better light,  
Ay, than the planets and the stars in heaven.

NOUREDDIN.

Is this the way ?

COPPERSMITH.

All right ! Straight forward, sir !  
But mind the step there—so ! And do not soil  
Your kaftan with the wall. Smithies will smoke.  
Now, this way ! Mind you do not bump your head  
Against the beam. And now, sir, straight along.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

GULNARE'S CHAMBER.

*Evening, towards sunset. GULNARE, seated at the open window, with a lute, singing.*

Wake, my lute, thy measures ringing,  
Singing strains of joy the clearest,  
Dearest friend ! and thus my sadness  
Charm through gladness into slumber,  
And with hopes in golden number,  
Chase my haunting fears away !

Oh, how sweet the daylight closes !  
Roses tipp'd with fire are glowing ;  
Flowing rills are sparkling, beaming ;  
Stars are gleaming in the fountain,  
From their mountain height descending,  
There in fond communion blending,  
List in rapture to thy lay.

Sing the passions sweet that fill me,  
Thrill me, voice with string resounding !  
Bounding heart, thy tale I'll listen,  
Whilst love's torches glisten, sparkle,  
Each, as evening's shadows darkle,  
Sing what each of love has known !

In the rosy evening glimmer,  
Dimmer grow the flowers and dusky ;  
Musky odours sweet are rising ;

Dies in sighs the bulbul's singing.  
Oh, my lute! be jocund, ringing  
Love's sweet praise in dulcet tone!

But oh! what foreboding  
My bosom is loading.  
Whence cometh this anguish?  
Heart, why dost thou languish?

Ha, tiger, I see thee!  
Fell monster, beneath thee,  
Red is the sward all o'er,  
Ha! Is it wet with gore?

Hence, hence, thou vision drear!  
Foolish one, have no fear.  
Back, tears! Ah, no!  
Still faster they flow.

*Enter GULNARE'S Nurse, laughing.*

NURSE.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Well, I am past my prime,  
And many things I've seen. Ha! ha!

GULNARE.

Is that

A thing to laugh at?

NURSE.

No, to weep for, child.  
But this is not the reason why I laugh;  
No, no, 'tis something so ridiculous,  
I never laughed in all my life before  
With better cause.

GULNARE.

What is it?

NURSE.

It is a thing  
To make folks in their senses weep. Lord, Lord,  
The miserable devil! 'Tis really hard,  
To lose one's wits so utterly as this!

GULNARE.

A sorry case, indeed. So, prithee, take  
Good care to keep your own. What is the matter?

NURSE.

There's a man down there in the market-place,  
Carries a basket full of fine new lamps;  
The prettiest copper lamps were ever seen;  
Ha, ha! and he is selling them; ha, ha!

GULNARE.

Well, I see nothing mad in that as yet.

NURSE.

Patience, my child! To sell, I grant you, is  
Not madness; nay, 'tis excellent good sense,  
When one can turn a profit by one's wares.  
But what now would you fancy, the old ass  
Is asking for a new lamp in exchange?

GULNARE.

I cannot say.

NURSE.

An old, a rusty one!

GULNARE.

How, want to get an old lamp for a new?

NURSE.

Now, isn't it a thing to make one split?

GULNARE.

Nonsense, you have misunderstood the man.

NURSE.

Not understood him? Wait! See, here he comes!



He's right beneath the window. Listen! Hark!  
Judge for yourself, if you mistrust my ears.

(NOUREDDIN *is heard calling in the street*—"New lamps  
for old ones! Who'll buy?")

Now then, what say you? He, 'tis very plain,  
In old lamps only traffics, not in new!  
As I'm a sinner, 'tis the craziest wretch  
That walks the earth! With what a haughty air  
He looks about; what cunning in his eye,  
As though he thought his lure was sure to take.  
Dear, dear! Heaven pity the unhappy wretch!  
Do you observe, how he keeps ogling us,  
As though he meant to say,—Now, won't you buy?  
My daughter, I've a notion in my head;  
Two days ago I spied, in the great hall,  
A battered, old, black, rusty copper lamp,  
Lying behind a pillar, out of sight.  
Some slave most probably had left it there.  
What say you? Shall I send a servant straight,  
Into the street to sell it to this fool.  
I'm dying to make sure if he's in earnest,  
Or only playing off some paltry hoax.  
You've no objection, have you, ladybird?

GULNARE (*looking out*).

'Tis very odd! There, sure enough, he stands,  
And freely gives new lamps away for old.  
He sees us now,—holds up his lamps to us,  
Making them gleam and glitter in the sun.  
They're really pretty things, these copper lamps:  
I have a great mind to have one of them.

NURSE.

Do, darling, do; it would be glorious.  
They are so neat, and quite as bright as gold.  
A lamp like that is most convenient;  
A lamp like that—

## GULNARE.

Away, and get one of them ! [*Exit* NURSE.  
 There's something in the features of the man,  
 That I should know. He has a gloomy look.  
 Poor soul ! How could he well look otherwise ?  
 His brain is crazed, that's easy to be seen.  
 And yet—ah, I'm a child, a very child !

NURSE (*returns*).

I have dispatch'd a slave into the street  
 With the old rusty lamp.

## GULNARE.

Oh tell me, nurse,  
 Does it not strike you, that this crazy wretch  
 Resembles very strongly some one else,  
 Whose features are familiar to you ?

## NURSE.

No.

You know I live a very private life,  
 And to the madhouse I have never been ;  
 There, doubtless, there be many quite as bad.

## GULNARE.

Do you remember, nurse, the pretty tale  
 Aladdin told us once about the boy,  
 Whom the magician wickedly contrived  
 To shut within the cave, when he refused  
 To give him up the treasure he had found there ?

## NURSE.

I only heard the first part of the tale.  
 The fact is, that when any one begins  
 A doleful story, I go fast asleep,  
 Else weep I must. I have a tender heart,  
 And cannot bear to have my feelings racked.  
 But what should bring this tale into your head ?

## GULNARE.

You know, that even from childhood every tale  
 I heard became as real to my mind,  
 As it had passed before my eyes. The people  
 Appeared like the acquaintances of years ;  
 The place, a spot I had myself explored.  
 Thus in that boy I evermore have seen  
 No other than Aladdin. The magician  
 I've pictured to myself ; and is't not strange ?  
 The image, which my fancy fashioned, bears  
 A marvellous resemblance to this man.

## NURSE.

Accident, pure accident, my precious pet,  
 A simple trick of fancy, take my word.  
 But hush, the slave approaches with the lamp.  
 Ha, now the comedy begins indeed.  
 See, what delight is sparkling in his eyes,  
 The stupid dolt ! We cannot be too grateful,  
 That all our faculties are spared to us.  
 Just look ; he lets the slave choose which he will.  
 Oh, if he'd only take that little one !  
 He takes the biggest ! Abou, oh you dunce,  
 Why didn't you pick out the smallest ? Fool !  
 Well, well, it doesn't signify ; the big one  
 Is very pretty. And a well-sized lamp  
 Burns better than a small one all the night.  
 Look there ! The bargain's struck. And the poor  
 fool  
 Turns up the street among the little boys.  
 He looks nor left nor right, but holds straight on,  
 For all the world as if he'd found a prize.  
 He turns the corner.—Now he's out of sight.

*(Looks at the Princess.)*

Good gracious me, my child, what ever ails you ?  
 You tremble and look pale.

## GULNARE.

Alas, dear nurse,  
I feel a sudden sinking at the heart,  
A strange misgiving—

## NURSE.

Wait, my sweetest, wait !  
I'll fetch the camphor mixture instantly.

*(Aside, as she goes off.)*

The pretty darling ! Here be signs indeed !  
Well, all is as it should be. They are young :  
She is a handsome woman, he a man ;  
None of your Saladins, to freeze and quake  
All night upon the house-top. Ah, young rogue,  
Could I have ever dreamt such things of you,  
When I have seen you with your toys at play ?  
Well, 'tis the course of nature ; every age  
Has its peculiar toys to play withal. [Exit.

## GULNARE

*(seats herself at the window, and leaning her head upon  
her hand, gazes out upon the landscape).*

The sun has scarcely set behind the wood,  
And see, where shines the moon, a fiery red !  
The evening roses 'gin to droop and pale,  
And the cold night-wind moans among the trees.  
From the horizon clouds are rising fast,  
And all the arch of heaven grows sad and drear,—  
A funeral vault, where through a broken wall  
Of rifted clouds the sickly moonbeams shine ;  
The beautiful glad lamp of day has sunk,—  
Darkness doth shroud the world as with a pall,  
And from their lairs do noisome serpents crawl.

*(Falls into a reverie.)*

## THE OPEN COUNTRY.

*Night. Storm and Rain. NOUREDDIN with the lamp  
in his hand.*

I have it! Joy! I have it! Here it is!  
'Tis here, here, in my right hand, fast and sure!  
Pale star, I do not fear to show it thee,  
Thy seat is far too high, and far too fixed,  
For thee to come and rob me of my prize.  
Behold, then, star! Look from thy patch of blue,  
Thou only orb, in all the vast of heaven,  
Here is the lamp! This poor green copper thing,  
Which in my hand I clutch with nervous gripe,  
Lest I should lose it, like that heedless fool!  
'Tis night, midnight, and gloomy as the grave.  
Nature herself has aided me, and donn'd  
Her blackest mantle, to obscure my course  
From every eye. Good! Courage, then, Nouredin!  
I quake in very terror of my power!  
Should this not be the true lamp after all?  
The doubt sends a cold shiver thro' my bones.

*(Looks round.)*

Am I alone? Alone! As Adam was  
In Paradise, when all the world as yet  
Was subject to his sway. Now for the proof!

*(Rubs the lamp.)*

## THE SPIRIT

*(appears, and says in a loud voice),*

Scour not with such force and fury, I am here at thy command;  
Swiftly speed I, when thou callest, swiftly as the lightning's brand.  
Every Spirit of the Earth, too, eager is, nor I alone;  
Thy behests, the lamp's great master, to fulfil as soon as known!

## NOUREDDIN

*(drops the lamp in affright; the Spirit vanishes; he  
lifts it again, and says),*

Stay, stay! Again I grasp it! Stay!

SPIRIT (*re-appears*).

I stay.

NOUREDDIN.

Art thou the famous slave that serves the ring?

SPIRIT.

Not famous! No. A mystery.

NOUREDDIN.

Dear Djin,  
I'm so confused, I know not what I say.  
Canst thou procure me whatsoe'er I wish?

SPIRIT.

Thou'st heard so.

NOUREDDIN.

Thou speak'st little.

SPIRIT.

Act the more!

NOUREDDIN.

If, for example, I should be so bold  
As order—don't be angry, I but ask,  
And asking certainly is not a crime—  
If, for example, I should be so bold,  
As order you to carry off myself,  
Aladdin's palace, bride, and everything,  
That is within the palace at this moment,  
Into the wilds of Ethiopia?

SPIRIT.

I'd execute thy wish without a word.

NOUREDDIN.

So easily?

SPIRIT (*moodily*).

As the hyena gulps its prey.

NOUREDDIN.

In the lamp's power, thy duty, then, fulfil.

SPIRIT.

More swiftly than thy thoughts can fly, I will.

[*Vanishes with* NOUREDDIN.]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT SECOND.

## THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

*Morning. The Sultan rises from his couch.*

SOLIMAN.

It is a lovely morning! Yes, Aladdin,  
I would not take your word, but you were right;  
Another day you linger'd for the chase,  
But the impending rain-clouds drove me home.  
I wonder if my daughter yet is risen?  
Dear usage, ever as I quit my couch,  
To seek my window, and receive the greeting  
Of my dear children from their palace there—  
It nerves me for the labours of the day.

*(Advances to the window and looks out.)*

How? What? Good Heavens! Can I be still asleep?  
Still dreaming? Allah, have I lost my sight?  
Yet, mighty Mahomet, I see all else  
Around me plain enough! There stands my bed;  
Here is the window; here the street; and there  
The houses—But, in Heaven's name, where's  
Aladdin's palace? Where my daughter? Where?

*(Calls out. Enter the officer on guard.)*

Ha, Casem, answer quickly! Where, my son,  
Where stands my bed?



CASEM.

Thy bed, most potent king?

SOLIMAN.

I said, my bed! Did you not hear me, sir?

CASEM.

'Tis there.

SOLIMAN.

Now, tell me where the window is.

CASEM.

There, most sage Sultan!

SOLIMAN.

Now the garden plots.

CASEM.

The garden plots?

SOLIMAN.

Yes, yes, the garden plots.

CASEM (*aside*).

Ah, Persia's Sultan, sure, has lost his wits.

(*Aloud.*) There, mighty Sultan!

SOLIMAN.

Excellent! But as you  
 Know all things, and my questions tickle you,  
 Pray show me something bigger than all these,—  
 Where stands Aladdin's palace?

CASEM.

(*points out of the window, without looking*).

There, my lord!

SOLIMAN.

Where?

(*Gives him a box on the ear with such vehemence as to  
 cause him to spin round.*)

Please to turn your precious head about.

ALADDIN.

CASEM.

There! Ha, most potent——

SOLIMAN.

Where's the palace, eh,  
Thou oyster-headed knave?

CASEM.

Heaven only knows.  
But yesterday 'twas there.

SOLIMAN.

That's not the point;  
Go, bid the Vizir come to me at once!

CASEM.

He came into the palace even now.  
'Tis his accustomed time. See, here he comes!

*Enter VIZIR. Exit CASEM.*

SOLIMAN.

Vizir!

VIZIR.

Illustrious Sultan, are you ill?  
What ails the gracious majesty of Persia?  
Your face is flush'd, your eyes are rolling wild.

SOLIMAN.

So then, you too are ignorant what has chanced?  
Did you not pass Aladdin's palace, eh?

VIZIR.

Yes, mighty Sultan, as I always do,  
Whene'er my duty calls me to your throne.

SOLIMAN.

And you saw nothing?

VIZIR.

Nothing, good my Lord!

SOLIMAN.

By Mecca and Medina, you are right ;  
There is not even a fragment to be seen.  
Ha—what I meant was,—did you not observe  
Some most uncommon change there as you pass'd ?

VIZIR.

To speak the simple truth, my noble liege,  
When I am on my way to the divan,  
I have so many matters in my head,  
I neither cast my eyes to left nor right ;  
For fear I should be hindered or distracted.  
And, what is more, you know, my gracious Lord——

SOLIMAN.

That in your eyes the palace was a thorn ?  
Well well, the thorn's extracted now, my friend !  
And as a proof—you see much further now,  
With your cured optics, than you did before.  
You could not see beyond the palace once,  
Now you may gaze for miles and miles beyond.

VIZIR.

Ha !

SOLIMAN.

Well ! Didst ever see so mad a freak ?

VIZIR.

So mad ? Why, yes, my noble liege and Sultan,  
Undoubtedly I have, and so have you !

SOLIMAN.

How, I ?

VIZIR.

When first you saw the palace there,  
Was that one jot more comprehensible,

Than its evaporation is to-day ?  
 Now I may speak. I'm not the least surprised.  
 This turn is of a piece with all the rest.  
 Aladdin's a magician, that is clear,  
 A vile magician, sire, who envied me  
 My great good fortune, so betray'd my son,  
 Cruelly robb'd him of his wife's affections,  
 With his enchantments dazzled you, and won  
 Your daughter. Now his appetite is cloy'd,  
 And so the magic fabric melts in air.

SOLIMAN.

Oh, Allah, Allah ! Oh, my daughter, oh !

VIZIR.

A heavy blow, indeed !

SOLIMAN.

My daughter, oh !

VIZIR.

Has she, then, vanished too ?

SOLIMAN.

All's gone ! My daughter,  
 My darling child Gulnare, my heart's delight !

VIZIR.

This is a sight to touch one to the quick !  
 The mighty majesty of Persia tears  
 The hair in maddened anguish from his beard,  
 Weeps tears in torrents like a child, and flings  
 Himself like any slave upon the ground.  
 Oh, miscreant, where, where hast thou hid her, where ?

SOLIMAN.

Ha, 'twas for this the traitor wished to hunt  
 Another day ? And now he has escaped.

## VIZIR.

Who knows? We'll leave no single stone unturned.  
 I will despatch a troop of soldiers straight,  
 To hunt the forest thickets through and through;  
 And if they find him, they shall drag the wretch,  
 Bound hand and foot before your majesty.

## SOLIMAN.

If he be found—no—he will not be found;  
 But if he be, and shall not instantly  
 Confess where he has hid my daughter, bind  
 The traitor, and conduct him to the scaffold!  
 There let his caitiff blood the vengeance cool  
 That now is burning in my father's breast.

[*Exit VIZIR hastily.*]

## A SHADY DELL IN THE FOREST.

ALADDIN *discovered asleep on the sword, under a huge tree, near a brook.*

## LYMPHA

(*a little fairy, clad in azure, comes down the brook, sailing upon a large leaf, with a water-lily in her hand, and sings,*)

I charge thee, oh streamlet,  
 That softly thou tinkle;  
 With many a gleam let  
 Thy bright waters twinkle.

Through flower and through creeper,  
 Steal gently and slow;  
 And dreams to yon sleeper  
 Of loveliness show.

Go dimpling and wimpling,  
 By moss and by stone;  
 And I will caress thee,  
 And make thee my own.

## ALADDIN.

Sweet, gentle, and lustrous,  
 I'll love thee and prize thee;  
 But, foaming and blust'rous,  
 I'll quickly chastise thee.  
*(Strikes the water menacingly with her flower.)*

## ZEPHYR

*(a little boy, comes riding through the air on a rose-leaf,  
 in a robe of silver-tissue).*

Sa, sa, hark away,  
 By night and by day,  
 O'er mountain and mead,  
 My mettlesome steed,  
 And fill all the air  
 With an odour most rare!  
 Down dale and up hill,  
 Sweep onward at will,  
 Over mountain and plain!  
 I give you full rein.  
 How it bounds, how it springs!  
 A fico for wings!  
 It circles and swerves  
 In eddies and curves;  
 More fleet and more airy  
 Than ever was car.  
 Ha! look at yon fairy!  
 She's bright as a star!  
 A shade or so paler,  
 But sweeter by far.  
 That beautiful sailor,  
 Her love, it were bliss!  
 On, steed, soft and sleek!  
 From her balm-breathing cheek  
 Let us rifle a kiss.  
*(Steals behind LYPHA and kisses her.)*

## LYPHA.

Ah, Zephyr! thou knave,  
 With shield and with glaive,  
 In gorgeous attire  
 Through bush and through briar,  
 Whilst thy trumpeter small  
 Winds shrilly his call,  
 O'er brake and o'er forest,  
 And cornfield thou soarest,

A feat to fulfil,  
 Which a hero might vaunt,  
 Thus thief-like to steal  
 To my watery haunt.  
 Rare chivalry this !  
 To shame a poor girl,  
 To ravish a kiss !  
 Oh pitiful churl !

*(Washes off the kiss with the water of the spring.)*

## ZEPHYR.

Why, Lympha, repel me ?  
 Be gracious and gay !  
 Why seekest thou, tell me,  
 The water to-day ?

## LYMPHA.

Tush, where could I be  
 Half so blest, foolish boy ?  
 The water to me  
 Is a cradle and joy.

## ZEPHYR.

Then turn, sweet, to me ;  
 Be kind to my sighing !

*(Observes ALADDIN, and speaks softly,)*

What man can it be,  
 On the grass there is lying ?

## LYMPHA.

The gallantest knight  
 In peace or in fight.  
 'Tis for this I am here, —  
 To whisper the stream,  
 That it come not too near  
 To the slumberer's dream ;  
 That it sing a low song,  
 As it winds by its ledges,  
 And, sparkling along  
 Through the rushes and sedges,  
 Whisper, softly and mild,  
 A "Slumber, my child !"

## ALADDIN.

## ZEPHYR.

Do, Lympha, do try!  
 Thou ever art good.  
 No longer will I  
 On thy silence intrude.  
 With a hush even deeper,  
 So thou but approve,  
 I'll play round the sleeper,  
 And warily move.  
 And freshness and fragrance  
 Shall fan and caress him,  
 And with their sweet vagrance  
 Shall cool and shall bless him.

*Rides off and flutters several times over ALADDIN ;  
 in his eagerness he makes a false movement, comes  
 in contact with the sleeper's nose, and is knocked  
 from his horse. ALADDIN moves in his sleep.*

## LYMPHA.

All my purpose you mar!  
 Fine care you have taken!  
 How awkward you are!  
 See, Aladdin doth waken!

ZEPHYR (*piteously*).

Ah, Lympha, my queen, would  
 I never had tried!

## LYMPHA.

Away from the greenwood  
 Now swiftly I glide.

(*Sails away.*)

## ZEPHYR

(*looking after her with tears in his eyes*).

Again am I humbled!  
 Well, can I complain?  
 I have tripp'd, and have stumbled,  
 And blundered again.  
 What have they not lost me,  
 These mad pranks of mine?  
 What tears have they cost me,  
 What heart-ache and pine?



Intent to assuage her,  
 I've vow'd to amend,  
 To be wiser and sager,  
 And ne'er to offend.  
 But the vow scarce was taken,  
 Ere I erred as at first.

(*Looks at ALADDIN.*)

Yes, in sooth he doth waken!  
 Oh stumble accursed!

(*Goes off dejectedly.*)

## ALADDIN

(*rises and looks round him.*)

Oh lovely morning! How the dawning light,  
 Through the green branches breaking, cheers my soul!  
 Fatigue has vanish'd with the shades of night,  
 And with new life the sunshine fills my veins.  
 How freshly gleams the dew upon the grass!  
 This little rose-leaf presses on my cheek:  
 It tickles me, as though it meant to say,  
 My friend sleeps longer than 'tis meet he should!  
 Thanks for thy homage, thou sweet silvery brook,  
 Thy cradle-song has lulled me into sleep.  
 What beauty meets my gaze, where'er I turn!  
 Oh, if thou too wert here, my darling bride!  
 Then were this flowery galaxy complete.  
 But now 'midst all its wealth I feel a void;  
 Without thee, everything looks cold and sad,  
 As looks a coronal without a rose. (*Falls into a reverie.*)  
 How happy am I! This delightful morning,  
 So bright and tranquil, gently laps my soul  
 In joyful contemplation of its bliss!  
 How bounteously has Fate ta'en thought for me!  
 The husband of the fairest, best of women,  
 Lord of a wondrous power, which at a word  
 Fulfils my every wish, without demur.  
 The Sultan's son-in-law, Sultan to be!  
 Strong, not uncomely, healthy, sage, and bold:  
 How in this blessed hour of dawn I feel

All the luxuriance of my youthful life !  
 'Tis many a day since I have pray'd to God !  
 Ah, in the whirl of sublunary joys,  
 The heedless heart is little apt to turn  
 To the great source of all. Thou noiseless wood,  
 Ye verdant avenues, ye dark brown trunks,  
 That are the Almighty's worthiest, noblest shrine !  
 Here do I kneel ! Oh Holy Father, look  
 Into my heart ! I can but weep ! Yet thou  
 Scorn'st not the meanest of thy children's tears.

*(Enter the SULTAN'S guard, who, observing ALADDIN,  
 close upon him, and are about to manacle him).*

ALADDIN

*(springs to his feet and draws his sword).*

Ha, what is this ? Back, robbers, thievish scum !

GUARD.

In us behold the Sultan's body-guard.

ALADDIN.

What would you ?

GUARD.

In accordance with his orders  
 Bear you away in chains ; hear and obey !

ALADDIN.

Tell me what I have done.

GUARD.

That thou shalt hear.

ALADDIN.

And where would you convey me ?

GUARD.

To the scaffold.  
*(They lead him off.)*

ZEPHYR (*advances in dismay*).

Ah, Lympha, Lympha, Lympha!

LYMPHA (*from the brook*).

Zephyr! Zephyr!

ZEPHYR.

Didst hear this sad catastrophe?

LYMPHA.

My fast-falling tears canst thou not see?

ZEPHYR.

Ha, these mortals, what churls they are!  
 But wait! By Allah's seats of bliss,  
 They shall pay, and dearly too, for this.  
 I'll get me homeward, and swiftly afar  
 O'er wood and o'er turret my course I'll hold,  
 Till I come to my father, the storm-wind old.  
 He shall start from his slumber, and, wild with ire,  
 Shall bind to his chariot his steeds of fire;  
 With nostrils wide and with streaming mane,  
 They shall course through the welkin, a wondrous train.  
 He shall don his storm-cap, and shriek command,  
 With a club gigantic in either hand;  
 Thus shall he avenge this ill-starred wight  
 On the tyrant's realm with a tyrant's might.

LYMPHA.

Ah, how I tremble! Alas the day!  
 But wait, vile Sultan, I'll punish thee!  
 Since thou art so cruel, I'll post away  
 To my mother, that loves me, the salt salt sea.  
 She shall dash on the foaming strand,  
 And spread disaster on every hand.  
 She shall rage, and your argosies  
 Shall be rent and shent on the ruthless seas!  
 The hardest mariners' hearts shall quail  
 At the scud and the strain of the seething gale.  
 She shall scatter the wreck, with a laugh of scorn,  
 As thy ships by the surges are racked and torn,  
 Tossing about on the tumbling sea,  
 To avenge my friend, and to punish thee.

## A DUNGEON.

## ALADDIN

*(chained, with heavy fetters, to a stone).*

Almighty God, is this a dream? A dream!  
 Yes, yes, it is a dream; I slumber still,  
 Among the wild flowers, in yon shady wood.  
 The vision fair of zephyr and the brook  
 Has shifted to a dismal tragedy.  
 It is a dream, a phantasm of the clouds,  
 Where, as some light wind stirs, the shepherdess  
 Becomes a fiery dragon, belching flame;  
 The tree a giant, with arm raised to strike.

DEATHWATCH *(in a crevice of the wall).*

Pi, pi, pi,  
 Ne'er shalt thou go free!

## ALADDIN.

Who was it spoke? 'Tis the deathwatch. Again?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,  
 Ne'er shalt thou go free!

## ALADDIN.

Is this the only carol thou hast learned,  
 Thou hermit small, who in the loneliness  
 Of crumbling gaps and crazy masonry,  
 Sing'st but of death, corruption, and decay?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,  
 Ne'er shalt thou go free!

## ALADDIN.

Too true! Thou speak'st with so assured a voice,  
 I must believe thy words, do what I may.

Prophet of evil, hour-glass of grim death,  
 Who, who hath sent thee to my dungeon here,  
 To torture me with thy funereal song ?

## DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,  
 Thou shalt ne'er go free !

## ALADDIN.

It cannot change its note, though fain it would.  
 'Tis but a sound, a beating of its mouth,  
 As they who watch such creatures well have shown.  
 " Pi, pi !" is all it sings ; the " ne'er go free !"  
 Is but the addition which my fancy makes ;  
 'Tis I that hear these words, it sings them not.

## DEATHWATCH.

Thou shalt ne'er go free !

## ALADDIN.

Ha, insect, there again ? What ! dost thou think,  
 With a mere word, to scatter to the winds  
 The faith of my assured conviction ?

## DEATHWATCH.

Pi !

## ALADDIN.

Howe'er it be, hope has abandoned me !  
 This brief reiterated warning song  
 Has struck all nerve and manhood from my heart,  
 And filled the void with paralytic fears.  
 Yes, it is clear ; it must, it must be so.  
 The enchanter now is master of the lamp :  
 Nought but itself could its own work undo.  
 Ha, Heedlessness, thou damnèd serpent, who  
 Drove Adam from his paradise of yore,  
 Thou art the marrer of all earthly bliss ;  
 Thou art the real fiend, the tempter thou,  
 Who sow'st the seeds of mischief in good hearts,

And diggest pitfalls, Satan-like, for health,  
 Virtue, and happiness, that so mankind  
 Drops unawares into the pit of hell.  
 There am I now, through thee, through thee alone!—  
 How darkly do these cramp'd walls close me in!  
 And hark! the tempest shrieking, as it beats  
 Against the turret walls! 'Tis midnight now.  
 Night, night! Oh, God! And I must dread the  
 dawn!—

The glorious dawn, for which all earth doth yearn,  
 Beneath whose kiss men's eyes, the dreaming flowers,  
 Ope to be blest, scares me alone! It brings  
 Life to all other men, but death to me.

*(The moon breaks through a cloud and shines into  
 the prison.)*

Grows it so bright? Now day begins to break,—  
 Now comes the headsman! No, it was the moon.  
 Why comest thou to me, thou smiling ghost?  
 Is it to tell me, I am not the first,  
 Upon whose wan and blood-forsaken cheeks  
 Thou hast looked down, the night before his death,  
 As he lay gyved upon his couch of stone,  
 And wished for wings, to bear him far away,  
 Where hungry axe yearned not for morning's light,  
 To cleave the head from his poor bleeding trunk?  
 Is it to tell me, that to-morrow night  
 Thou wilt salute my head upon the stake?  
 Thou cruel moon, grim phantom of the night,  
 How often hast thou bent, with smile divine,  
 As on the bosom of my bride I lay,  
 And nightingales, from dusky groves hard by,  
 Did voice our mute felicity in song!  
 Then, then I called thee good, and fair, and kind;  
 And yet thy cold, remorseless cruelty,  
 Thy silent, savage hate, are measureless.  
 Thy visage wears the same indifferent smile  
 For rack and gibbet, as for myrtle groves.  
 Thy self-same ray, that beamed upon my bliss,

And kissed the couch of innocence and love,  
 Has smiled on the assassin's gory blade,  
 And churchyard stones, that not more heavily  
 Weigh down the lifeless dust, than doth despair  
 Those that are left to mourn. And comest thou  
 now,

To mock me in the hour of my distress?  
 Hence, pallid ghoul! Disturb not the repose  
 Of innocence in the hour when it must die!

*(The moon is obscured by clouds.)*

By Heaven, she flies! She hides her pallid face  
 Behind the fleecy silver clouds, in grief,  
 As doth an innocent girl her blushing cheeks,  
 When she would smother up, behind her veil,  
 The tears wrung from her by ungentleness.  
 Oh, if my hasty words have done thee wrong,  
 Thou guiltless moon, forgive me—oh, forgive me!  
 I am so very wretched; what I say  
 And do, I know not! I am guiltless, too;  
 Yet must I suffer, guiltless I must die.  
 But see! what tiny ray breaks brightly in,  
 Like an ethereal finger, from the cloud,  
 And points to yon great spider, as he sits,  
 Right in the centre of his airy web,  
 In calm content and full serenity.

#### THE SPIDER.

My web so rarely twined,  
 With threads so fine and small,  
 The very faintest breath of wind  
 Can straight undo it all.

And yet, though frail and slight,  
 And meanly housed it be,  
 It symbolizes Allah's might,  
 And comfort hath for thee.

As in the moonbeam I,  
 Sits God, amid the blaze  
 Of endless light, and from on high  
 The universe surveys.

His threads through earth and air  
 Still in and out He weaves,  
 And even the tiniest thread His care  
 Not unregarded leaves.

## ALADDIN.

Ha, spider, strong in simple piety !  
 Far better comforter than Dervish thou.  
 His threads in wisdom out and in He weaves,  
 Nor even the tiniest unregarded leaves.  
 Now doth He call me back into His care.  
 Shall I then curse my fate ? Shall I despair ?  
 No ! Welcome, Death ! Though cold and gaunt thou  
     come,  
 Thou only lead'st me to my Father's home.

*(Throws himself on his knees, and sings, with a loud,  
 joyful voice,)*

Should my death a trembling dread awaken ?  
 No, such weak and craven fear I scorn.  
     If the night by storms be shaken,  
     Doubly radiant breaks the morn ;  
 Death in me no terror shall awaken.

God hath made immortality my dower,  
     Because that He himself immortal is ;  
     And my best life shares His power,  
     In Him lies my purest bliss.  
 God hath made immortality my dower.

My life-blood shall be dried up at its sources,  
     And my flesh be prey'd on by the worm ;  
     But my soul's undying forces  
     Shall not perish in the storm—  
 Shall not dry up, like my life-blood's sources.

Death and ruin to no fears can win me,  
     They can never cloud my soul with gloom ;  
     All that's best and noblest in me  
     Is not bondsman to the tomb.  
 Death and ruin to no fears can win me.



Oh, how often have I found them languish,  
 Droop and die, earth's hopes and blisses vain !  
 Through the strife of pain and anguish  
 We the better life attain.  
 Better life ! No longer shall I languish.

Man's true friend on earth is Death. He brightens  
 The celestial light within our souls,  
 All our griefs and burdens lightens,  
 Scares the wicked and controls.  
 Death, man's only friend, his pathway brightens.

That we may not live in mere sensations,  
 Creatures of the passing hour, he brings  
 Tears and heavenward aspirations,  
 Takes our dearest earthly things.  
 He uplifts us over base sensations.

Come, whene'er thou pleasest, with thy sickle,  
 Thou fell reaper, fleshless phantom old ;  
 I am not so frail or fickle,  
 As to dread thy death-gripe cold.  
 No, I do not fear thy flashing sickle.

Shall my Father in yon heaven forsake me,  
 When my eye in life's last throes grows dim,—  
 In my death an outcast make me,  
 Who in life was bound to him ?  
 No, my God, thou wilt not then forsake me !

*(Stretches himself calmly upon his pallet, and falls asleep.)*

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#### THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

*The SULTAN, seated, with his Vizirs and Courtiers,  
 upon an elevated platform. A crowd of spectators.  
 The Headsman and his Assistants.*

#### SOLIMAN.

By Heaven, my people, yea, the world knows well  
 I am no tiger, do not thirst for blood.  
 But Justice ever will have blood for blood,  
 And my own blood is nearest to my heart.

Gulnare, my child, sweet lily! who can tell,  
 To what fell purpose thou hast fallen a prey!  
 Yes, by Almighty Allah and his prophet,  
 I am a tiger, when I think of this.  
 Bring forth the criminal!

VIZIR.

See, here he comes!

*Enter ALADDIN, surrounded by the Guard, his Mother following.*

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD (to MORGIANA).

You cannot follow further. Get ye gone!

MORGIANA.

Oh God, my son, and must I leave thee now?

ALADDIN.

We soon shall meet again.

MORGIANA

*(bursts into tears and embraces him).*

Yes, very soon.

Already, near the mosque, outside the walls,  
 Where, as a boy, you liked so well to play,  
 I have bespoke two graves, beside your father's,—  
 Mine on his right hand, yours upon his left.

GUARD.

How! Buried? He? No, bound upon the wheel,  
 A dainty tidbit for the birds of heaven!

MORGIANA.

The birds of heaven? Oh, thou ill-omen'd bird!  
 Think'st thou, heaven's birds are murderers like you?  
 No, no, the little kindly, gentle things,



## VOICES.

Aladdin's innocent, let him go free !

## SOLIMAN.

Ha, what is that ?

## MULTITUDE.

Aladdin's innocent !

*(The Headsman swings his sword above his head,  
and awaits with impatience the signal from the  
Sultan.)*

## MULTITUDE.

Aladdin's innocent, let him go free !  
He is our friend, and we will rescue him,  
Sagest in council, boldest in the field,  
The shield and champion of the oppressed,  
The comeliest Persian, and the noblest he,  
And you would kill him. Down ! Down with the guard !  
To the rescue !

## SOLIMAN.

Oh, inconstant, blinded fools,  
Would you, then, save your Sultan's bitterest foe ?

## MULTITUDE.

No, he is not thy foe ! But Nuschirwan,  
The Grand Vizir, behead him, an' thou wilt !  
He is thy foe, because he is Aladdin's.  
Off with his head by all means, as we're here  
To see an execution ! Not a man  
In all the city, but will be delighted !

SOLIMAN *(to the Grand Vizir)*.

What say they ?

## VIZIR.

Oh, my liege, 'tis merely clamour—  
 Mere inarticulate, insensate clamour ;  
 Which means but this—Aladdin shall not die.

## MULTITUDE.

Ho, set him free ! Aladdin shall not die !  
 To the rescue !

SOLIMAN (*stands up and exclaims*),

Pardon ! (*To the Headsman.*)  
 Throw away thy sword !

My people has pronounced its judgment here,  
 And I cannot withstand the general voice.  
 Aladdin's pardoned !

## MULTITUDE.

Mahomet defend  
 The mighty Soliman ! Aladdin's pardoned !

VIZIR (*aside to the Sultan*).

To prison I will have him straight conveyed,  
 And there the righteous sentence execute,  
 Which this blind popular fury here prevents.

SOLIMAN (*incensed*).

Peace, slave ! Go bring Aladdin to me here.

(ALADDIN *is brought*.)

Not that the people claim it, but because  
 Thy guilt has not been clearly proved on thee,  
 I grant thee time to prove thine innocence.  
 Thy doings always were mysterious :  
 This may be nothing but some magic sleight,  
 And thou mayst set the whole to rights again ;  
 Then swear to me, by Allah's sacred name,

That thou, within the space of forty days,  
Wilt bring me back my daughter and the palace,  
Or, failing this, die by a felon's doom.

ALADDIN.

Oh noble Sultan, suffer me to speak !

SOLIMAN.

Peace ! Swear, or die this moment ! Swear, I say !

ALADDIN.

I swear to thee, by Allah's glorious name,  
That I to thee the palace and Gulnare  
Will in the space of forty days restore,  
Or gladly undergo a felon's doom.

SOLIMAN.

Break'st thou this oath, thou'rt evermore accursed.  
And that curse bears a heavier doom than death.  
Unloose his fetters ; he is free to go.

*[Exit the SULTAN, with his suite. The multitude separate.]*

THE HEADSMAN *(to his Assistants)*.

A plague upon this tender-heartedness !  
'Twas all for nothing that I left my bed,  
To whet my broad sword by the early cock ?  
Confound the knave, I've had my toil for nought !  
If I had only got the Grand Vizir,  
For lack of better, underneath my blade !  
But no, the fellow's slippery as an eel.  
Come, bundle up your tools, and start for home.  
I must be off ! I'll have no peace, until  
I've chopp'd the head off of a crowing cock.  
I drank this morning tiger's blood, you know ;  
Blood I must see, else nothing right will go. *[Exit.]*

## ASSISTANT

*(takes out his breakfast, sings and eats, while he packs up his implements).*

The life of man is but a span,  
His passions but a fever ;  
By night and day they boil and play,  
And whirl him along for ever.

On every side, whate'er betide,  
Men wrestle and men wrangle ;  
And though the world be ever so wide,  
They're sure to clash and jangle.

The priest, says he, why can't you be  
More well behaved, I wonder ?  
But all his prate can't mend their state,  
Although he spoke in thunder.

Then the headsman comes in his cloak of red,  
And to better tune he trips it ;  
He lays your unruly rascal dead,  
And his head, clean off he whips it.

At dawn, the red blood warm and bright  
On the scaffold spurts full boldly ;  
A cold black stain it lies at night,  
When the moonbeams glitter coldly.

Oh man, amid your follies pause,  
And mind what you are doing ;  
For when you're in the headsman's claws,  
'Tis a thought too late for ruing !

This song was by a poor devil made,  
As clever a dog as you'll see, now :  
But now there's an end of his rhyming trade,  
For never a head has he now.

[*Exit.*

## A STREET.

ALADDIN, *in a coarse linen frock, knocks at the door of his Mother's house. A strange man comes out.*

MAN.

What do you want, friend ?

ALADDIN.

Will you tell me, pray,  
If the old Morgiana be at home ?

MAN.

Ay, that she is, nor like to leave it soon,  
Else I am much out in my reckoning.

ALADDIN.

Why ?

Ailing, perhaps ?

MAN.

She ails for nothing, sir.

ALADDIN.

I'm very glad of that. I bring her news,  
Important news, and must have speech with her.

MAN.

I'm grieved to say, then, you have come too late.  
She's in no state to talk with any one.

ALADDIN.

Is she within there in her little room ?

MAN.

Her little room ? Oh yes, oh yes, she's there ;  
But not here in the house.



ALADDIN.

No? Where else, then?

MAN.

Beneath the cypress, in the burial-ground.

ALADDIN.

Ah, now I understand you! She is dead.  
And you have bought this cottage recently?

MAN.

Precisely so.

ALADDIN.

Friend, would you be so kind,  
As let me for a moment see the room,  
She lived and died in?

MAN.

Very willingly!

You'll find it just as 'twas a week ago;  
All the old furniture, down to her spindle.  
I'm at a loss what to do with the things.  
The crazy bits of sticks are worthless quite,  
And the old lady has no heir; her son  
Has forfeited both goods and life.

ALADDIN.

Indeed!

MAN.

It was a hard case, hers, the good old soul!  
She died of downright grief about her son.  
The good-for-nothing varlet!

ALADDIN.

(*Aside.*) Oh most sage!  
Thou pipest thy solemn sentences by rote,

In placid ignorance of time and tune.—  
*(Aloud.)* By your permission, I would go within.

MAN.

Oh, certainly ; but you'll excuse me, friend,  
 From waiting on you ; I'm pinch'd for time,  
 And full of business.

ALADDIN.

Prithee, then, begone,  
 And do not waste your time in talking more.  
*[Exit into the house.]*

### MORGIANA'S ROOM.

ALADDIN.

Ha ! The old spinning-wheel still there ! No more  
 Its busy whirr comes from the corner now.  
 To such an ancient friend a man grows used,  
 And feels a strangeness, when its clack is dumb.  
 There's still a little wool upon the spindle ;  
 I'll do as though my mother's self were here—  
 I'll set me down and spin, and sing the while.  
*(Sits down, sings, and bursts into tears.)*

No, this will never do ! It does not go  
 In the old wonted cadence, even and calm ;  
 I turn the wheel too wildly, feverishly.  
 Oh, God, to think, this little slender thread,  
 'Twas her hand span it ! It is sound and whole,  
 Hangs undisturbed, unhurt, as when she left it ;  
 But she, the Fate that span it, she lies stark,  
 With stiffen'd fingers, 'neath the cypress-tree.  
 Ah me ! there hangs her old silk mantle still,  
 Lined with warm flannel ! Here her slippers ! Now,

Thou freezest, mother, through thine aged limbs !  
 This house thou never wouldst consent to leave,  
 Nor ever quit thy former way of life.  
 I, vain, presumptuous, aspiring fool,  
 Brought early ruin on thy gentle, fond,  
 And peaceful nature ! Ah, ye strangers, you,  
 Who shall hereafter occupy this chamber,  
 When you shall hear a clack and whirr o' nights,  
 Be not afraid ; it is a faithful, kind  
 House-fairy ; let her turn her humming wheel,  
 'Twill harm you not ! She was a woman once,  
 Who for her son's sake span the very skin  
 From off her fingers—and for her reward  
 He slew her. Yes, I slew her—yes, I did !

*(Sits down and weeps.)*

There stands her water-pitcher still. And see,  
 A leaf, half withered, sticking to the rim !  
 That leaf am I ; it is a type of me !

*(He gazes for a long while with wild looks upon  
 the place where the Wonderful Lamp used to  
 hang ; then says, with a wandering air,)*

By Heaven, there hangs the lamp still on the nail !

*(Springs up and makes a grasp at it.)*

How ? Fanciest thou I cannot seize thee ?

*(Takes a chair, stands upon it, and seizes the nail.)*

Ha !

I have thee now. Now thou art mine again.  
 Now will I find Gulnare once more, regain  
 The palace, all my old magnificence,  
 When I have visited my mother's grave !

*(Comes down from the chair.)*

THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE *(entering)*.

Well, have you seen, friend, all you wished to see ?  
 She was a kinswoman ?

ALADDIN.

She was, she was.  
I would be going. Will you let me take  
This rusty copper lamp away with me ?  
'Tis scarcely worth a penny.

OWNER.

Lamp, my friend ?

I see no lamp.

ALADDIN.

Open your eyes ! Behold !  
The lamp is here, here in my right hand. Look !  
'Tis, as they say, but rusty trumpery.  
Sir, I collect such queer old odds and ends,  
And so this lamp, to others valueless,  
Has a mere fancy value for myself.

OWNER.

Indeed, friend, you have nothing in your hand.

ALADDIN (*aside*).

The lamp has gained this further property,  
That it to strangers is invisible ?  
Oh rare ! It never can be stolen from me.  
(*Aloud, placing the imaginary lamp in his bosom.*)

Since you're so positive, I too believe,  
The lamp is some mere phantom of my brain.  
Adieu, good sir, and thanks. Pray, let me take  
This withered leaf from out her pitcher here ?  
My turban it shall as a feather deck ;  
And of her heritage no more seek I.  
Farewell !

OWNER.

Poor soul, he's manifestly mad.  
Pray take the leaf, good man, and go your ways.

ALADDIN.

Farewell, kind sir ! Have you no greeting, none,  
To carry to the aged Morgiana ?  
I'm going to her grave.

OWNER.

My compliments !

*(Aside.)* A madman must be spoken madly to !*(Aloud.)* You must make haste, for just about this  
time

It is her wont to rise up from her grave,  
And walk about a little for her health.  
'Tis bad to lie so constantly one way ;  
It cramps the joints.

ALADDIN.

Most true and wisely spoken !

Are you a doctor, that you know so much  
About dead people's health ?

OWNER.

Not I, my friend ;

I am a currier.

ALADDIN.

So, too, is the doctor.  
He currieth the hide so fine and soft,  
The cobbler worm can riddle it easily.  
Farewell, sir doctor !

OWNER.

Sir, your most obedient !

ALADDIN.

And as you've curried such a host of calves,  
I promise you I'll curry you in turn,  
Night after night, my friend, when I am dead.

OWNER.

Don't give yourself the trouble—don't, I pray.

ALADDIN.

No trouble in the world! None, none! Adieu!  
[Exit.

## CEMETERY.

ALADDIN

*(upon his mother's grave; he moves as though he were  
rocking a cradle, and sings,)*

Sleep, child, in thy flowery bed;  
Dreams serene and sweet embalm thee!  
Though no pillow prop thy head,  
Though no cradle rock and calm thee.

Hear'st thou, how the moaning storm  
What I lost in thee is weeping?  
Mark'st thou, how the charnel worm  
Gnaws the couch where thou art sleeping?

All the stars are shining clear;  
Slumber, darling, to my singing!  
The muezzin dost thou hear,  
From the tower thy death-dirge ringing?

Dost thou hear the bulbuls, soft  
Descants trilling, each to other?  
Mother, thou hast rocked me oft;  
I will rock thee now, my mother!

Is thy heart as loving still?  
See my suffering and my sorrow!  
From that elder bough I will  
Now a pipe to lull thee borrow.

Hark, my fluting, how it sank,  
In the chilly March wind dying!  
Like the night-breeze, through the dank  
Leaves of winter sadly sighing.

Ah, I must be gone! The wind  
Pierces here so sharp and keenly;  
Yet, where better cheer to find?  
Where to house, however meanly?

Sleep, child, in thy flowery bed!  
Dreams serene and sweet embalm thee!  
Though no pillow prop thy head,  
Though no cradle rock and calm thee!

[*Exit.*

THE GREAT SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE.

ALADDIN *on the spot where his palace had stood,  
surrounded by the Populace.*

ALADDIN.

Now you shall see! The hour has struck, and now,  
Ye ruthless hearts of stone, ye shall not scoff,  
Nor mock at me and jeer me any more,  
Nor pelt me any more with stones and mud.  
One single little word, but one, and lo!  
There stands my palace once again, and I  
Fold my beloved in transport to my heart.

(*Makes a gesture as if taking something from his  
breast.*)

Look here, sir! See'st thou this old copper lamp?

A PEASANT.

Where, beggar prince?

ALADDIN.

Look to thy manners, sir,  
And call me not a beggar prince, thou churl!  
I know thee very well. Was it not thou,  
I once encountered in a storm of rain?

Then thou couldst fling thyself upon thy face,  
That I might set my feet upon thy back,  
And so preserve my slippers from the mud.

PEASANT.

But times are changed.

ALADDIN.

Now, by the lamp, which here  
In my right hand I hold aloft to heaven,  
I will chastise thee !

PEASANT.

A brave oath !

ALADDIN.

Ha, scum,  
That which thou see'st not with thy idiot eyes,  
Thou'lt not believe. But wait, thou varlet, wait !

*(Rubs.)*

Seest thou the Spirit, the Spirit of the Lamp ?

PEASANT.

Of course we do ! As stiff as any post,  
And carrying the lamp—I mean, the lantern !

ALADDIN *(solemnly)*.

By the lamp's might I do command thee, slave,  
To fetch me straight the palace and Gulnare !  
Thereafter this most vulgar knave to seize,  
And on the lamp-post hang him by the heels.

*(To the crowd.)*

Take care ! The palace like a blast will come.  
Out of its way ! or it will crush you all !

*(Runs to one side ; great laughter ; ALADDIN,  
after waiting a few seconds, makes a motion as  
though he were throwing away the lamp.)*



Ha, this, then, was a spurious copper lamp !  
 Treachery, treachery ! What slave of ye all  
 Has basely robbed me of my property ? (*They laugh.*)  
 Oh yes, laugh on ! Weeping will come betimes.  
 You fancy vengeance is beyond my power.

(*Snatches up a stone from the pavement, and flings it at the mob ; some run away, others make a rush at him. Enter an Old Man.*)

## OLD MAN.

For shame, for shame ! Torment not the poor youth !  
 Thank God, your reason has been spared to you !  
 Hence to your home, my friend, and no more words.

## ALADDIN.

I will go home immediately, kind sir !  
 But 'tis far off ; I am a stranger here.  
 Last night I slept within the ruined tower,  
 In the lone forest. Can you help me, friend,  
 With a small calculation ? Tell me, will you,  
 Of forty days how many will remain,  
 If nine-and-thirty be already spent ?

## OLD MAN.

Why, only one remains, that's very clear.

ALADDIN (*dejectedly*).

But one, but only one ! Oh, count again !  
 Perhaps you've made some error in your tale.  
 Are there not three, kind sir ? I thought there were.  
 No ? Two, then, surely, at the very least ?  
 I pray you, reckon once again ! The toil  
 Is small—the issue life or death to me.

## OLD MAN.

Just one is left ; you cannot make it more.

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN.

Not make it more! Well, well, God's will be done!  
 I have grown used to suffer and endure.  
 But one? That is not much. Is it not so?  
 That's very little, eh?

OLD MAN.

Go home, my friend!

ALADDIN.

If only one be left, I will go home  
 Betimes to-morrow morning; but, old man,  
 The way is dark, dark. Have you e'er a lantern,  
 Which you can lend me? My own lamp's gone out.

OLD MAN.

Allah will guide you.

ALADDIN.

Will he? That is well.  
 With Him to guide, no man can miss his home.  
 I thank you for this gracious comfort, sir.  
 (*Kisses his hand.*) Say, have you children?

OLD MAN.

Yes, a son.

ALADDIN.

A son!

Alas! old man, I would it were a daughter!  
 Sons are a heavy trouble, will not stay  
 Beside the quiet earth, but will be bent  
 To plunge unthinkingly in life's wild stream,  
 Mid brawl and storm; and many are suck'd down.

(*Stares into the sky.*)

We shan't have moonshine, I suppose, to-night?

OLD MAN.

Yes, lovely moonshine, sir. The moon is full.

ALADDIN (*joyfully*).

Ah! it is kind of her, to leave me not  
In darkness my last night, as here I sit  
Amid the ruins of Persepolis.  
It has been a great city.

OLD MAN.

Very great.

ALADDIN.

'Tis now laid low. Ah! everything on earth  
Is doom'd to be laid low! It cheers me, though,  
When on the ruins plays the wan moon's smile.  
God bless you, friend! for now I must away. [*Exit.*]

OLD MAN.

There is a goodly fabric overthrown. [*Exit.*]

*A retired spot outside the city, covered with palm-trees ;  
near them a brook. Night. Bright moonlight.*

ALADDIN

(*enters, wrapt in meditation*).

What is an oath? A complicated knot,  
Neither by craft nor skill to be unloosed,  
Nor cleft asunder by the sharpest sword ;  
A rope, by which the demon's coal-black claws  
Can drag me down into the jaws of hell.

(*Seats himself on the stump of a tree.*)

By dawn the meagre remnant of my life

Will be run out and spent—that sorry dole,  
 Which like a beggar I was fain to take,  
 Which half in anger, half in pity, late  
 Was proudly flung to me!—Thou pale-faced moon!  
 That dost divide the hours upon the earth,  
 Why, why wert thou so niggardly to me,  
 Thou yellow, livid Harpax? Tell me, why?  
 Is't that mine ears have lost the power to hear  
 The nightingales their midnight descant pour?  
 Or that these eyes of mine are dull, opaque,  
 As the dim horn that rounds thy thievish lanthorn?  
 Can I no more distinguish hue from hue?  
 Is mine arm flaccid, like an o'erworn bow?  
 The bellows shattered here within my breast,  
 Worn out and feeble with its endless toil?

*(Takes out a dagger.)*

Hence, steel! What wouldst thou with the healthy  
 flesh?

Thou shalt not set the precious purple stream  
 Abroach in wasteful current. Many a day,  
 Ay, many a year, may it flow peacefully.  
 Thou dark, unyielding mass! Strong ore, that dost  
 Like an avenger from the mountain come,  
 Thyself most gross substantial, to chastise  
 The unsubstantial soul, the ethereal will,  
 Because 'tis wicked, wicked I am not!  
 What sin have I committed—what offence?  
 Takes Nature count of guilt or innocence?  
 The accursèd Time brings children to the world,  
 But to devour them with her monstrous maw.

*(Goes up to the brook and gazes upon it.)*

I've heard it said by one who was a sage,  
 That water is the void and formless chaos,  
 From which all form and substance emanate;  
 The mighty deep but one vast crucible,  
 Wherein the crude amorphous masses whirl,  
 Shapeless, yet of all shapes susceptible.

I'm vilely made!—a piece of botcher's work!  
 A pewterer, too, once told me on a time,  
 That if a casting at the first essay  
 Shall prove amiss, into the melting-pot  
 'Tis flung again, and so is cast anew.  
 Longheaded and sagacious folks are they,  
 These pewterers and sages; I'm a fool,  
 And fools should tread the footsteps of the wise.  
*(Is about to throw himself into the water, when he hears  
 a plaintive voice, singing softly,)*

The little golden snake  
 Doth at the water quake.  
 She is no water snake!

ALADDIN (*amazed*).

What do I hear? A voice, and from my ring!  
 The ring Nouredin gave me at the cave,  
 And which has pressed my finger until now!  
 Ah, Heaven, a ray of hope begins to dawn!  
*(Strikes the ring against a tree.)*

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE RING

*(appears instantaneously, and exclaims,)*

What wouldst thou with me? Say!  
 Thy will I must obey.  
 A sovereign's right hast thou;  
 Thy slave, to thee I bow.  
 Nor only I must be  
 Obedient unto thee;  
 But every slave, where'er  
 He be, in earth or air,  
 That serves the ring, at thy  
 All-potent spell must fly.

ALADDIN.

How! Is Aladdin not forsaken still?

SPIRIT.

Behold me here thy wishes to fulfil!

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN.

Back, then, my bride ; back, back, my palace bring !

SPIRIT.

Too much ! Such power abides not in the ring.  
In knowledge and in motion I am strong,  
But not to me doth power to act belong.

ALADDIN.

In knowledge and in motion, saidst thou ? Ha,  
Where is my palace, then ?

SPIRIT.

In Africa.

ALADDIN.

In Africa ? Now, now the mystery falls !  
And where is my beloved ?

SPIRIT.

Within its walls.

ALADDIN.

Pining and pale beneath the enchanter's sway ?

SPIRIT.

But true to honour and her lord alway.

ALADDIN.

Quick ! mighty spirit, bear me to her side !

SPIRIT.

Swifter than light we through the air shall glide.

[*Vanishes with ALADDIN.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT THIRD.

## AFRICA.

*ALADDIN lying in a large garden asleep under an apple-tree, with the beams of the rising sun shining upon him. A palace in the background. The tree is full of twittering birds. ZEPHYR and LYMPHA sporting upon the grass.*

## ZEPHYR.

With the richest fragrance of rosy bowers  
I have steeped his senses, and soothed his pain.

## LYMPHA.

With the diamond dew of the morning showers  
I have cooled the fire in his fevered brain.

## BIRDS.

Blithely and gay, from spray to spray,  
We have leapt and have warbled all through the night ;  
Now his task half done, and the goal half won,  
His reason returns, and his soul is bright.  
Then, courage, Aladdin ! thy bride is found,  
Thy soul's desire thou shalt quickly see ;  
And lightly thy heart in thy breast shall bound,  
And thou shalt be happy and blest as we !

ALADDIN (*awakes*).

How blithe the carol of the gamesome birds,  
How sweet the fragrance the young grass exhales !

What do I see ? My palace ! Heaven and earth !  
 I am in Africa ! 'Tis not a dream !  
 In yonder arbour sits my love, my wife,  
 Sad, silent, pale, with tears upon her cheeks !  
 Good ! Yet I'm still in the magician's power.  
 Let prudence guide thy footsteps, sacred love !

*(He wraps himself in his old cloak, conceals his  
 face with his turban, and advances to GULNARE  
 with the tottering steps of an old man.)*

Allah protect thee, lady !

GULNARE

*(wiping the tears from her eyes).*

Thanks, old man !

ALADDIN.

You look so very sad, is aught amiss ?

GULNARE

*(sighing, and half aside).*

Oh, all, alas !

ALADDIN

*(looking carefully round).*

Tell me, dear lady, where  
 Is he that owns this palace ? Is he within ?

GULNARE.

He is from home, but will return to-morrow.

ALADDIN.

Ha, now I see the reason you are sad.

GULNARE

Not so, old man.

ALADDIN.

'Tis well you are alone.  
 You're of a soft and gentle-hearted race ;



Your heart's more prone to pity than a man's.  
A poor old pilgrim I ; give me an alms,  
To help me on my road.

GULNARE.

(*Offers him money.*)      Take this, my friend.

ALADDIN.

No, dearest lady, take your money back.  
'Tis past the power of dross to help me now.

GULNARE.

Would you have wherewithal to break your fast ?  
Go in there to the kitchen, and the cook  
Will give you viands to your heart's content.

ALADDIN.

I thank thee, lady, no. I am not hungry.

GULNARE.

Art thirsty, then ?

ALADDIN.

That is more near the mark.

GULNARE.

Go to the cellar, and the cellarer  
Will help you freely to the best of wine.  
Here I have nothing to assuage your thirst.

ALADDIN.

Believe me, lady, that concerns me not.  
Nor cook nor cellarer can serve my turn ;  
You, you yourself must be my caterer,  
Else must I pine and sink.

GULNARE.

I ? How can I

Be helpful to you ?

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN.

With a kiss—a kiss!

GULNARE.

How! Are you mad?

ALADDIN.

Nay, prithee, be not wroth.

I never could have fancied, that you were  
So true to the magician and so fond.

GULNARE.

Who art thou?

ALADDIN.

Now you cannot be untrue  
To your Aladdin; he has lost his head.

GULNARE.

Oh Allah! (*Is about to faint.*)

ALADDIN.

But has come by it again;  
And, oh my own heart's darling, he is here!  
(*Throws off his cloak.*)GULNARE (*falls upon his breast.*)

Oh ye kind heavens! Belovèd of my heart!

ALADDIN (*embraces her.*)

Wilt thou still send me to thy kitchen, eh?

GULNARE.

Aladdin, my soul's joy!

ALADDIN.

Then kiss me, love!

GULNARE.

A thousand thousand times.

## ALADDIN.

My darling bride !

*(While they converse, the birds sing.)*

## CHORUS.

By a sudden parting blighted,  
On a sudden reunited ;  
Oh, of all joys 'tis most sweet,  
When long-parted lovers meet.

## MALE BIRD.

When last we came here, love,  
The tree was forsaken ;  
Not a sound met the ear, love,  
Its hush to awaken.  
The North's icy bolt  
Sped my pinions, and, panting,  
I sought this greenholt,  
This Eden enchanting.  
And thou, as I flew,  
Didst meet, and wert by me ;  
I swept on, nor knew  
Such a sweet mate was nigh me.  
My heart was so drear !  
And, in passionate longing,  
My voice rang out clear.  
Shepherd maidens came thronging  
To hear it ; and they,  
Unaccustomed to languish,  
Never wist that my lay  
Was the cry of my anguish.

## FEMALE BIRD.

Oh, I remember well the time !  
'Twas when from north to southern clime  
The birds with ringing music passed  
Of fife and flute in concourse vast.  
There many a race commingling flew—  
Teut, Longobard, and Cimbrian too.  
Goldwing sought wildly far and nigh,  
Because her mate she could not spy ;  
And as she did not find him there,  
She vanished suddenly in air.

She would not pause, she would not rest,  
 But flew and fluttered east and west,  
 And thought, He is not in the tree—  
 Alas! he'll ne'er be found by me!

HE.

And then it was I found thee, too!

SHE.

Oh, then our life, how blithe it flew!

BOTH.

The leaves of spring-time, greenly spread,  
 Became our second bridal bed.

CHORUS.

By a sudden parting blighted,  
 On a sudden reunited;  
 Oh, of all joys 'tis most sweet,  
 When long-parted lovers meet.

GULNARE.

Ah, my Aladdin! Vain thy hopes, I fear.  
 The lamp is still in the magician's hands.  
 He bears it with him, folded on his breast,  
 And never parts with it. How oft has he  
 Held it before my eyes in fiendish scorn,  
 How oft essayed to make me hate thee, sweet!  
 Whene'er he is at home, it is his wont  
 To load me with his hateful shows of love,  
 And try to win an answer to his passion.  
 Till now my grief and scorn have kept him off;  
 But oh, how long, my love, will this endure?

ALADDIN.

Rest thee at ease! The trustiest of thy maids  
 Shall by the secret entrance let me out.  
 The town, thou say'st, is distant scarce a league;  
 And with a powder I will straight return,  
 Shall be a swift death-warrant to the wretch.

Go deck thee in thy best, and let him think,  
 When he returns, thy heart begins to melt,  
 And that thou fain wouldst fascinate his eyes.  
 Farewell a little while, my own sweet love !  
 Chase every fear away, and trust to me !

GULNARE.

To thee restored, I cast all fear aside. [Exeunt.

CHORUS.

By a sudden parting blighted,  
 On a sudden reunited ;  
 Oh, of all joys 'tis most sweet,  
 When long-parted lovers meet.

APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

APOTHECARY. ALADDIN *in his old cloak.*

ALADDIN (*at the door*).

Oh bliss of blisses, to have found my love,  
 And 'scaped the clutches of impending death !  
 Yes, I shall hurl her tyrant from his throne.  
 The clear bright spring-time dances through my blood,  
 And all my boyhood's gamesomeness comes back.  
 See yonder silly druggist, how he stands  
 The picture of an overblown conceit !  
 Necessity commands me to employ  
 Fell poison's deadly chalice. Be it so !  
 But since 'tis stern necessity commands,  
 Since virtue needs must come to grips with vice,  
 Banter and whim, as music does in war,  
 Shall drown the wail and anguish of the fray. (*Enters.*)  
 Good friend, I'd wager me a trifle now,  
 You are the owner of this shop himself.

APOTHECARY.

And who may you be, pray, that crow so loud ?

ALADDIN.

I've just arrived from Alexandria.  
I clean the boots, or to be more precise,  
The slippers of a great philosopher.

APOTHECARY.

What want you ?

ALADDIN.

Friend, canst read ?

APOTHECARY.

Scarce were I else

A pharmacopolist.

ALADDIN.

Canst read, I mean,  
Words fairly out and out ? Apothecaries  
Never go farther in the common way,  
Than bare first syllables. That more than these  
Are never seen upon their boxes, friend,  
Has shortened many an honest fellow's days.

APOTHECARY.

And who are you, that in your rusty cloak  
Dare thus insult me with such saucy quips ?  
In my own shop I'll have fair words, I say.

ALADDIN.

Fair words, 'tis my vocation ; for my master  
Is a grammarian. Don't he teach me, friend,  
To trim and give a polish to my speech !  
But if you really can read, if all  
Your talk be not mere vapouring, and flam,  
Give me what's writ on this prescription here.

APOTHECARY

*(looking at the prescription).*

What do I see ? You want this powder, this ?

ALADDIN.

And that forthwith! Don't keep me waiting. Come!

APOTHECARY.

The foul fiend fly away with you, say I.

ALADDIN.

The first of hucksters thou, that ever sent  
A customer to the devil.

APOTHECARY.

No huckster I;

And you, you are no customer.

ALADDIN.

What, then,

May your vocation be? No huckster, eh?  
What are you, then?

APOTHECARY.

A leech of skill, an artist,  
A pharmacoplist, a man of science,  
A doctor, a mediciner at least.

ALADDIN.

And who am I?

APOTHECARY.

A miserable knave;  
Hast thou the money for such gear to pay?  
A drug so rare, and of such potency?  
What wouldst thou with it? It is poison. Wouldst thou  
Poison thyself?

ALADDIN.

Myself? No—other folks.

APOTHECARY.

How, other folks? Better and better still.  
Come with me to the Cadi.

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN.

Hark ye, friend !  
I have a word of counsel for your ear.

APOTHECARY.

Counsel for me ?

ALADDIN.

Always hear people out,  
Before you judge.

APOTHECARY.

You're bent on poisoning ?  
Did you not say as much ? If 'twere yourself,  
It would not matter much. But other folks—  
That was the word, and said without a blush !  
And pray, sir, who may these same others be ?  
A pretty scrape you'd land me in ! But whom  
Would you send post-haste to the realms of shades ?  
Whom ? Answer !

ALADDIN.

Flies.

APOTHECARY.

Flies ?

ALADDIN.

Wasps.

APOTHECARY.

Wasps ?

ALADDIN.

Gadflies ! Hm !

APOTHECARY.

Kill gadflies with a powder of such price ?

ALADDIN.

Tush, man, I'm better off than you suppose.



It will not put me very much about,  
To treat my flies to something savoury.

*(Gives him a gold coin.)*

APOTHECARY *(very courteously)*.

This puts the case in quite another light.

*(Aside.)* Outside the man is rather rough, no doubt ;  
But he's a proper fellow at the core.

*(Aloud.)* That's quite another matter. Ah, dear sir,  
You're not offended at my hasty words ?

One must be circumspect with things like these ;  
One's bound to have a kind of conscience, eh ?

ALADDIN.

Spoke like an oracle. But tell me, friend,  
Suppose I'd kill a fly now handsomely,  
How much of this will do the business ?

APOTHECARY.

That

Stands in a mathematical relation, sir,  
If one may say so, to the insect's size.  
Suppose it be, say, of the common sort,  
In sugared water drop the veriest grain,  
And you will slay them by the thousand, as  
With ass's jawbone Samson slew his foes.

*(Hands him the powder.)*

ALADDIN *(puts it in his pocket)*.

But how, pray, if the fly were of your size ?

APOTHECARY.

How ? My size ? There, you're at your quips again !  
You have some mischief in your thoughts, I swear.  
As big as me ? Almighty Prophet, why,  
The biggest horse-fly's not so big as that.

## ALADDIN.

You have a shrewd wit of your own, 'tis clear.  
 I do protest, 'tis flies I mean to kill :  
 But as they're lodged within a mortal's head,  
 I must convey the powder through his lips.

## APOTHECARY.

Now, by the Prophet's grave, I'll give the alarm !

## ALADDIN.

Indeed you won't. You've wit enough to see,  
 How easy 'twere for me to stop your mouth,  
 Should it grow clamorous, by a knockdown blow,  
 Or by this powder flirted down your throat.

## APOTHECARY.

A murrain on thee for a murderous knave !  
 Go ! kill whome'er you please, I care not,—go,  
 Kill flies, wasps, gadflies, gnats, philosophers,  
 Men and mosquitoes, anything you will,  
 So you but spare myself, my wife, and Hassan,  
 My little pet, my bandy-legged boy.

## ALADDIN.

Soh !—Fare ye well. 'Tis but a jest, you know,  
 A harmless jest,—no more. So be at ease. [*Exit.*]

APOTHECARY (*looking after him*).

Who knows now what a rogue like this may do ?  
 But he paid handsomely, and promptly too.  
 One must wink hard, and pocket many a slight,  
 Who would not lose his customers outright.

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## ALADDIN'S PALACE.

GULNARE. HER NURSE.

GULNARE.

Have you concealed Aladdin carefully?

NURSE.

Yes, yes! He's yonder in the cabinet,  
Which opens right on the great banquet hall.  
There he can overhear each word that's said,  
And at the proper time disclose himself.

GULNARE.

I scarce can draw my breath for very fear.

NURSE.

You must not take on so. Be merry, child!  
What matters it to kill a wretch like this?  
Courage, and let me see you pay him off,  
The lean and livid scarecrow, for the trick  
He played on you, through me, that luckless day.  
The table's spread in the great hall; and when  
He comes, you must to supper welcome him—  
The last, I hope, that he shall ever eat,  
So you but manage craftily to drug  
The golden goblet whence he quaffs his wine.

GULNARE.

Ah, Hadscha, 'tis a dark and desperate deed.

NURSE.

And what alternative is left thee? None.  
Wouldst have him spoil thee of thine honour, say?  
Wouldst see Aladdin fall in shameful death,  
And let thy poor old father die for grief?

GULNARE.

No, Hadscha, sooner shall the sorcerer die.

## NURSE.

And 'tis but right he should. From garden-plots  
 We root out weeds, wild beasts we hunt and kill ;  
 And why, then, make exception of a man,  
 Who has a free will and a reasoning soul ?  
 Fear not, and, mark me, do not spare the powder ;  
 In with it all, and shake the goblet well !  
 For, look ye, child, that he may not observe  
 The colour of the powder in the wine,  
 I've set large golden goblets on the table,  
 And shut the common ones of glass away.  
 The sorcerer will be all on fire with love,  
 When he beholds thee in this brave array.  
 Dear child, of all the women whom my eyes  
 Have looked on, thou art loveliest by far !  
 Good lack, my milk has thriven with thee indeed !  
 How charmingly the satin's glossy white  
 Clings round thy undulating form ! How close  
 The diamond boddice clips thy slender waist,  
 Which these twin dainty hills so sweetly crown !  
 My darling, if you only spice these charms  
 With just the smallest grain of tenderness,  
 You will so dazzle the magician's eyes,  
 He'll rush like any moth into the flame. [*They go in.*

## CABINET.

*Suits of dresses hung round the walls.*

## ALADDIN.

As lucky chance has led me unawares  
 To my own wardrobe, I will have my whim ;  
 (*rummages among the dresses.*)  
 Here it is, pat—yes, here the very dress,  
 Noureddin, when he played the uncle, gave me.  
 I'll put it on. Here is the turban, too.

A wondrous smart and showy piece of goods.

*(Puts on the dress.)*

I will appear before him in this garb,  
 When he has drained the goblet drugged with death,  
 That he thereon may call his sins to mind,  
 Nor end his life of worthlessness, without  
 Some stirrings of remorse. Oh mighty Allah!  
 Shall I succeed? The Moor with far less risk  
 Destroys the hooded snake, than I this fiend.  
 No deadlier evil can befall the world,  
 Than that the lamp should be a miscreant's slave.

*(Contemplates his ring.)*

Oh ring! Thou art my one sole comfort left.  
 How could he so forget thee utterly!  
 'Twas Heaven's own work, that still leaves some escape  
 For innocence, where wickedness pursues.  
 Shall I succeed? This doubt the ring shall solve.  
*(Strikes the ring against the wall.)*

THE SPIRIT OF THE RING *(appears)*.

What wants my lord and master?

ALADDIN.

Nothing! Hush!

Dear Spirit, nothing do I wish to know.  
 It was a foolish, inconsiderate fancy,  
 Which made me wish to ask thee of my fate.  
 All things are known to thee, and I desired  
 To know beforehand, how my plan will thrive.  
 But answer not, dear Spirit!—What is life,  
 If all be of necessity foredoomed?

SPIRIT.

That which I know not, will I not disclose.

ALADDIN.

Canst thou not, then, discover all events?

SPIRIT.

The past I can, and those in progress now.

ALADDIN.

Thou read'st not, then, the Future's mighty Book ?

SPIRIT.

Yes, for 'tis mirrored in the storied past.  
He that knows well the seed, and well the soil,  
The harvest's chances well can calculate.

ALADDIN.

Then speak ! What dost thou prophesy for me ?

SPIRIT.

Of what by Time and Space is uncontrolled,  
The sagest can but meagrely, at best,  
As in a dream, the mystery unfold.

Thou best wilt to the Lamp thy claim attest,  
If thou shalt wrest it from the impious hand,  
By which it is unworthily possessed.

Foes manifold thy purpose will withstand ;  
And, for thy guidance, I will now recal  
What Time hath rased out from thy memory's sand.

The Wondrous Lamp most commonly in small  
Proportions is to mortals doled, and slight ;  
For few, most few are they, possess it all.

Fortune, its outward sign, on few doth light ;  
Its inward, Soul, in only some hath place.  
Life's loftiest aim is reach'd, where both unite :

Blended, they bring serenity and grace ;  
For, wanting Fortune, Soul goes oft amiss ;  
And, wanting Soul, Fortune is but disgrace.

He only perfect for all issues is,  
Who, grappling with his foe, his foe subdues ;  
Then victory is felt as crowning bliss.

Full many a soul's unstrung in all its thews ;  
For those, who are not sealed by Allah's might,  
Are fit but with the vulgar herd to fuse.

Yet do the Ethiops wash themselves, and fight  
Against their Maker, Life, and Destiny,  
Because they are not, like their neighbours, white.

In powerless wrath they rise rebelliously,  
And wage with Nature war, because she gave  
Decree, that white they nevermore should be.

So do they mutiny, and storm, and rave;  
So the mere husk to be a kernel strains,  
And to be master he that's born a slave.

To this must Strength devote its wakeful pains;  
God hath for this Power to the Mighty lent,  
To keep the dastard and the weak in chains.

In divers courses are their strivings bent.  
The one unceasingly essays to pass,  
On clouds, up to the sun—a vain ascent;

The other, wallowing in his sins, alas!  
Would drag down every flower that shoots to heaven,  
To stifle with himself in the morass.

When thou against these twain hast boldly striven,  
Curbed the conceited fool's aspiring flight,  
Whose worship is to his own shadow given;—

When Guilt hath fallen before thy hero's might,  
And Baseness, which no purge can purify,  
And which in Cunning only finds delight;—

When through thy prowess both disabled lie;—  
Then songs to thee of triumph I will pour,  
Then shall the mist that now enwraps thee fly,  
And on thy pathway shine the Lamp once more!

### GREAT HALL.

GULNARE. NOUREDDIN (*at table*).

GULNARE.

This dish is better still—taste it, my lord.

NOUREDDIN

(*graciously after his fashion*).

No epicure am I, divine Gulnare.

Of all tidbits there's one, and only one,  
 I've ever coveted,—thee, thee, my sweet !  
 I am a sage, deep skilled in life and lore ;  
 All nature's book I've studied leaf by leaf :  
 Mine is a spirit subtle, brisk, and fine,  
 That spreads, like dew, o'er every blossoming flower.  
 Love, only love, I ne'er have known till now.  
 Feel how my heart beats ; new and strange delight !  
 How could you be unkind to me so long ?

## GULNARE.

You know, 'tis no light thing to conquer grief,  
 And take a new affection to the heart.

## NOUREDDIN.

I know, I know, my queen, I know it well ;  
 I know whatever mortal man can know.  
 By Nature I was framed for mighty ends ;  
 Gifts has she lent me, various and bright,  
 That are for wisdom most essential.  
 Thus, as a child, my memory was great,  
 And so it was that I was plagued with worms ;  
 I could not therefore play with other children—  
 Was peevish, sickly, sat apart, and learned  
 To run up calculations on my slate,  
 While other boys were scampering up and down,  
 Fighting, and gazing at the moon and flowers.  
 Well, when I grew up into years—that is,  
 Had fairly worn my childish buskins out ;  
 (For, in the common way of speaking, I  
 Did not shoot up remarkably in height ;)   
 You understand me ?

## GULNARE.

Quite ! In body you  
 Are rather small and lanky.



## NOUREDDIN.

To proceed !

As years went on, they fain had tempted me,  
 To go a-cruising after wives and maids ;  
 But I was much too well-behaved for that :  
 Besides, I had no liking for such freaks.  
 Then, for carousing with your madcap youths,  
 That, too, I fancied not ; for, firstly, I  
 Had a poor stomach, and wine heats the blood ;  
 Praised be the Prophet, who forbids it quite.  
 But still my wisdom ripened hour by hour,  
 Through many a wakeful night, to such a pass,  
 That I discovered there was in the world  
 A lamp, which with its rays doth vivify  
 All objects that within its radiance come,  
 And, wanting which, all else is valueless.  
 For this I struggled through unresting years,  
 And at the last I gained it, as thou know'st.

## GULNARE.

Indeed I do.

## NOUREDDIN.

Therefore, my love, will I  
 From this hour forth enjoy my life at ease.  
 Till now I've dealt but little with the sex,  
 For objects of an import greater far  
 Enthralled and fill'd my spirit with content.  
 In deep investigations all engrossed,  
 I have not learned the chamberer's dainty arts.  
 My tongue's unused to amorous discourse ;  
 And the long wakeful nights of many years  
 Have bleached away the roses from my cheeks.  
 Yet weak I am not. Of an evening, now,  
 I can enjoy a supper, such as this,  
 That's easy of digestion ; for, as I said,  
 My stomach's not the strongest. Men, like me

Who do not move about much, must observe  
Discretion and restraint in all they do.

GULNARE.

Oh paragon of wisdom !

NOUREDDIN.

My dear child,  
Wisdom directs and seasons all my speech ;  
And this is what you've not been used to—eh?—  
With yonder dull-brained, gormandizing knave.

GULNARE.

But to be merry now and then is well.

NOUREDDIN.

Oh yes ! In moderate doses—most minute.  
I hate all mirth, as I do spice, for that  
Inflames the blood, destroys digestion ;  
But if your mirth be of the stinging sort—  
A poisoned bolus, delicately dressed,  
For some conceited, tiresome fool to gulp,—  
I don't object to it ; but mere wanton mirth,  
I loathe it, as a full-grown man does pap.

GULNARE.

You like your jesting serious. I'm a woman,  
In matters of the kitchen only skilled ;  
But even in the kitchen, now and then,  
The pot boils over, when the fire's too fierce.  
The same, perhaps, may chance with wit at times.

NOUREDDIN.

Wit's wit, and not a pot ; your pot's absurd :  
Your boiling over will not do !

GULNARE.

I know,  
'Tis always bad ; yet will the dish be spoiled,  
Unless that point be very closely touched.

## NOUREDDIN.

My child, the world is not a kitchen, nor  
 The soul a dish : the simile don't fit,—  
 It has no philosophic pertinence ;  
 And, measured by the true poetic scale,  
 'Tis in vile taste, ignoble ; I can see,  
 'Tis altogether in the Arabian style.  
 Art thou a Persian, and canst condescend  
 To taint thy lips with such low metaphors ?

## GULNARE.

The metaphor, methinks, is striking.

## NOUREDDIN.

If

A rascal lays a cudgel on my shoulders,  
 He's striking, too. An image should be noble.  
 And, by the way, I do remember me,  
 To have read in some Arabian, how a king's—  
 Yea, a king's ghost, did thus address his son :  
 " Were I to tell thee all, oh, it would make  
 The hair upon thy head to stand on end,  
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine !"  
 Could not the knave have said, a lion's mane ?  
 Or even a hyena's ? or a serpent's crest ?  
 I see, thou lack'st some training at my hand.

## GULNARE.

Most willingly will I be trained by thee.  
 This tiny morsel more ?

## NOUREDDIN.

My angel, no !  
 If I eat more, I shall not sleep ; and all  
 My life I've set great store on good night's rest.

## GULNARE.

Ah, it grows late ! How dark the sky is !—look !  
 And oh, so full of stars !

NOUREDDIN.

By night alone  
Do these stars shine ; but thou, my child, hast two,  
Which sweetly shine on me both day and night.

GULNARE.

You flatter me.

NOUREDDIN.

There is a time for all things,  
Says Solomon. I am a suitor now ;  
But once I am thy husband, I will cease  
To deal in such-like tropes and similes,  
Which are but idle folly after all.  
I only speak so now, that thou may'st know,  
I am as capable, as other men,  
Of saying pretty nothings, if I please.

GULNARE.

Know'st thou the name of yonder fiery star ?

NOUREDDIN.

Ah, now-a-days I cannot see so well.  
Study has made sad havoc with my sight.  
But patience ! I will fortify my eye.  
Where was it ? Tell me. Which star do you mean ?

GULNARE.

The red one there, right o'er the apple-tree.

*[While NOUREDDIN looks at the star through his telescope, GULNARE drops the poisonous powder into her goblet.]*

*(Aside.)* Necessity, be thou my plea with Heaven !

NOUREDDIN.

Dost thou not know the dog-star, child ? Art thou  
Entirely ignorant about the stars ?

GULNARE.

It gladdens me to see them twinkling so,  
 Like choicest flowers in some rare garden-plot :  
 Their piercing looks deter man's soul from crime,  
 To which the murky night would urge him on,  
 And threaten him, if he sins, with eyes of flame.

NOUREDDIN.

Mere superstition ! What I meant was this :  
 Doth it not fill thee with delight, to know  
 The name of every star, and to foretel  
 Where in the sky, when night comes, it will shine ?

GULNARE.

No, such a notion never crossed my brain.  
 And is it true, then, all these stars have names ?

NOUREDDIN.

Most part of them, my child, most part of them.  
 The Milky Way, though, that's unnamed ; but there  
 Allah has made sad muddled work of it.  
 But time mends all, and we improve apace.

GULNARE.

And so the star up yonder is the dog-star ?

NOUREDDIN.

Yes, and that is my star ; beneath that star  
 Was I brought forth.

GULNARE.

You do not say so ? Strange !  
 I've heard it said, the stars have influence  
 Upon the lives of mortals. Is that true ?

NOUREDDIN.

Hum ! One can't altogether say 'tis not.

## GULNARE.

Most wonderful ! But what am I about,  
Here, like a fool, concerning me with things,  
I do not comprehend the very least ?

## NOUREDDIN.

Speak always, child, as sensibly, 'twill make thee  
A great deal more attractive in my eyes,  
Than hitherto thou hast been.

## GULNARE.

Oh, my lord,

Since matters have advanced so far between us,  
I will no longer coyly hesitate,  
After our Persian fashion, to exchange  
The spousal cup with thee. But, gracious Heaven,  
I am no widow, no ; my husband lives,  
And how, how can I break my troth to him ?

## NOUREDDIN.

To ease these qualms of conscience, I will straight  
Command the Spirit of the Lamp to cut  
Aladdin's head off, and to bring it here  
Upon a silver salver presently.

## GULNARE.

For Heaven's sake, no ! Do that, and here I vow,  
Down at thy feet to fall, a lifeless corpse.

## NOUREDDIN.

Thou lovest him still ?

## GULNARE.

Ah no, I don't indeed.

## NOUREDDIN.

Thou lovest him still ? Ha, traitress, 'tis right well,  
Thou hast recalled the caitiff to my mind !

Yes, he shall die at once ; for, while he lives,  
Thy thoughts are full of treachery to me.

GULNARE

*(snatching up a knife from the table).*

By Heaven, I plunge this knife into my breast,  
The moment that your finger grasps the lamp !

NOUREDDIN.

*(Aside.)* She loves him ; he shall die this very night.  
But she shall live ; I will possess her ; thus  
Upon that churl shall I be oft avenged.

*(Aloud.)* Thou lovest me, then ?

GULNARE.

So fondly, I exchange  
This cup with thee in token of my love.

NOUREDDIN.

That's spoken as it should be, sweet Gulnare !  
This loving goblet drained, then thou art mine ;  
I shall possess thee wholly, and to-night.

GULNARE.

This night shalt thou beside thy bride be laid,  
So thou shalt quaff this cup.

NOUREDDIN.

I quaff it now ;  
The last drop in its rim shall seal the bond.

*(Empties the goblet, while GULNARE, clasping her  
hands, looks up to heaven.*

Why dost thou stare so strangely at the sky ?

GULNARE.

The red dog-star has lost his sanguine hue,  
Shines silvery pale, and dies away in mist.

NOUREDDIN.

Gulnare, I'm ill—I feel a sudden spasm.

GULNARE.

The pale-faced bride doth clasp thee to her breast.

NOUREDDIN.

I've lost the power of motion ; all grows dark  
Around me, and a fierce consuming fire  
Burns in my vitals !

*(The door opens gently ; ALADDIN enters, goes up to  
him, and gazes on him in silence.)*

Death and hell ! Thou here !

Aladdin ? *(tries to take the lamp from his bosom, but  
his hand drops powerless.)*

Devil ! thou hast poisoned me !

ALADDIN

*(with emotion, yet calmly).*

What else was left for me to do ? Oh, pray  
To God—ay, with your latest breath—to grant  
Forgiveness for your sins. You wronged me deeply.  
What was I but a poor defenceless boy,  
Nought but my young fresh life to call mine own  
In all this mighty world ? And this wouldst thou  
Have blasted for thy vile ambition's sake.  
But Fate had better things in store for me ;  
The mischief thou didst plot against me, lo,  
Has turned to my advantage. Yet again  
To crush my life thou craftily didst come.  
My mother's dead of grief, and thou the cause—  
And now thou'dst blur my innocent bride with shame.  
'Tis everlasting Justice, and not I,  
That smites thee. Pray ! Die penitent, at least !

NOUREDDIN.

Curses on thee, thy God, and all the world ! *(Dies.)*



GULNARE.

Great Heaven, he's dead !

ALADDIN

*(takes the lamp from his breast, and flings a black cloth over him).*

And vanished out of sight.

My noble wife, away now to thy chamber,  
And thank God for the mercies of His grace !  
Soon shalt thou see thy father's face again.  
But get thee first to bed, and sleep in peace.

GULNARE.

Sleep now ? Sleep, oh my soul's beloved ! No !  
Yet gladly will I pray all through the night,  
Till the bright dawn shall smile on us once more. [*Exit.*

(ALADDIN rubs the lamp.)

THE SPIRIT (*appearing*).

What asks my lord and master ?

ALADDIN.

Giant, strong and proud,  
Within the womb of earth this ghastly carcase shroud ;  
Next, approve thyself both dexterous and bold,  
And place this palace where it wont to stand of old.

SPIRIT.

As swiftly shall I compass all that thou dost name,  
As shoots across the night a meteor's sudden flame.

ALADDIN.

Thou didst not think, good Spirit, so soon to see the hour,  
Which was to set thee free from yonder caitiff's power ?

SPIRIT.

I seldom think. By Might Eternal I was wrought,  
In silence to fulfil my lord and master's thought.

[*Vanishes.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT FOURTH.

## THE SULTAN'S BEDCHAMBER.

SOLIMAN *asleep under a canopy. Enter the COURT FOOL, with a plaster on his forehead. He goes up to the bed and shakes the Sultan.*

FOOL.

Ho, Sultan, Sultan! king of kings! What, ho!  
 Hast thou not taken upon thyself the task,  
 The giant's task, of watching for the realm?  
 Is it lawful, then, thus to go dozing on  
 Until high noon? For shame, your Highness, shame!

SOLIMAN (*waking*).

What would the fool?

FOOL.

Would? Wake the wise man. There!

SOLIMAN.

Is it so late?

FOOL.

So late, it soon will be  
 Too early. There is comfort to your hand.

SOLIMAN.

How came you by that plaster on your head?

FOOL.

My liege, I come for justice.

SOLIMAN.

What has happened ?

FOOL.

Oh mighty monarch, thou, whose crest doth tower  
O'er Caucasus—yea, even o'er Ararat,  
Which, some geographers protest, is higher,  
Because 'twas there that Noah's ark stuck fast ;  
Thou, that dost stretch thy right hand to the Ganges,  
And to the Black Sea putttest forth thy left ;  
Oh thou, whose foot, so nobly broad and firm,  
Toucheth the hidden treasures of the earth ;  
Thou, whose eye lives on most familiar terms  
With stars and planets,—hear thy servant's cry,  
And grant him justice !

SOLIMAN.

Who has done thee wrong ?

FOOL.

Cursed be all piles of such capricious moods,  
Which at their pleasure come and disappear.  
Are we to change the notions that, till now,  
We've entertained of houses, palaces ?  
Are they immoveable property no longer,  
But changed to simple moveables ? The deuce !  
This is directly contrary to law.

SOLIMAN.

Speak plainly.

FOOL.

I am a poor fool, my liege,  
But not the wisest man in all the land—  
No, not thyself in thy most royal person,  
Could ward off such catastrophe as this.

SOLIMAN.

Speak, or beware my wrath !

FOOL.

Well, speak I do.

I am a bird, thou art an elephant ;  
 A poor sheep I, and thou a lordly stag !  
 So push thy royal nightcap off thine ears,  
 And summon all thy powers of comprehension !  
 This morning forth I started for a walk,  
 To exercise my limbs, and glad my soul  
 With looking at the sunrise ;—the red streaks  
 Across the saffron hemisphere of sky  
 Resembled most uncommonly the blood,  
 Which, for your royal health, was yesterday  
 Breathed from your Highness' arm.

SOLIMAN.

Good God in heaven !

What strange comparisons the fellow makes !

FOOL.

This is the very quintessence of flattery !  
 Another man would, in some bungling way,  
 Thy blood have likened to the glorious sun ;  
 But I can see no aptitude in that,  
 And therefore to thy blood compare the sun.

SOLIMAN.

Say on, or I'll compare it with thine own.

FOOL.

From natural historians thou hast learned,  
 That eyes grow blind with gazing at the sun :  
 Well, then, as I, delighted with the blaze  
 Of his fair glittering ball, began to muse,  
 How all things hang together in the world,  
 I started off full swing, quite pleased to think

The universe had let itself be caulked  
 So thoroughly, without remonstrance. Well !  
 On I went running, sire, in full career ;  
 And in the Grand Square there was nought, I knew—  
 At least I thought so—to impede my course !  
 But, as it proved, this notion cost me dear,  
 For, lo ! before I could collect my wits,  
 Bump something came, my liege, with such a bang  
 Against my pate, that, were a Greek to see me,  
 He would suppose me Jupiter himself,  
 With Pallas ready from my brain to start.

SOLIMAN.

What was it you had run against ?

FOOL.

There, now,  
 What should it be, but that same madcap palace,  
 Which comes and goes without a "By your leave,"  
 Upon the spur of its capricious whims ?

SOLIMAN.

Aladdin's Palace ? Oh, great Heaven ! My daughter !  
 Is she there, too ?

FOOL.

That's what I cannot say ;  
 For it was not on her, alas ! I bump'd.  
 But here's a roll of parchment, good my liege,  
 The porter gave me for your royal hands.

SOLIMAN.

Read, read, good fool, aloud, and spare your jests.

FOOL (*reads*).

*"Praise be to God alone! The land of the King of Kings, the Imperial Sovereignty, and the Realm, as it is exalted above all others in excellence, so may God cause it to flourish for ever!"*

I do protest, this is no jest of mine ;  
'Tis here, in black and white, upon the scroll.

SOLIMAN.

Go to ! 'Tis sensibly and soundly put ;  
'Tis thus all letters sent to me begin.  
Proceed, proceed ! This is preamble merely !

FOOL (*reads*).

*"The meanest of your subjects, who is even as a great gnat fluttering in the air, Aladdin, Mustapha's son, announces to his most high and mighty Master, great as Solomon, the Shadow of the Almighty, the Ruler of the Merciful, the Dispenser of Persia's Benefits, the Lord of the Earth, Soliman, Sultan !"*

(*Wipes the sweat from his forehead.*)

Why, now a murrain on this chancery style !  
The man's all plain enough, as he goes on.

SOLIMAN.

This must be so ; my dignity requires it.  
It is not every man dare prate to me  
In such a free and easy style as thou.  
But on, knave, on ; all this is still preamble.

FOOL (*reads*).

*"As the favour of the Eternal God came to your faithful servant, and left him alike incomprehensibly, so has it been shown to him once more. The palace before your eyes upon the old spot may serve as a sufficient evidence of this. So soon as thy slave, to whom thy grace and goodness vouchsafed thine own daughter to wife, hath returned with her from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and they have shaken from their souls the dust caught up upon the journey of life, he will cast himself at thy feet with a lightened heart, and restore the daughter to her father's arms.*

*"The Star of Dominion and Majesty illumine thee evermore with its lustre and resplendence !"*

SOLIMAN.

How ! Is it true ? Is all this in the letter ?

FOOL.

Now, could I match this high poetic style ?

SOLIMAN.

Oh, help me, then, this instant out of bed,  
And let me see and judge with my own eyes.

FOOL.

Surely thou see'st this plaster on my pate!

SOLIMAN.

Delay another second, and thou diest!

FOOL.

And if I don't delay, my foolish life  
Is equally at stake. What would my liege?

SOLIMAN.

Help me this instant to get out of bed.

FOOL.

Come, then, old gentleman, accept my help.  
Thou waxest frail apace. Here is thy robe!  
Wilt doff thy nightcap and put on the crown?  
Crowns are in general soft and warmly lined,  
And predispose to comfortable sleep.  
Thy sceptre, where has it gone wandering?  
Fallen down, we shan't say where, beneath the bed,  
And drenched, by all that's ammoniacal!  
No matter—it is gold, and will not rust.

SOLIMAN.

Oh, gracious heavens! Gulnare! My child, my child!  
*[Exit, followed by the Fool.]*

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## ANOTHER APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

*The Fool, surrounded by retainers of the Court.*

FIRST COURTIER.

Good gentle fool, and is it really true?  
And is the palace actually come back?

FOOL.

You see it there!

FIRST COURTIER.

Oh yes, no doubt I see it.  
But, now-a-days, what man can trust his eyes?

FOOL.

Wouldst thou prefer to trust another's, hey?

FIRST COURTIER.

Four eyes see more than two.

FOOL.

Then hie thee, friend,  
And of a spider question; it has eight.

ANOTHER COURTIER (*running in*).

Sir Fool, 'tis something quite miraculous!  
All back again? What is a man to think?

FOOL.

He is to be well-bred, and hold his peace;  
He's not to try to comprehend the things,  
Which are not to be comprehended; he  
Is not to fill with cries and idle prate  
The palace of his Majesty, as though  
It were an hospital of aged crones.  
He is, though, to betake him to his room,  
To be a man, and be of hopeful cheer.



COURTIER.

How can one be a man of hopeful cheer ?

FOOL.

That's for your wisdoms, gentlemen, to solve.

[*Exeunt* COURTIERS.]

AN OLD SERVANT OF THE COURT (*entering*).

Friend, hast thou seen it ?

FOOL.

Ay, and been rejoiced.

SERVANT.

Aladdin, friend, is fortune's favourite child,  
 And he deserves to be so. What a world  
 Of rich warm life is centred in that man !  
 All a child's grace with manhood's vigour blended,  
 Gracious and loving as he's proud and brave.

FOOL.

I grew so doleful after his mishap.  
 My part became mere child's play then ; for misery,  
 Storm, and disaster always lead to wit ;  
 Therefore there's none so witty as the devil.  
 I like to jest from gamesome wantonness ;  
 Yet do I find my task grow burdensome,  
 When all around are busy, gay and strong.  
 The Sultan grows too feeble and good-natured.  
 Were he but splenetic, my quips and gibes  
 Might do the office of a shield, at least,  
 Against severity or hasty wrong.  
 But he is not ; and all my pointed saws  
 Are lost upon him. Once Aladdin comes,  
 I'll not be such a fool as be his fool.

SERVANT.

Your task must always grow a bore at last.

One can't be always in the mood for jest,  
 And irksome is the fool's vocation,—his  
 Especially, who's not a born buffoon,  
 And who has pride, as thou hast, and a heart  
 To nobler issues touched. Genius may stoop  
 To play the wag and zany for a while;  
 But soon the eagle finds the moorland dull,  
 Feels all his pinions' strength, and soars away.

## FOOL.

A true word hast thou spoken, friend, in that.

[*Exeunt.*]

## MECCA.

*A great Square; in the background, the Mosque. A vast concourse of Pilgrims, Dervishes, Abdallahs, and Calenders; in the foreground, ALADDIN and GULNARE, attired as pilgrims, with staves in their hands.*

## GULNARE.

What mighty multitudes are gathered here!

## ALADDIN.

And all, my love, are here to edify  
 Themselves, and not for gain or selfish ends.  
 The world's pervading soul, humanity,  
 Has summoned them. Is't not a blessed thing,  
 Thus with commingling hearts to worship God?

## GULNARE.

Oh glorious! The multitude's full voice  
 Strengthens the heart and spirit; and man feels,  
 Borne on the swelling cadence of the hymn,  
 Himself a link in the eternal whole.

## ALADDIN.

Life needs its days of rest, as well as work.  
The man, who squanders all his days on toil,  
Is but a clod of dull and soulless clay.

## GULNARE.

Oh, look, love, at the young man standing there,  
Neither as pilgrim nor as dervish dress'd,  
Nor as a Calender nor Abdallah !

## ALADDIN.

Where, sweetest wife ?

## GULNARE.

Dost thou not see him, then ?  
Yonder !—his under garment all of white,  
Open at the throat, and with full hanging sleeves ;  
Whilst his close-fitting gaberdine has none.  
A high cap, not a turban, crowns his head.  
He wears a pocket fastened at his waist,  
And in it paper, inkhorn, and some books ;  
And a light kerchief, gay with woven flowers,  
From his right shoulder droops to his left arm.

## ALADDIN.

I see him now—'tis an Arabian poet.

## GULNARE.

Now he sits down ; and see, they fetch a lute.

## ALADDIN.

Come, love ! We, too, shall listen to his lay.  
Who does not love the poet's art divine ?  
The rocks themselves, in echoings low, declare  
How sweet to them is song. The rose expands  
Her bosom to the bulbul's throbbing note,  
The camel foots it lightly through the vale,

Soon as the fluting of the guide begins ;  
 Shall man, then, man, who bears a reasoning soul,  
 Not find enjoyment in the poet's song ?  
 Then were he harder than the insensate stones.

### THE MINSTREL

*(strikes a few chords: the crowd form a wide circle round him. When all is quiet, he sings as follows.)*

Ye gathered tribes, ye pious pilgrim throng,  
 For you the minstrel's lute awakes its strain.  
 Gladly will I proclaim to you in song  
 The legend old, that fires my heart and brain.  
 Rooting the sins up which have scathed him long,  
 Each man becomes a new-born child again,  
 Here by the sacred stone, the patriarch trod,  
 Here by the vaulted fane, the Prophet reared to God.

All this world's chances vanish swift from sight,  
 The mightiest deed grows in the distance small ;  
 Even Heaven's great message finds but brief respite  
 In aged books, or stones memorial.  
 That it be lost not in oblivion quite,  
 'Tis meet the legend oftentimes to recal :  
 Even into death to breathe a living fire,  
 God made the bard, and dowered him with the lyre.

From Egypt's plains, in ages long gone by,  
 Forth wandered Abraham of Assar's race ;  
 With him went faithful Sarah, and with high  
 And hopeful hearts Arabia's sands they trace.  
 When distant Ararat they did espy,  
 Soon found the patriarch an abiding place :  
 Viewing that region's sons, bold, frank, upright,  
 Nile's slavish hordes were soon forgotten quite.

Then as his wife no more could bring him joy,  
 For all her youth and bloom were long decayed,  
 Went Abraham and begot a lusty boy  
 Upon a beautiful Arabian maid.  
 Hagar perforce was circumspect and coy,  
 For she was Sarah's handmaid, and afraid :  
 All turned against her, and, in sore distress,  
 Forth she was driven into the wilderness.

With anguish racked, the patriarch searched the land,  
 And lifted up his voice from east to west.  
 At length he found her laid upon the sand,  
 Her little boy clasped tightly to her breast;  
 While she, with glazing eye and outstretched hand,  
 Did for the water pant, that wildly pressed  
 Forth where the child's foot from the ground had crushed  
 Water, where water ne'er till then had gushed.

And now that Hagar of the stream might taste,  
 Which all a-foam burst fiercely from the ground,  
 The patriarch made it wimple through the waste  
 Of desert sand with soft and tinkling sound.  
 Then all her sorrows from her heart were chased,  
 And they praised God, whose mercies they had found;  
 Then next they dipped the boy-child in the well,  
 And named him by the name of Ismael.

Ye sons of Ismael, hence comes the power,  
 Which chains you to these wastes with spell-like band;  
 That which can nurture scarce one little flower  
 The horseman proudly calls his fatherland.  
 Your founder's name is wafted, hour by hour,  
 Where'er by breeze the cedars tall are fanned;  
 The world in awe reveres the hero's name,  
 And o'er the waste his spirit sweeps in flame.

Soon after, in a dream, by Abraham's bed,  
 And smiling as he gazed, stood Gabriel.  
 "God's grace has marked thee out to build," he said,  
 "A house for Him hard by yon distant well,  
 Which was the font, miraculously fed,  
 For thy first-born, the little Ismael.  
 There boldly rear a high and vaulted fane,  
 And with the blood of bulls its altars stain."

Down on his knees fell Abraham. "Ah me!  
 How, how shall I," he cried, "a temple rear,  
 Where restless sands whirl everlastingly,  
 Where stone is none, nor any rock is near?"  
 "By faith that temple builded up shall be,"  
 Said Gabriel, and he touched the patriarch's ear  
 With his bright lily stem; "thy faith! Then grand,  
 And based on rock that temple firm shall stand."

And straight from Ararat's far peak, where you  
 By Allah's dread command have gone to pray,  
 At dawn, as cleft by bolts of thunder through,  
 The snow-white marble blocks were rent away,

And crashing down into the vale they flew :  
 No longer now was doubting or dismay.  
 The patriarch took the rifted marble fine,  
 And there to Allah rear'd the sacred shrine.

Now one huge stone was thrown unheeded by ;  
 'Twas fine, but black, whilst all the rest were white.  
 "Ah, woe is me !" it cried, " that only I  
 Am deemed unworthy to show Allah's might !"  
 The God of heaven took pity on its cry,  
 And gave command to Abraham, who that night  
 Did with his feet stamp on the stone, I wis,  
 The mark, which pilgrims still devoutly kiss.

And oh to think, in what a wondrous way  
 God links on earth what most he makes his own !  
 Where Ismael was born on that far day,  
 The Prophet too was born, as well is known.  
 That ancient shrine, fast crumbling to decay,  
 Forlorn, unheeded, all with weeds o'ergrown,  
 Is reared anew, and never more to wane,  
 For 'tis imbedded in the Prophet's fane.

Oh, yet once more into that temple wend,  
 With branching palms and anthems chaunted high ;  
 Then, Gabriel, thou wilt there from heaven descend,  
 Robed in the radiance of the morning sky,  
 If we in brotherly communion blend,  
 Our love to God the Lord to testify.  
 On, Sons of Ismael, then, nor e'er forget  
 There is but one God—his prophet Mahomet !

*(He rises and goes into the mosque ; the crowd  
 repeat with a loud voice the concluding stanza of  
 his chaunt, and follow him).*

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## ANOTHER PLACE IN MECCA.

HINDBAD *and* FATIMA, *an aged woman in a pilgrim's garb.*

HINDBAD.

Allah be with thee !

FATIMA.

And with thee, good pilgrim !

HINDBAD.

Good is a title which I may not claim,  
Thou holy woman, in thy company.

FATIMA.

Allah is holy, and the prophet holy ;  
I am a frail and sinful woman, friend.

HINDBAD.

I know well what thou art. The fame of saints  
Spreads, like the liberal sunshine, wide and far,  
And lures the sons of darkness forth to warm  
Their blood's thick current in the radiant glow.

FATIMA.

Whence comest thou ?

HINDBAD.

I am from Africa.  
Yet though between us lay the streams of Nile,  
The Red Sea, and Arabia's desert sands,  
The glory of thy name hath reached my ears.

FATIMA.

I must attribute this to chance alone.

HINDBAD.

Thy home's in Persia, is it not ?

FATIMA.

It is.

In the great forest, hard by Ispahan,  
Where peasants kind have built a hut for me.

HINDBAD.

And daily to thy hermitage repair,  
To reap instruction, comfort, wisdom, strength,  
From thy discourse. I have been told, besides,  
The Prophet hath endowed thee with the power  
To heal the sick, by merely with thy hand  
Touching the head of such as need thy aid.

FATIMA.

The powers of nature, friend, are fathomless,—  
Still more the goodness of the Eternal Father.  
A poor weak woman I ; yet I fear God :  
To do his pleasure is my life's sole aim.  
When man for years has rendered up himself,  
To drift where'er his yeasty passions flow,  
With him earth's baser things grow paramount ;  
The head, which should erect itself to heaven,  
Drops, weighted down by sin, its craven front.  
But if, alarmed by conscience' warning voice,  
His heart, repentant, turns to virtue back,  
Then, then, indeed, a loving human hand  
Can smooth away the wrinkles from his brow,  
And by its pressure give his spirit ease.

HINDBAD.

Is't true, that Prince Aladdin and his bride  
Are 'mongst the pilgrims here in Mecca now ?



FATIMA.

He and his bride were here but yesterday,  
But left this morning with the caravan.

HINDBAD (*with visible disquietude*).

What! is he gone?

FATIMA.

Why should this trouble you?

HINDBAD.

I am from Africa, as thou hast heard.  
I wished to speak with him—we had, besides,  
Much urgent business to transact. I am  
A merchant, and he owes me certain monies.  
Now he's gone back again, and 'tis, you know,  
A weary way from Persia to Mecca.

FATIMA.

My friend, thou rather shouldst give Allah thanks,  
That things have so fallen out. The Prophet's city  
Is destined only as a rendezvous  
For pious pilgrims; 'tis no khan, no mart.

HINDBAD.

Rebuke well merited; forgive me, pray!  
Ay, thus it is, the vanities of the world  
Hold us, despite our will, within their thrall.  
I thank thee; thou hast made me see my sin.  
I will beguile the time with holy thoughts,  
And with the earliest caravan depart  
For Persia. Perhaps we go together?

FATIMA.

No, friend, I go not with the caravan.  
I make the journey tardily on foot;  
It is a fancy that I have. I've gone

The road repeatedly ; it does me good.  
 Somehow, I feel this journey is my last.  
 Depart thou with the caravan in peace !  
 I will set out to-morrow with the dawn.  
 But if, when thou to Ispahan shalt come,  
 Thou carest to visit me in my poor cot,  
 Thou'lt find me there beneath my forest shades,  
 And of my milk and fruits thou shalt partake.

HINDBAD.

I thank thee ; may all happiness attend thee !

FATIMA.

The pilgrimage to God is always happy. (*They part.*)

### ARABIAN DESERT.

*Night ; nothing but sand and sky ; the moon in mid  
 heaven.*

### CARAVAN

*(passes slowly across ; singing).*

Through the noontide's glare, along the desert sand,  
 Home we travel cheerly to our fatherland,  
 Bearing back a treasure priceless—peace of heart—  
 Peace and hope, that never from our eyes shall part.  
 Allah, guide thy faithful pilgrims as they go ;  
 Give our camels vigour, crystal fountains show !  
 Sweetly falls the dew, the sultry day is fled,  
 Cool is now the ground beneath our camels' tread :  
 Everywhere is sand and sky. Oh, lovely night !  
 On us from afar the crescent moon smiles bright.  
 With what wondrous radiance through the cooling dew  
 Beams the Prophet's symbol from the welkin blue !  
 Onward, then, push on, with lusty hearts and gay !  
 To our home Mohammed's moon shall light our way !

*(Passes on.)*

## A WILD FOREST IN PERSIA.

*Night. In the foreground a heap of stones, in the background FATIMA'S cottage.*

## HINDBAD.

Out on this plaguy hut! where can it be?  
 Perhaps I may have passed it—who can tell?  
 How is a man to know a nest of twigs,  
 Covered with moss, from other underwood?  
 I have gone ranging through nigh half the wood,  
 And now the night has overta'en me. This  
 Must be the place, by all that I have heard.  
 How tired I am! Ha, there's a heap of stones;  
 I'll rest me there. (*Sits down.*) The lamp! Have it  
 I must.

This aged beldam has a great renown;  
 Gulnare has long been eager for her friendship.  
 I will attach me to the pious crone,  
 Become her pupil—yea, her famulus;  
 And so, by feigning piety, ensure  
 An entrance to the wondrous palace. Thus  
 I soon shall gain the lamp, and so avenge  
 My brother's death. That's just and equitable.  
 How come these stones, now, to be lying here?  
 They look as if set up with some intent.  
 There's one large block, right in the centre there;  
 And, as I live, words graven upon it, too!  
 Let me peruse the verses. What a plague,  
 Yon bank of clouds should lie athwart the moon!

*(The moon breaks out, the owls hoot far off in the wood, and he reads)*

“Noureddin's corpse lies rotting here;  
 In murder closed his dark career.  
 Through guilty deeds he thought to climb;  
 Behold the end of all his crime!”

*(Starts back in terror, and stands gazing fixedly at the heap of stones.)*

Was I, then, sitting on my brother's grave?  
His grave? And should I not avenge his death?  
This comes to whet my purpose, not to warn.

*(Looks round, and suddenly descries FATIMA'S  
cottage.)*

There is the cottage, surely? Close at hand!  
The wizard veil is lifted from mine eyes;  
I'll get me in. This aged crone shall aid me—  
Ay, though at forfeit of her life, she shall.

*(Is about to enter. Suddenly the figure of a man,  
ashy pale, in a blood-red dress, appears before the  
door, and bars his entrance.)*

HINDBAD.

Ha, who art thou?

SPIRIT *(with a hollow voice).*

Away, away, away!

HINDBAD.

Who art thou, darrest to bar my passage thus?  
Who art thou? Answer me!

SPIRIT.

Thy brother's spirit.

HINDBAD.

Noureddin, thou?

SPIRIT.

His spirit. My bones lie there.

*(Points to the heap of stones.)*

HINDBAD.

How comest thou in this garb of fiery red?

SPIRIT *(sighs).*

Alas! alas!

HINDBAD.

What means that sigh? And why  
Shinest thou like lurid flame against the dark?

SPIRIT.

Oh! oh!

HINDBAD.

Answer me!

SPIRIT.

Oh! oh!

HINDBAD.

Answer, I say!

SPIRIT.

The red—which burneth here—so ghastily!  
Is——

HINDBAD.

Well, what is it?

SPIRIT.

Is the fire of hell!

*(Vanishes. HINDBAD sinks upon the heap of stones in a swoon. When he recovers, he looks round him, and descries an old venerable man by his side, in a black gaberdine, smoking a short tobacco-pipe, which gives out great puffs of smoke.)*

HINDBAD *(springs up)*.

Ha, here again? And black as cinders now?  
Burnt out already, eh?

THE OLD MAN *(with a soft, gracious voice)*.

My worthy friend,  
What may all this fantastic foolery mean?  
I live hard by, and, as I passed along,

I heard you talking to yourself aloud  
 In a strange fashion : of a lamp you spoke,  
 That could accomplish wonders, which had been  
 Stolen from you, and you wanted to regain.  
 You thought you saw a spirit, and fell down  
 Upon the heap of stones there in a swoon.  
 Are you come off a journey ?

HINDBAD.

Yes, I am.

THE OLD MAN.

It very often happens, at such times,  
 One's wits get out of order. But take heart !  
 You don't look weakly—quite the contrary ;  
 This is a passing spasm—no more—and you  
 Bear an undaunted spirit, I'll be bound.

HINDBAD.

There you are right. I very rarely dream,  
 Am no ways superstitious, see no spirits  
 At other times. But now ! He stood there, there !

THE OLD MAN (*smiling*).

'Twas only in your head he stood, good sir !  
 Had anything been standing there, of course  
 I must have seen it also, as I passed !

HINDBAD.

Then you saw nothing ?

THE OLD MAN.

Nothing but yourself,  
 A wandering pilgrim, talking to the trees.

HINDBAD.

By Heaven, I too believe it was a dream.

THE OLD MAN (*uneasily*).

You should not swear ! Don't name that name to me  
 I cannot bear it. For the rest, be calm !  
 That you should wish to have your lamp again,  
 Appears but fair ; 'tis your inheritance.  
 I've heard all sorts of tales about that lamp,  
 And how Aladdin oft misuses it.  
 We suffer from it all, we Persians here ;  
 And I should be quite overjoy'd, could you  
 But clip that upstart's wings.

## HINDBAD.

Ay, ay ; but how ?

## THE OLD MAN.

That is the question ; for that plan of yours  
 (I heard you mention it some minutes since)  
 Will never do. She's a long-headed woman,  
 And, trust me, would discover at a glance  
 What you were after, hide it how you might.  
 No, no, that scheme is much too shallow—much !

## HINDBAD.

Were you in my place, now, what would you do ?

## THE OLD MAN.

Brush the old woman fairly from my path—  
 Be Fatima myself.

## HINDBAD.

But how ?

## THE OLD MAN.

I know,

The princess wishes to converse with her ;  
 But she has never seen her ; neither have  
 The people very plainly, for she is  
 Always enveloped in a close thick veil.

If I were in your place, I'd very soon  
Effect an entrance to the palace.

HINDBAD.

How?

THE OLD MAN.

Your face and figure, sir, are plastic ; you  
Can counterfeit most rarely, I am sure.

HINDBAD.

And if I can ?

THE OLD MAN.

Why, then, good sir, you must  
Enact the part of Fatima.

HINDBAD.

And she ?

THE OLD MAN.

Oh, she is—old—and surfeited with life !  
I hope, my excellent friend, tobacco-smoke  
Is not unpleasant, very, to you—eh ?  
I am a sturdy smoker.

HINDBAD.

Smoke away !

THE OLD MAN

*(smokes vehemently, and puffs fire from the pipe every  
now and then).*

Well, she is old, and looking on for death.  
But death comes tardily with aches and pains.  
It would be doing her a kindness, quite,  
Should you forestall her pains, and gratify  
The wish at once which she has cherished long.

HINDBAD.

You'd have me murder the old lady, then ?



## THE OLD MAN.

Who talks of murder? Sir, I am no friend  
 To strong expressions of that nature. No!  
 To her long yearning you but put an end,  
 And that's the whole affair! No more at all!  
 Go to!—what's to be done, do, and at once!  
 There the old woman sleeps. Employ your dagger,  
 Put on her dress, and bury her anon.  
 Then, when the people come to-morrow morning,  
 You must preach to them. You are Fatima,  
 And will, as Fatima, presently be summoned  
 Before the princess. Then you can regain  
 The lamp with ease. Farewell. We meet again.

*(Retires into the wood.)*

## HINDBAD

*(gazes after him for a considerable time, then speaks).*

That was the devil himself, or I'm deceived.

*(Leans against a tree, and presses his hands upon  
 his head.)*

I drank somewhat too freely at the khan,  
 And therein lies the secret! Devils and ghosts  
 Are the mere creatures of hot blood and wine;  
 But all that fell from that old fellow's lips  
 Are the suggestions of my better brain;  
 I'll be no mummer, I! Here is the hut!  
 The crazy door half off its hinges. Hist!  
 Is she asleep? She sings! I'll pause and hear.

SONG *(from the cottage).*

The moon shines bright aloft  
 O'er wood and dingle,  
 The birds in cadence soft  
 Their warblings mingle;  
 The breezes from the hill  
 Come sighing, sighing,  
 And to their voice the rill  
 Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold  
 Droops wan and sickly ;  
 Death at its heart is cold—  
 'Twill perish quickly.  
 But, yonder, chaplets twine  
 For ever vernal,  
 And in God's presence shine  
 Through springs eternal.

Oh, moonlight pale ! thy rays  
 Soon, softly creeping,  
 Shall paint my paler face  
 In death-trance sleeping.  
 Smile, then, on death, that he  
 May gently take me,  
 And, where no sorrows be,  
 Ere morn awake me !

Droops on its stem the flower !  
 Come, sweetly stealing,  
 Angel of death, and shower  
 Soft dews of healing !  
 Oh, come ! Beneath thy blight  
 My soul shall quail not !  
 Yonder is endless light,  
 And joys that fail not !

## HINDBAD.

She sleeps ! 'Tis well. She says herself, good soul,  
 She will not quail before the blight of death.  
 She longs for it. Good. She shall have her wish.

*(Enters the cottage.)*

## INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE.

FATIMA *asleep on the couch.* HINDBAD *enters.*

## HINDBAD.

I'm glad the moonshine lights the hut so well !  
 There she lies sleeping on her bed of leaves,

Scantly mantled by her old worn cloak,  
Her thin white hands clasped close, as though she  
prayed.

It is unlucky, that her clothes are on ;  
I must awake her, not to stain her dress  
With blood, for I must use it afterwards.

*(Presents his dagger to her breast.)*

Come, Fatima, awake !

FATIMA.

Oh Heaven ! Who's there ?  
Are you a robber ? Say, what do you want  
In my poor cottage ? There is nothing here,  
Is worth your taking !—nothing ! Oh, have pity,  
Upon an aged woman ; blow not out  
The flame, which soon must of itself expire !

HINDBAD.

Rise up !

FATIMA.

Oh Allah !—Wherefore do you come,  
At dead midnight, with this assassin's knife,  
That gleams as wild and wrathful as your eyes ?

HINDBAD.

Rise up, and do not fear ! Rise up, I say !  
Take off your dress—be quick—and give it me ;  
Give me your robe, your veil, and now your crutch !  
And there's my cloak instead, which you can keep,  
Until I give you back your clothes again.  
Only be quick, and do not waste the time  
With questions.

FATIMA.

Oh, sir, you are surely crazed ?  
What would you ? You are feverish ; come, sit down.  
Travel has raised a tumult in your blood.  
Your speech is wild. I'll tend you, and my care

Shall bring health back to you and calm your brain.  
There's bread and fruit in yonder basket. Wait,  
And I will fetch you water from the spring.

HINDBAD.

I am not weary, neither have I lost  
My senses. Quick, obey me instantly!  
Off with your clothes! There is my mantle. Quick!  
Do what I bid you, or into your heart  
I plunge my dagger!

FATIMA.

Oh Eternal God!  
I fear not death;—but—to be wakened up  
From sleep, to be despatched so suddenly—  
Have mercy on me!

HINDBAD.

Come, your clothes, I say!  
By Allah's mercy, by my hopes of grace,  
I will not harm you.

FATIMA (*gives him her clothes*).

Take them, there they are!

HINDBAD (*hands her a little box*).

Now, lay this colour here upon my face!  
'Twill make the skin look brown, and wrinkled, like  
Your own.

FATIMA.

My hands tremble for fear. There are  
Wrinkles enough already on your brow.

HINDBAD.

Now, by thy God did I not swear to thee—

FATIMA (*dyes his face*).

'Tis done.

HINDBAD.

You're sure, you've done it thoroughly ?

FATIMA.

Indeed, indeed I have.

HINDBAD.

Say, is it true,  
That you have ne'er been with Aladdin's wife,  
The princess ?

FATIMA.

Yes ! But she has often wished,  
That I should wait upon her, gentle soul !

HINDBAD.

I'll pay that visit for you. (*Stabs her.*) Get ye hence  
Unto your God—you've lived quite long enough !

FATIMA.

Even while he lives the godless man is dead ;  
But he lives after death, who fears his God. (*Dies.*)

HINDBAD.

Gone with antitheses upon her lips.  
Cant to the last ! Now must I stow this corpse  
Deep in the earth. The morning after next  
I'll wait upon the princess, and she shall  
Persuade her husband a request to urge,  
Shall so incense the Spirit of the Lamp,  
That he is like to crush him on the spot.  
Your spirits have a weak side of their own,  
Like other people ; they can show their teeth.  
Then I will straight possess me of the lamp.  
But I must preach to-morrow,—well bethought !—  
To make the people think I'm Fatima.

## MOORLAND.

*Night. Moonshine. TWO ELVES.*

## FIRST ELF.

Come hither! See what I have found, beneath  
The brushwood, near the brook, upon the heath!

## SECOND ELF.

A corpse! Now out on thee, foul-fingered wight!

## FIRST.

Dost thou not know it, then? Oh woful sight!

## SECOND.

What do I see? Oh bloody deed of shame!  
They've murdered our true friend, the aged dame,  
Who dwelt there in the forest, and o' nights  
With lute and song regaled us elvish sprites,  
When, in the cool and watery moonshine, we  
Our roundels danced about the alder tree.

## FIRST.

She was so good! through all the country round  
She was for worth and gentle heart renown'd.  
Though we, poor tiny elves, are held in scorn  
By well-nigh all that are of woman born,  
She in the ground stuck crosswise sprigs of wood,  
With cobwebs twined, and thereon laid us food,  
And sat and smiled on us, as we drew nigh,  
And sipp'd at ease the dainty furmenty.

## SECOND.

Come, let us call our sisters from the hill! —  
None will disturb us, for 'tis midnight still, —  
To help us make a grave, both soft and deep,  
Where she that loved us well in peace may sleep.

FIRST (*calls*).

Come hither, hither, elves!

## SECOND.

Behold them !  
As quick as thought,

## ELVES.

They are here. What's to be wrought !

## FIRST.

You see this aged dame ?

## ELVES.

Oh direful pass !  
The holy Fatima ! Dead ! Alas, alas !

## FIRST.

Go, make for her a grave by yonder spring,  
And thither we the while the corpse shall bring.

## SOME.

We'll follow.

## OTHERS.

We shall go before and sing.

## OTHERS.

We at her side shall walk with drooping wing.

## OTHERS.

And from the brook the lily we shall bring,  
Which upward straight to heaven its head doth fling,  
While blossoms manifold its stem doth bear.  
These shall be emblems of her silvery hair,  
And of her cheeks, with sorrow wan and thin,  
And of her soul serene, and pure from sin.

## FIRST.

We must go round, we that the bearers are,  
Lest the magician's ghost our task should mar ;  
For he lies yonder, shatter'd flesh and bone,  
Among the trees, beneath the pile of stone.

## THOSE WHO ARE IN THE FRONT.

Now we shall sing. Pace tenderly along.

## NIGHTINGALE

*(in a tree overhead).*

Ye elves! may I, too, mingle with your song!

## ELVES.

Sing on, sweet bird! Thy note is clear as fire.  
Chief chorister be thou, and we the choir.

## DIRGE OF THE ELVES.

*(The nightingale's note is heard in the pauses of the song, and the faint tinkle of a bell at a distance.)*How swift the passing moments fly!  
Who can his final hour foretell?  
But His hand governs all, who high  
Above all time and change doth dwell.  
Life comes, life passes like a dream;  
Worth only lives o'er all supreme.Man's life is longer than the flower's,  
Ours longer than the sons of clay;  
Yet that dear race, who nurtured ours  
To heavenly bliss hath pass'd away—  
The hamadryads, who of yore  
Us tiny folk of Elfland bore.We too shall die, and creatures new  
Shall sport and gambol in the glade;  
And they, our children, shall bedew  
With tears the graves where we are laid;  
And we, small fairies now, shall soon  
Be only shadows 'neath the moon.Yet has a merry life been ours;  
Blameless we've ranged the woodlands green;  
No blood cleaves to our hands, and flowers  
Alone declare where we have been.  
And when we perish like the rest,  
Our sleep shall be serene and blest.She too shall sleep a blessed sleep;  
Her life was pure of all offence.  
The avenging hand of God shall sweep  
Him down, whose dagger hurled her hence.  
But see! the East is streaked with red!  
Farewell, farewell! The night is fled!



## ACT FIFTH.

SQUARE IN FRONT OF ALADDIN'S PALACE.

SELIM. SINDBAD.

SELIM.

Give you good-day; for, if I don't mistake,  
I see an old friend of my youth in you.

SINDBAD.

'Tis very like: in youth one always has  
Abundant store of friends! But friendship is  
Like wheaten bread, and will be eaten quickly.  
It won't keep long; come but one night between,  
And it is dry and savourless as chips.

SELIM.

You do not set great store by friendship, then?

SINDBAD.

Store, quotha, store! There is no storing her,  
Although she be a mercenary jade!

SELIM.

But youthful friendship, youthful friendship, sir!

SINDBAD.

Is a mere youthful sickness, which must be  
Gone through, like cowpox or the measles, sir.

And fortunate it is so; few retain  
The scars upon their faces afterwards.  
No, no, they vanish, as we grow in years.

SELIM.

What, Sindbad! Don't you really know me, then?

SINDBAD.

If I may draw conclusions from your feet,  
You are,—hm—Selim, Abon Hassan's son.  
We dwelt in days gone by in yonder street,  
And played as boys together many a time.

SELIM.

You don't mean that you know me,—now, you don't,—  
Because my feet are both a trifle large?

SINDBAD.

Not *both* your feet. The left is all quite right;  
'Tis the right only twists a trifle left,  
But nothing, sir, to speak of; left and right,  
As a great scholar once divulged to me,  
Are relative and fluctuating terms,  
On which the world will never be at one.  
For what in Persia we call right and left,  
People in Europe say is left and right.  
Look you, so many sides as has the globe,  
So many rights and lefts. Now, as the globe  
Is wholly round, or oval at the least,  
The rights and lefts roll on without a stop,  
As long as this mad ball of earth rolls on.  
If, then, the one be right, the other left,  
You may jog on at ease on both your feet,  
And neither left nor right have cause to turn.

SELIM.

'Tis but a scurvy trick, to run your jokes  
In this way on an old school-comrade, sir.

SINDBAD.

I know all people by the foot. It is,  
 To my mind, the best limb in all the body,  
 And the most rational : if all our limbs,  
 Like it, would only hold fast by the ground,  
 No fear of tumbling ever need perplex us.

SELIM.

A man can't walk with all his body, eh ?

SINDBAD.

And wherefore not, good Selim ? If he did,  
 Then all his body must be shod with soles ;  
 And one might turn an honest penny then.

SELIM.

Thy father was a cobbler ; and I should,  
 To hear you talk, almost believe——

SINDBAD.

Precisely !

I was conceived and born into the craft.  
 There's something, friend, in what the scholars say,  
 That genius comes with us into the world.  
 Poets are born, not made, the sages tell :  
 Now, for the life of me, I'd like to know,  
 If cobblers are not born as well as they ?

SELIM.

In this way, friend, I take it, you would like,  
 That men had all a thousand feet apiece ?

SINDBAD.

Precisely so ! The things most people like,  
 I can't by any means endure, not I.  
 For instance, now ; a cloudless sky, the dawn,  
 A sunny day, I hate like pestilence.  
 No ! Rain, and mud ! There's sense in them, say I ;

They play the devil with the boots. Again,  
 A fellow brags he walks straight on his feet ;  
 That cuts me to the quick ; for, oh the time,  
 The ages, such a varlet's soles will last !  
 To see a new-laid pavement makes me weep.  
 A bout of dancing is my chief delight.  
 And though I much respect your moralists,  
 It makes me venomous, to hear them warn  
 Our youth 'gainst lounging up and down the streets ;  
 For of all virtues, friend, the chief is that,  
 Which tends to wear the pavement into dust.

SELIM.

You make a living ?

SINDBAD.

Yes ! oh yes—so, so !  
 Men can't get on without my handicraft.

SELIM.

Well, now, good brother mine, it seems so odd,  
 Whilst you've been cobbling here upon your stall,  
 I've wandered, all on foot, the country through,  
 A pedlar, with my bundle on my back.  
 In Bagdad I have been, Balsora too,  
 Cashmir and Samarcand.

SINDBAD.

So wags the world !  
 One man makes shoes, another uses them.—  
 When last we met, we were mere boys at play ;  
 Now we are useful members of the state.

SELIM.

Ah, if you love me, tell me, what's become  
 Of yonder long-legged, good-for-nothing lad ?  
 What was his name ? The poor thick-headed dunce,  
 Oh lord, what beatings at the school he got,

Because he never would get up his tasks !  
 And how he used to take his vengeance out,  
 By drubbing us, who did, all round in turn !

SINDBAD.

Whom do you mean in special ? There were many,  
 Who often drubbed me roundly.

SELIM.

Him, of course,  
 Who always was the foremost at a lark—  
 A great stout fellow—and, in all our games,  
 He always came off best. Can't you remember ?  
 'Twas he who caught the oranges, that time  
 The merchant flung them to us from his shop.

SINDBAD.

Do you mean Aladdin ?

SELIM.

That's the very man !  
 That was the name ! How goes the world with him ?

SINDBAD.

It goes, thank Heaven, as well as it can go,  
 For he's become a prince ! The princess is  
 His wife ; and when the good old Sultan dies,  
 He will be sultan too. Now, gossip, there  
 Is tolerable promotion for you, eh ?

SELIM.

Come, come, you're joking !

SINDBAD.

Ask the veriest child,  
 And he'll confirm my words upon the spot.

SELIM.

The deuce ! What, he !—the runagate, that was

For ever building castles in the air,  
 For ever wrapt in some fantastic dream,  
 And never could learn anything by heart ?

SINDBAD.

Right ; but he must have learned a deal by head.  
 There's a rare castle in the air he's built !

*(Points to the palace.)*

SELIM.

Good gracious ! How has all this come about ?

SINDBAD.

You want to know, eh ? Not a word, I beg—  
 Don't name the subject. Why, the very thought  
 Sets all my wits a-spin. Enough, he's prince.

SELIM.

I feel as if I'd tumbled from the clouds !  
 And is the dolt, who went to school with us  
 In days of yore, become a famous man ?

SINDBAD.

You may say that ! And grown so proud, to boot,  
 He can't remember me the least—oh no !  
 Although we two were birched together oft,  
 In those same days of yore.

SELIM.

But who comes here,  
 With such a princely retinue of slaves ?

SINDBAD *(with trembling servility)*.

'Tis he, our gracious prince himself. Quick, quick !  
 Down in the mud with you !

SELIM.

My hose will be  
 Most miserably dirtied at the knees.

SINBAD.

What matters that? They can be wash'd again.  
If you'd enjoy the country's bread, you must  
Follow the customs of the country too.

(ALADDIN passes with his Suite.)

SINBAD

(on his knees, shouts at the top of his voice)

Heaven rain its blessings on thee, noble prince!

SELIM.

It was he, sure enough. But tell me, how  
You're able in the self-same breath to wheel  
Right round so palpably?

SINBAD.

Tush, hold thy peace!

I have my views upon the palace, sir!

I want the post of Jester at the court.

The present man's forsworn his cap and bells,

And grown a man of sense. Therefore it is,

I make such wonderful essays of wit.

What with my genius, and my patron's aid,

The place, I may say, is as good as mine.

'Tis a vocation quite compatible

With wielding of an awl. We meet in story

With cobblers who have been philosophers,

And poets too; why, then, not fools as well?

Poets and fools, they are so close allied,

It needs a brain well skill'd in splitting hairs

To separate the species. But, come home

With me; and there we'll parley more at large,

For here the windows and the walls have ears.

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE GREAT SALOON IN ALADDIN'S PALACE.

GULNARE, HINDBAD (*as FATIMA*).

HINDBAD

*(speaking in a subdued and gentle voice).*

Most true, my daughter! All that I have seen  
 Is marvellous, and of such magnificence,  
 My eyes are well-nigh dazzled by the blaze.  
 The finest thing of all is this saloon:  
 The lofty dome, blue as the gracious heavens—  
 Its golden stars—the garlands, which are wreathed  
 Along the wall with blooms of thousand dyes—  
 The noble marble columns—all are proofs,  
 Not more of wealth than of fine taste and soul.  
 There is but one thing—pray your highness, pardon  
 The boldness of the humblest of your slaves!—  
 But one thing wanting, to make this saloon  
 The paragon and marvel of the world.

GULNARE.

But one thing? You will pardon my surprise:  
 Of all who have beheld this hall, not one  
 Has ventured to suggest, it had a want;  
 Nay, most have rather been disposed to doubt,  
 If what they looked upon was not a dream.

HINDBAD.

You must not think, dear child, that my old eyes  
 Are blinded to a marvel such as this,  
 Which very far outtops the other seven,  
 Of which the rumour ran of yore in Greece;  
 But just because all here is so superb,  
 I cannot brook that anything should lack.  
 It irks me sore. But take this comfort, child,  
 That nothing e'er is perfect in this world.



GULNARE.

What is it you conceive is wanting, pray ?

HINDBAD.

Look up to that great dome ! Do you not see  
A something wanting there ?

GULNARE.

There ? No, not I.  
There's nothing wanting. I should say, the dome  
Is the most perfect thing in all the palace.  
All that could beautify's already there ;  
To add to it, would only be to take  
From the fine boldness of the lofty arch.

HINDBAD.

My dear good child ! I'm old and weak, 'tis true,  
And in my little hermitage I lead  
A homely life, removed from worldly gauds ;  
Yet time was, I was young, as you are now ;  
By earthly beauty I was oft entranced,  
And so I am even now, for in it I  
Have never owned a merely sensuous charm,  
But rather felt the presence, at its core,  
Of Deity itself. So 'tis my duty,  
At all times to instruct my eye to see  
God's pure and perfect loveliness, my soul  
To comprehend His wisdom, and my heart  
To recognise His fond paternal care.

GULNARE.

Thy words are full of piety and wisdom ;  
What, then, is wanting here ?

HINDBAD.

Ah, for the eye,  
Which, if it be but tickled, is content,  
Nothing, my child, and every haughty soul,

Which puffs itself upon its earthly gifts,  
Must marvel at the boldness of the arch.

GULNARE.

Well?

HINDBAD.

But, dear child, the eye of piety,  
Which seeks God's image in whate'er is fair,  
Might wish for something more, that should impress  
A more profound significance on all ;  
Although, belike, a meaner taste should say,  
It was not faultless quite in elegance,

GULNARE.

What does the dome want? Tell me.

HINDBAD.

A Roc's Egg.

GULNARE.

A Roc's Egg! How? An egg of that huge bird,  
Which in its claws can bear an elephant?  
Which dives into the deep after the whale,  
Even as the sea-mew dives for tiny fish?

HINDBAD.

An egg of that same bird.

GULNARE.

Do such exist?  
Is't not a mere creation of the fancy?

HINDBAD.

Oh, Doubt, thou art a perilous disease.

GULNARE.

You *do* believe in't, then?

HINDBAD.

And wherefore not?

But—we shall let this bird take wing in peace.  
To wish for the impossible were folly.

GULNARE.

And why a Roc's Egg, tell me, for the dome?

HINDBAD.

Because, my child, when 'tis suspended there,  
'Twill be a type of Deity for thee—  
Of Allah, of the unknown Power, the world's  
Disposer, the great Centre of the globe.

GULNARE.

Oh yes, that would be charming!

HINDBAD (*as if about to go*).

Come, my child,  
To wish for the impossible were folly.

GULNARE.

And dost thou think that he who built this palace  
Can not procure a Roc's Egg at his will?

HINDBAD.

I doubt, my child,—I doubt exceedingly.

GULNARE.

How little wot'st thou of Aladdin's might!  
It shall be there before to-morrow night.

(*They pass on.*)

## CABINET.

ALADDIN, *with the lamp in his hand.*

## THE SPIRIT OF THE LAMP.

## SPIRIT.

I'm here ; what wouldst thou have me do ? Say on.

## ALADDIN.

What thou hast done till now is bravely done.  
 The palace thou hast built me here is fair,  
 Of peerless splendour ; yet doth man, thou know'st,  
 Yearn for the better ever from the good.  
 And truly this desire is commendable.  
 Who would not reach perfection, if he could ?  
 So does it fare with me. Through Allah's grace,  
 I am of all that is most rare possessed,  
 And there is little left me to desire.  
 It is with me as with the artist now,  
 Who, when his work is perfected and done,  
 Surveys it with an eye of calm delight,  
 That he may give to it the final touch.  
 How much does even the finest diamond  
 Gain from the polisher and setter's skill !  
 So fares it with my magic palace now.  
 All that is most material is here !  
 But some slight decoration here and there,  
 Some trifles, these are all is left to do.

## SPIRIT.

What's wanting.

## ALADDIN.

Fetch me a Roc's Egg, good slave,  
 And hang it up for me in yonder dome.  
 'Twill be to me a type of God, who sits  
 Throned in the centre of His universe.

SPIRIT.

Art thou in earnest?

ALADDIN.

Yes.

SPIRIT.

Now I must speak.

*(He surveys him for some time with flashing eyes,  
then exclaims,)*

Ha, thus even around a noble soul will sin its coils entwine!  
Thus a vile and crafty spirit hath an entrance found to thine!  
Thou, who erewhile wert so simple, with a child's heart heaven-  
ward bent,

In a cage wouldst hang up Allah, for a toy, an ornament.  
Has thy faith, then, left thee? Is it to thy vaunting state undue,  
Lowly down to kneel before Him, like all other Moslems true?  
In yon tottering dome, oh impious! thou wouldst in a single hour  
Seek by cords to hang the Being who the centre is of power!  
Thou wouldst have a Roc's Egg, wouldst thou, in thy garish hall to  
swing?

Madman! know'st thou, what beneath thy roof of latten thou  
wouldst bring!

Know'st thou what the Roc importeth, which thou fain wouldst  
prison fast?

'Tis the Earth, the huge, the bounteous, floating in the ether's  
vast!

Merely earth, that, still unwearied, through the boundless void  
doth plough.

Roc Bird, is it? On its verdant plumage thou art standing now.

That the bird of chainless wing, the never-weary in his flight,

Who the strength of steel, with ether's speed, doth in itself unite.

He with his broad pinions, bravely oaring, ever onward cleaves,

And the while thyself and Persia in his talons high upheaves.

I—I am of earth a spirit; she my mother is. But now

I must fetch my mother for thee in thy dome to hang her, thou!

From the throne to shame I'd hurl thee swiftly, shameless as thou  
art!

But I know the guile of Hindbad, know thy light and guileless  
heart!

Lay aside thy fears, and listen well to what I say to thee:

Eye of yore was by the serpent tempted, so her sons will be.

Craftily Nouredin's brother, mask'd as Fatima, night and day,  
 Plots to rob thee of thy treasure, and thyself in dust to lay.  
 Hindbad is his name; his dagger with her saintly blood is red;  
 'Tis by greed, and not by vengeance, he to seek thy life is led.  
 Like a prince and monarch bear thee! Call me not to succour  
 thee!  
 From this strait thyself must help thee; this thy punishment  
 shall be.

[*Vanishes.*

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THE EXTERIOR OF FATIMA'S COTTAGE.

NIGHT. HINDBAD, *as* FATIMA. SINDBAD.

SINDBAD.

Are you the saintly headache-healer, pray?

HINDBAD.

I am. Is some one in the village sick,  
 And wants my help? I'll come to-morrow, friend.  
 I can no longer run about at night,  
 As once I did. Old age creeps on me fast.

SINDBAD.

What means this prating? Do I look as though  
 I came, eh, from the village? Follow straight!  
 You must to Ispahan this very night.  
 Simple and homely as you find me here,  
 Yet am I chief shoemaker to the Court;  
 And for the princess, for Gulnare, I make  
 The prettiest slippers possible, and boots—  
 Small only in the feet, for her right foot  
 Is scarce so big as my left hand;—the leg  
 Is ample—calves most round and plump withal——  
 But, mum for that, these be the mysteries  
 Of my vocation, and they have, besides,  
 No sort of bearing on our prince's headache.  
 Look you, our great prince,—now-a-days he's great,

But in his school-days he was small enough—  
 For, 'twixt ourselves, you're probably aware,  
 He's but of mean extraction, and owes all  
 His greatness to his genius,—that's the fact.  
 He has no ancestors, but it would seem,  
 He meant to found his family himself.—  
 To come, then, to the point, this prince has got  
 An aching head, which fills his bride with aches,  
 And so she wants your help with all despatch.  
 The Court has, you must know, its own physician—  
 His head the princess cares not to consult,  
 For all she's so concerned about Aladdin's.—  
 I'm witty, very, aint I?

HINDBAD.

Oh, most witty!

SINDBAD.

And foolish, too?

HINDBAD.

Astonishingly foolish!

SINDBAD.

Amusing, eh?

HINDBAD.

Well, you are good at least  
 For killing time.

SINDBAD.

Now, that is excellent.  
 My brain's in labour, look you, with a fool,  
 And soon I hope to touch that rank myself.  
 Therefore I bear with everything at Court;  
 I run on errands, making no complaint,  
 And to the princess solemnly I vowed,  
 Living or dead, to bring you back with me,  
 That you might cure the prince of all his pains.

Oh, these young couples are as full of aches,  
 As children are when cutting their first teeth.  
 Ha, ha, that was a happy hit, you'll say?

## HINDBAD.

'Twas not amiss. Yet 'tis not well you should  
 Direct attention to your jokes yourself—  
 They lose nigh half their value by the act.  
 I will but fetch my Koran and my staff,  
 And go with you, good man, right willingly.

*(Enters the cottage.)*

SINDBAD (*alone*).

Why had I not some learning to my back?  
 There's such a host of things a Fool should know.  
 I've heard that there be natural poets,—good,  
 I'll be a natural fool,—and, by my sooth,  
 That's not to be despised. We cannot all  
 Be learned fools; there must be laics, too. (*Sits down.*)  
 Ah, what will man not do for wife and child!  
 It is not every one would live alone,  
 Like this old woman, in this tangled wood,  
 With lions, leopards, serpents all about,  
 And many other such monstrosities,  
 That scamper bare-legged over the wide world  
 Upen all-fours, like honest sheep and cows.  
 It is not pleasant here, especially  
 When the full moon shines through the branches so.  
 To the left a waste of sedges and morass,  
 To the right a copse, all blossoming with buds,  
 And the small foot-path to the town between!  
 The path, methinks, betwixt two grave-mounds lies:  
 The one is thickly heaped with stones; the other  
 With lilies and with roses planted o'er.  
 And how the tallest lily lifts its head,  
 On its fine stem, like silver, to the moon!



It looks, for all the world, as though the moon  
 Were whispering some secret in its ear.  
 Ha, here the old lady comes again at last.  
 Now, are you ready, dame, to step along ?

HINDBAD.

I am, my son ; let us set out at once !

*(Tries to force his way through the thicket to the  
 right, but sticks among the thorns.)*

SINDBAD.

What are you after there ? Where are you going ?

HINDBAD.

Oh, you are right, my son, the path lies here !

*(Goes to the left, and sinks in the morass.)*

Oh, help me, help !

SINDBAD *(pulls him out)*.

Old woman, are you mad ?

And you would cure, you, other people's heads ?

Zounds ! wherefore don't you keep the proper road ?

HINDBAD.

The road ? What ! there ?—betwixt that pair of  
 mounds ?

SINDBAD.

Of course.

HINDBAD.

Why, don't you see the man in black,  
 Who sits there smoking on the heap of stones ?  
 Smoking at midnight's what I can't endure.

SINDBAD.

A man ! No ! I see nothing but a twig,  
 That waves and nods in the night-breeze.

HINDBAD.

Ay, ay,

He nods, you're right ; look how the old man nods !

SINDBAD.

Ha, now I see where the shoe pinches you !  
 You're superstitious, eh ?—most women are.  
 Well, we'll take up the path here to the right,  
 Up past the lily there.

HINDBAD.

It is no lily,  
 It is a dead old woman in her shroud.  
 See, she is thin, for 'tis a skeleton,  
 The pale white sheet enwraps.

SINDBAD.

Well, I must say,  
 You're a nice person to be called a sage !  
 Go to !—Don't be a fool ! Come on, I say.

*(Pulls him along.)*

HINDBAD.

No, no—ah no ! I will not stir a foot.

SINDBAD *(drags him up to the lily).*

Can you not see it is a lily, now,  
 And no dead woman ?

HINDBAD.

The white lily smells  
 Too strong for me ; it smells of human blood !

*(Swoons.)*

SINDBAD.

Why, what the plague is this ? You don't like smoke ?  
 You don't like lilies ? What smell do you like ?  
 By Heaven, this is a pattern wise woman !

A very sage! She can't abide tobacco—  
 Well, let that pass; no doubt, some women can't—  
 But lilies, lilies! Well, well, after all,  
 They have a pungent smell, and a wise woman  
 Has delicate nerves, I fancy; mine are steeled.  
 I am a man, a shoemaker to boot;  
 And furthermore, a Fool in embryo.  
 'Tis a Fool's part to bear all sorts of things.  
 Confound that branch! there it goes bobbing still!  
 It's all your doing I am kept so late,  
 And you shall pay for it!

*(Is about to break off the branch.)*

Ha, the devil, ha!

My hand's all over in one blister, ha!  
 That plaguy branch is bristling with sharp thorns.  
 But what am I to do, now, with this dame?  
 Comes she not to the Court, the prince will keep  
 His headache, and I shall not be his Fool.  
 In short, I shall be utterly undone.  
 What's to be done? To take her on my back  
 To Ispahan, I have not strength for that.  
 I have no gossips either, as at home,  
 To lend a helping hand.—What's to be done?  
 I'll let her lie a little—that's the way—  
 And at my meerschaum take a whiff the while.  
 Perhaps the real smell will bring her back  
 To life again.

*(Sits down on FATIMA'S grave, with his back towards the grave of the Magician; strikes a light, and begins to smoke.)*

'Tis really terrible,

The wild vagaries fancy sometimes plays  
 In people's heads. When will they gather sense?

*(The black man upon the Magician's grave has smoked out his pipe, and taps with it thrice upon the grave-stone, shaking out the ashes. The stones rattle; NOUREDDIN'S ghost, in red, rises,*

*walks thrice round the grave, and stands still before the black phenomenon, who points to HINDBAD as he lies on the ground, gives NOUREDDIN'S ghost a secret order, and vanishes. The latter approaches HINDBAD, gazes at him, sighs, and strikes his hands together above his head. At this moment SINDBAD turns round and becomes aware of its presence.*

What do I see? What strange fish have we here,  
 Handsomely deck'd out in a scarlet dress?  
 He seems to pity the old woman's state;  
 'Tis possible he may help me if I ask him.  
 Now for a greeting. Gracious sir, good-day!  
 (*Aside.*) To speak correctly I should say, Good-night!  
 Only it does sound too absurd, to wish  
 A man good-night, the moment that one sees him.

GHOST.

Help me to put the old woman on my back,  
 And I will bear her to the palace straight.  
 But when she wakes again, you must not tell,  
 Who helped you thither with the sleeping freight.

SINDBAD.

I know you not; how then, pray, should I tell?

GHOST.

Say, thou thyself didst bear her to the gate.

SINDBAD.

Good.—You but carry her. Leave me alone,  
 To take the credit of your work myself.

*(The Ghost takes HINDBAD on his back, and goes on.)*

SINDBAD (*follows*).

You came just in the nick. This woman is  
 To cure the prince Aladdin's aching head.

She grew unwell just here, the poor old soul,  
 With the strong odour of this lily-bed.  
 Had you not chanced to pass along this way,  
 It's more than likely, she would ne'er have stirred  
 From where she fell! What would have happen'd  
 then?

GHOST.

Soon, very soon, she'll be herself again.

SINDBAD.

And do a deal of service in the world.

GHOST.

After death, when life's brief race is run,  
 Comes the guerdon for each action done.  
 Speed we on. Her goal is nearly won.

SINDBAD.

Your pace is rather brisk, I must confess.

GHOST.

To keep thee company, I'll make it less.

SINDBAD.

That gaberdine of yours is handsome, very.  
 Where do they make this glorious scarlet, pray?

GHOST.

On the loom, whereof the yarn is fire,  
 And the weft is pitch.—It sweats the buyer.

SINDBAD.

A storm is breaking on the forest, hark!  
 You speak exceeding low—weak lungs, perhaps?

GHOST.

This bellows long has ceased to inhale the air.

SINDBAD.

Who are you, sir ?

GHOST.

A charcoal-burner, friend.

SINDBAD.

Oh yes, of course ! In such a handsome dress ?

GHOST.

I serve a charcoal-burner, you must know,  
 The wealthiest far in all the country round.  
 Trees, that do move themselves, are what he burns ;  
 Arms are their branches call'd, and hair their leaves.

SINDBAD.

It blows so, I can't hear a word you say. ' .

GHOST.

Push on ! for, ere the rays of morning break,  
 Back to the earth I must myself betake.

*(Advances, singing as he goes.)*

As the nightingales sing in the merry greenwood,  
 So the cock in the caverns of hell doth crow,  
 And the black swans loom through the pitchy gloom  
 Of the brimstone lakes, that are down below.  
 And in the abysses it howls and it hisses,  
 And no cool breeze ever circles there ;  
 So we take our delight, at the dead of night,  
 In the cool moonshine and the dewy air.

SINDBAD.

Fie, my good man ! What filthy songs are these ?

GHOST.

They're soldiers' songs, the madness of wild youth !  
 The load I bear grows lighter, if I sing.

SINDBAD (*aside*).

I don't feel comfortable ; I almost fear  
This fellow is no better than he should be.

(*Stands still.*)

GHOST.

Push on, push on, else this good worthy soul,  
I tug along, will hardly reach the goal.  
(*Angrily.*) Push on, or I will wring your neck about.

SINDBAD (*aside*).

Allah preserve me, 'tis a ghost, I doubt !  
(*Aloud.*) I'm coming, Master Charcoal-burner ! See !  
You have no need to twist my neck ; I'll go,  
Without that trouble, cheerfully. Oh, oh !

[*Exeunt.*]

ANTE-CHAMBER IN ALADDIN'S PALACE.

SINDBAD, HINDBAD,

(*the latter lying on the ground still in a swoon.*)

*The chamber is full of niches and marble statues ; a large black owl sits in the background upon the statue of Justice, and keeps its eyes fixed throughout the scene upon HINDBAD.*

SINDBAD.

Not even yet come to herself ! Ha, ha !  
I can't help laughing heartily, to think,  
How sorely I was frightened in the wood.  
The worthy man who helped to bear her here,  
I' faith, at last, I thought he was a ghost.  
Well, Superstition is a dreadful thing ;  
One cannot somehow wholly root it out.  
Here, in the city, now, at broad noonday,  
When the thronged streets are full of passers-by,

All things run smooth, and I am bold as brass ;  
 So that it positively needs an effort,  
 Not to forget there is a God at times.  
 But of a night, in yon grim pitchy wood,  
 When winds are howling, and the screech-owls cry,  
 And oaks of centuries shake their gloomy heads,  
 And their locks stream upon the gale, I'd fain  
 Believe in God and in the devil too,  
 And every other thing that man could wish.  
 She stirs ! That's well. She's coming round at last.

HINDBAD (*opens her eyes*).

Where am I ? Tell me, quick, how came I here ?

SINDBAD.

Upon these shoulders.

HINDBAD (*rises*).

How ? You carried me ?

SINDBAD.

I carried you ? I rather think I did !

HINDBAD.

I fell down in a swoon.

SINDBAD.

That's nowadays strange.

Frail vessels are we all, we sons of clay.  
 You can't endure the smell of lilies.—Well !  
 I can, but cats are things I can't abide.  
 Thus we have all our foibles, as you see.

HINDBAD.

That filthy lily ! Tell me frankly, friend,  
 Have I been talking nonsense by the way—  
 Wild feverish fancies ?



SINDBAD.

If on all occasions  
Your tongue is equally discreet as then,  
I'll answer for it, never senseless word  
Will dare to find a passage to your lips.

HINDBAD.

Was I quite silent, then ?

SINDBAD.

Mum as a mouse.

HINDBAD.

You must be tired, good man ?

SINDBAD.

Oh, not the least !  
Why, I could carry you that self-same way  
As far again, and never tire, I could.  
Now go ! A messenger has just been here.—  
But you had need of some repose, I said,  
After your walk.

HINDBAD.

Judiciously observed.  
(*Looks at his arm.*) How hard you must have grasped  
me ! Look ! my arm  
Is livid with your finger-marks.

SINDBAD.

When you  
Get home again, with brandy wash the place,  
And they will vanish. Take it not amiss ;  
'Tis hard at times to regulate one's strength.

HINDBAD.

I will go in ; and, for your timely aid,  
I will include you in my daily prayers.

SINDBAD.

Precisely what I wish ! But prayers to whom ?

HINDBAD.

Whom were they better offered to than God ?

SINDBAD.

Of course, of course, that's very well, so far.  
But, look you now, when you have cured our prince,  
He's sure to grow so very fond of you,  
He won't deny you anything you ask.  
Then, pray, remember me ! I ask no more,  
To pay me for my long and weary walk.

HINDBAD.

I will.

SINDBAD.

I'm tired of shoemaking, you see ;  
Of all professions 'tis the vilest, quite :  
A stocking-weaver's ranks above it miles,  
A tailor's also,—not to name the barber's,  
Who lives in close relations with the head.  
Forget me not, when fortune smiles on you !

HINDBAD.

Be sure, I'll not forget thee.

SINDBAD.

Say, a place  
Where there is little to do and much to get :  
To cut the matter short, a place at Court,—  
The Royal Bed Preparer, for example,  
Who leaves the servitors to make the beds,  
While he sleeps soundly.

HINDBAD.

Of the Fool you spoke ?

SINDBAD.

Yes, something of the sort. Once placed at Court,  
The Fool betimes will follow of itself.

HINDBAD.

Farewell! I'll not forget you, rest assured!

SINDBAD.

I wish you health, and happiness, and blessing,  
And the fulfilment of your every wish. [*Exit.*]

HINDBAD (*alone*).

Health? Good! And happiness? And good success?  
I thank thee.—I am tired and sick at heart.  
This swoon! 'Tis strange. The phantom, too! Was it  
A spirit-warning? Does Nouredin burn?  
Is there another life, then, after death?  
Is there a heaven? a hell?

(*Observes the owl.*) What have we here?

An owl, as black as any coal, perched high  
On yonder statue, glaring down on me  
With eyes of fire! Owls are not wont to brook  
The brightness of the day and sunshine thus.  
How has the creature got into the house?  
The windows are all closed, methinks. Ha, ha!  
There is a pane out! Excellent! This speaks  
Of the old levity, and want of thought.  
He is the same gay madcap as of yore.  
Now for another murder! Murder! (*Sits down.*)

Hindbad,

This comes now of a saintly life. As Fatima,  
One must eat only bread and roots, and drink  
Water for wine, which muddles all the brain,  
And stuffs it full of vapours. Let me, then,  
To work at once, and change this style of life.  
Conscience is merely weakness,—all fears are.

Justice? If I mistake not, there she stands,  
 A marble image, and the black owl sits  
 Upon her single scale;—yet, hard and fast  
 The balance stands. An image most exact  
 Of that grave personage whom men call Justice!  
 Quail now, upon the threshold of success?  
 That were to wear a villain heart indeed!  
 No, Hindbad! (*Feels in his breast.*) My good dagger,  
 art thou there?  
 'Tis well. Now, courage! And thou canst not fail!  
 (*Goes in. The owl flies off through the broken  
 window-pane, and is lost in the distance.*)

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#### THE GREAT HALL.

ALADDIN *lying upon a sofa.* GULNARE *enters with  
 HINDBAD as FATIMA.*

ALADDIN (*eyes him closely*).

Art thou the wily dame who is so skilled  
 In healing aches of body, and of soul?

HINDBAD.

So simple piety believes, great prince!  
 I am not holy; Mahomet is holy;  
 I am a woman, frail and full of sin.

ALADDIN.

Art thou not able, then, to assuage my pain?

HINDBAD.

The princess says, that thou hast faith in me!  
 Come! lay thine aching head upon my breast,  
 And let me stroke it with my aged hands.  
 But, if my skill is to avail thee aught,

Thy chiefest treasure must be close at hand.  
 Most marvellous it seems, but so it is,  
 That all my art consists in sympathy ;  
 Mysterious are Nature's powers divine.

ALADDIN.

It joys me much to hear thy sage discourse.  
 Proceed ! My chiefest treasure is at hand .  
 Gulnare, my love, come hither to my couch.

HINDBAD.

Oh prince, thou hast a noble, loyal heart !  
 A wife, in sooth, the dearest treasure is,  
 Which the pure soul could for itself select ;  
 But here 'tis only the mere body's case ;  
 Therefore, your treasure must mere body be.  
 By holy inspiration well I know,  
 Thy chiefest treasure is a copper lamp.

ALADDIN.

Good ! Then thou also knowest, that I bear  
 This lamp within my bosom.

HINDBAD.

Ay, indeed.

But it is needful, to effect your cure,  
 That you should lay your bosom bare to me ;  
 I must touch now the lamp, and now your head,  
 And the magnetic forces of the metal,  
 Thus interblended through my finger-points,  
 Will soon dispel the vapours from your brain.

*(Draws his dagger.)*

Be not alarmed, I pray, my noble liege !  
 The bare steel also must be called in aid,  
 Else shall we not effect a perfect cure.  
 I with my dagger, sire, must touch the lamp ;  
 For 'tis by bringing ores of different kinds

In contact, with a fluid interposed,  
That you alone can be restored to health.

*(Is about to place the dagger on his breast.)*

ALADDIN

*(springs up, seizes him, and dashes him to the ground.)*

Ha, murderer! Thou think'st to take my life?

GULNARE.

Oh heavens! What deed is this? The holy woman——

ALADDIN.

Is the most worthless miscreant on earth.

*(Seizes the dagger, and holds it at HINDBAD'S throat.)*

Die, traitor, die!

HINDBAD *(on his knees)*.

Oh, spare my life, my liege!

ALADDIN.

Die!

HINDBAD.

Let me live, I pray thee! I will be  
A loyal servant; as a father, I  
Will honour thee, if, as a father, thou  
Endowest me with life.

ALADDIN.

Mute be the tongue,  
Which speaks but to blaspheme all holy things!

HINDBAD *(seizing him by the arm)*.

What have I done to thee?

ALADDIN.

Thou adder vile!  
Wouldst not have murdered me at unawares?

HINDBAD.

And if I would, hast thou not slain my brother?  
Calls not his blood for vengeance from the ground?

ALADDIN.

His blood? The assassin!

HINDBAD.

My brother was a man.  
The treasure, he had panted for through life,  
Thou didst despoil him of. What wonder, then,  
If he detested thee?

ALADDIN.

Thou 'scapest me not.

*(Claps his hands; a Slave enters.)*

Quick, fetch me hither two Damascus swords!

*(The Slave fulfils the order, and retires.)*

Look, Hindbad! My career until this hour  
Has still been upright, honourable, frank.  
Thou art a caitiff vile, and die thou shalt,  
Yet will I leave thee not the power to say,  
That force and murderous violence struck thee down.  
In my right arm, and righteous cause, I trust.  
Take this good sword. Ha! dost thou tremble, slave?  
Can conscious innocence grow pale and tremble?  
Quick, take this sword. By Heaven! thy shameless  
brow

Shall mock the heavens no longer,—not an hour.  
Soon shalt thou kiss the dust with gory lips.

HINDBAD.

And should I kill thee, what shall be my fate?

ALADDIN

*(takes the lamp from his bosom and places it upon the  
ground).*

See here. I place the lamp between us. He

Who conquers can possess him of it straight,  
And then no power on earth can do him hurt.

GULNARE.

Aladdin ! Oh, great heaven, what dost thou risk !

ALADDIN.

Courage 'gainst cowardice, strength against deceit !  
Defend thyself !—or, by the eternal God,  
I'll cleave that flattened skull of thine in twain.

(HINDBAD takes the sword.)

INVISIBLE CHORUS OF WICKED SPIRITS.

Woe ! his course of  
Life is closing ;  
Of our friend we  
Are despoiled !  
And no succour  
In the conflict  
Can we lend him,  
No assistance ;  
For in combat,  
Breast to bosom,  
We are cravens,  
We avail not.  
How to wield the  
Sword we know not ;  
With the dagger  
Only we can  
Murder in the  
Silent dark.

See ! behold our tribulation !

Canst thou not, Hindbad, recoil, and plunge,  
With sudden spring, thy dagger in his back ?  
Hug him to thy bosom like a friend, and strangle him.  
Then shall the praise of thy valour be rung.  
Slip, like an eel, out of his hands ! Quick, quick !  
Where, Hindbad, is thy cunning now, thy skill, thy craft ?  
Like a pitiful coward thou dost succumb !



## CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

See, even now the caitiff cowers !  
 Soon now all will be fulfilled.  
 Succour none our friend requireth,  
 No kind words to fire his heart ;  
 Proud he stands in youthful vigour,  
 While his strong hand grasps his sword ;  
 And with wary eye he wieldeth,  
 Like a toy, its ponderous blade.  
 But a deadly terror standeth  
 In great drops on Hindbad's brow.  
 See! he totters, drops his sword-point,  
 But Aladdin spares his life.

## HINDBAD.

I charge you, on your valour, let me draw  
 My breath in peace a moment !

## ALADDIN.

Take thy wish!

## HINDBAD

*(sits down and draws a deep breath).*

At length I see full clearly, that mere craft  
 Must veil its pride to valour. So my hand,  
 My own hand, shall despatch me to the devil.

*(Stabs himself with his dagger.)*

## ALADDIN.

This hast thou with all wickedness in common ;  
 For all its power, a juggle at the best,  
 In its own misty light is quenched and lost.

*(ALADDIN and GULNARE stand for some moments wrapped in thought, and contemplate the body of HINDBAD. Suddenly it is borne away by invisible hands. A beautiful low strain of music resounds from the dome of the hall, and gradually effaces every unpleasing impression*

*left by what has just occurred. The sweet caressing cadences sink into their souls. They embrace in a transport of joy, and are lost in a blissful feeling of wonder; suddenly an invisible chorus is heard.)*

Sevenfold joy and health attend thee, noblest of the sons of men!  
Trouble's louring clouds have vanished; flowers and sunshine smile  
again.

Thou hast proved thyself a hero; danger, trial, now are o'er.  
Henceforth Ring and Lamp shall serve thee, and forsake thee never-  
more.

#### SPIRITS OF THE RING.

We around thy steps shall hover, wheresoe'er thy fortunes lead,  
Viewless, but unsleeping, ever ready to attend thy need.

#### SPIRITS OF THE LAMP.

And the oil of life profusely in thy lamp of life we'll pour;  
So its flame shall burn serenely, brightly, too, for evermore.

#### ALL THE SPIRITS.

Sevenfold health and joy attend thee, noblest of the sons of men!  
Thou hast fought and thou hast conquered; flowers and sunshine  
smile again!

#### GULNARE.

Oh heavenly tones! what raptures ye awake!

#### ALADDIN.

Our soul's best thanks, ye viewless liegemen, take

#### THE VIZIR

*(enters with his suite; advances to ALADDIN, bearing the diadem upon a cushion of red velvet).*

Tidings we bring of joy and grief, my liege!  
The good old Sultan lives on earth no more;  
To nature's law he has succumbed, and home  
Is gone, to where his fathers dwell in bliss.

We, the true servants of a much-loved lord,  
 Find yet a comfort in this woful hour,  
 When we recal, what hope has promised long,  
 From worth and magnanimity like thine.  
 Thus, while this stroke of death will change our lord,  
 It will not change our loyalty and love.  
 And may we hope, thou'lt not dismiss thy slaves,  
 Who through long years have proved their service  
     true.

This crown, accept it from thy servant's hand,  
 But place it on thy kingly brows thyself.

*(ALADDIN receives the crown. The People are  
 heard shouting in front of the palace.)*

May Allah's blessing rest on Persia's Sultan !  
 That, like the sun, he may with joy and strength  
 The land illumine ! Bless his beauteous bride !  
 Long live Gulnare ! Long live Aladdin, ho !

## ALADDIN

*(advances to the window, and after contemplating the  
 crowd for some time in silence, he says),*

There in the square, a boy, I loved to stand,  
 On holidays, when rambling through the streets,  
 And on the ancient palace gazed with awe,  
 Lost in astonishment to think that man  
 Could build a palace so supremely fair.  
 There in the square, in my mad rage I flung  
 Stones at the crowd, which scoffed and jeered at me !  
 In that same square they hail me Sultan now,  
 And as their monarch greet me with acclaim.  
 How strange a problem is the life of man !  
 How wondrously its threads are twined and woven  
 Upon the loom by the Eternal's hand !  
 A nod, and straightway we resolve to dust.  
 What, then, is human greatness ? Come, my love,  
 Let us together to thy father's bier,

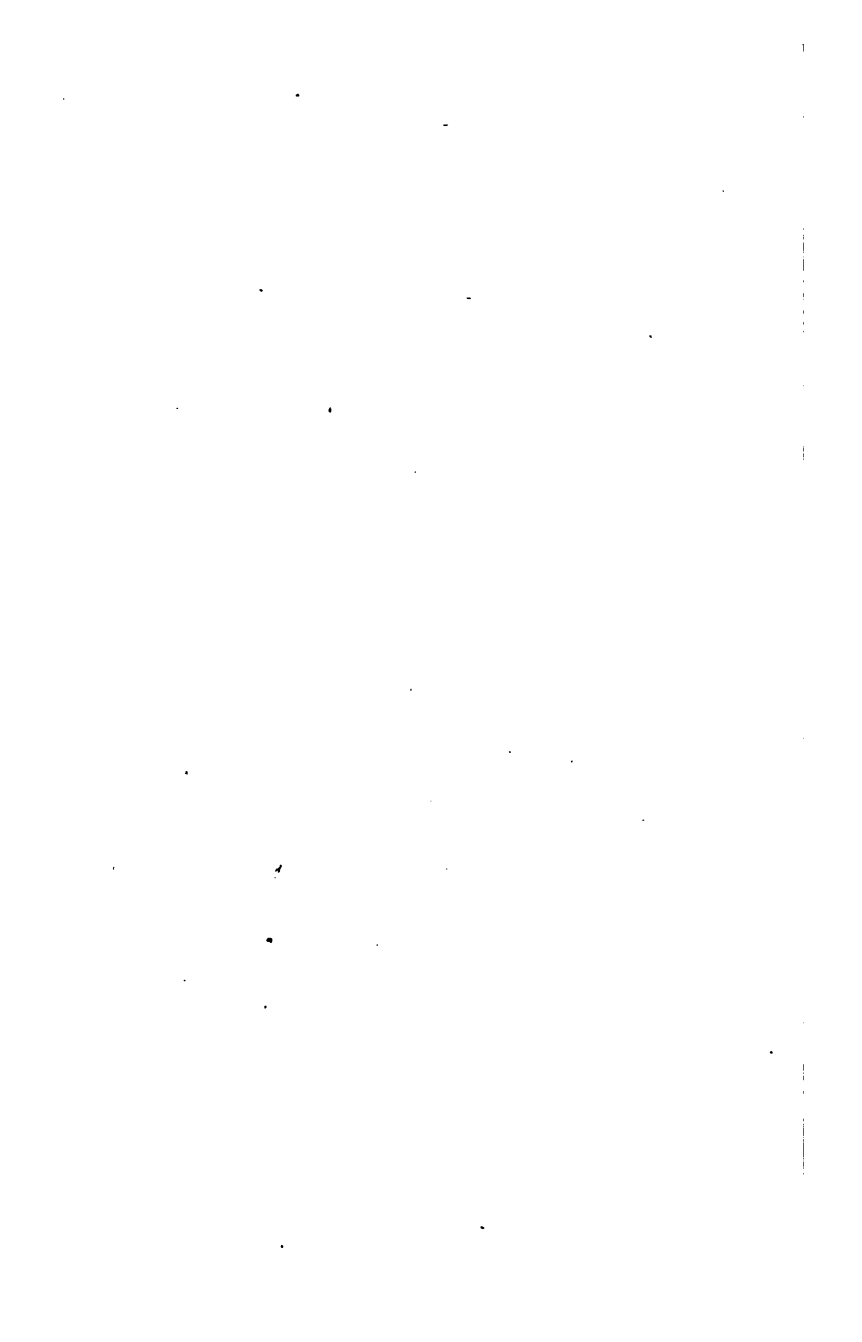
And in his gentle visage, now so pale,  
Seek consolation, whilst the giddy crowd  
With feast prepares to usher in my reign.  
Thereafter to the cemetery we,  
Where, 'neath the fragrant alder, hand in hand,  
We'll sit and muse on Morgiana's grave.

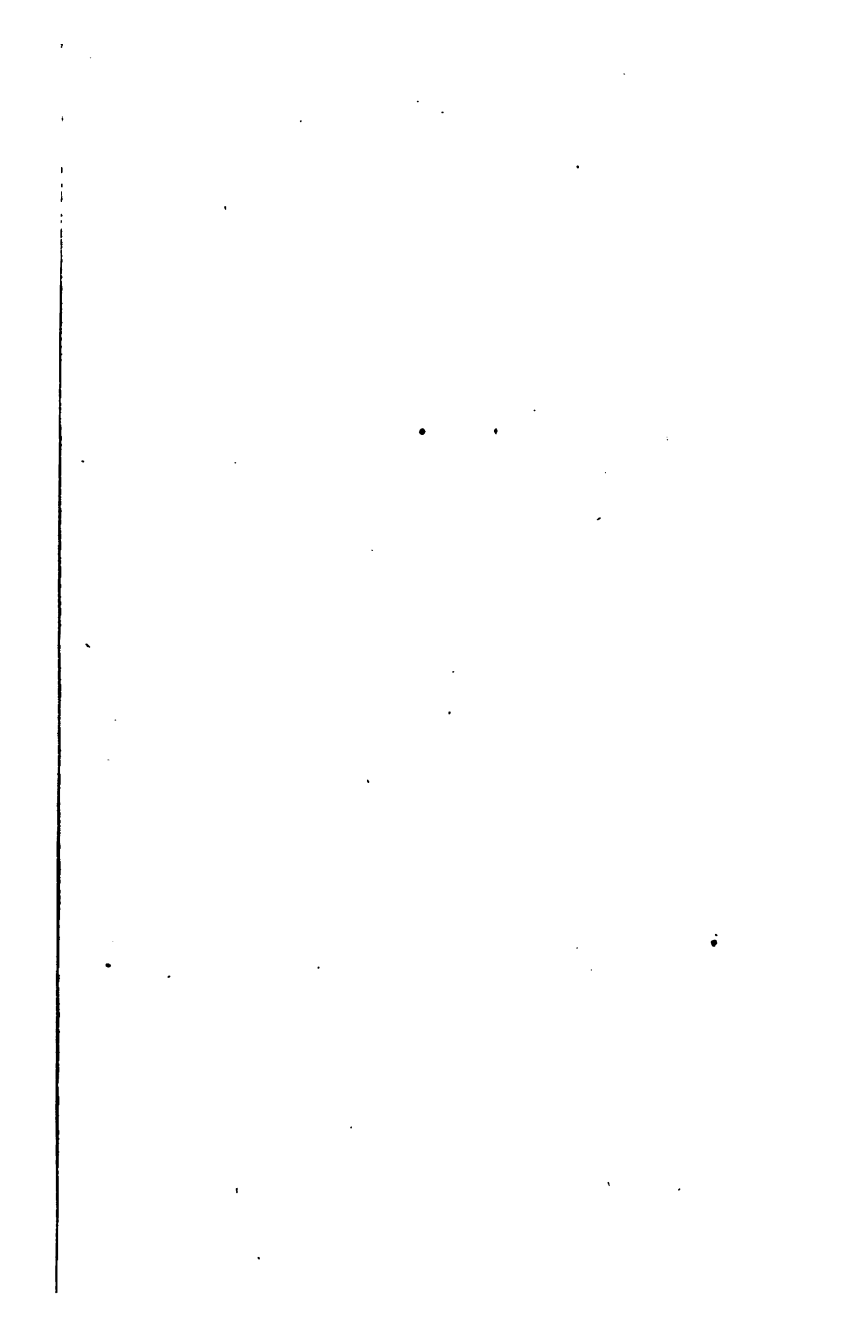
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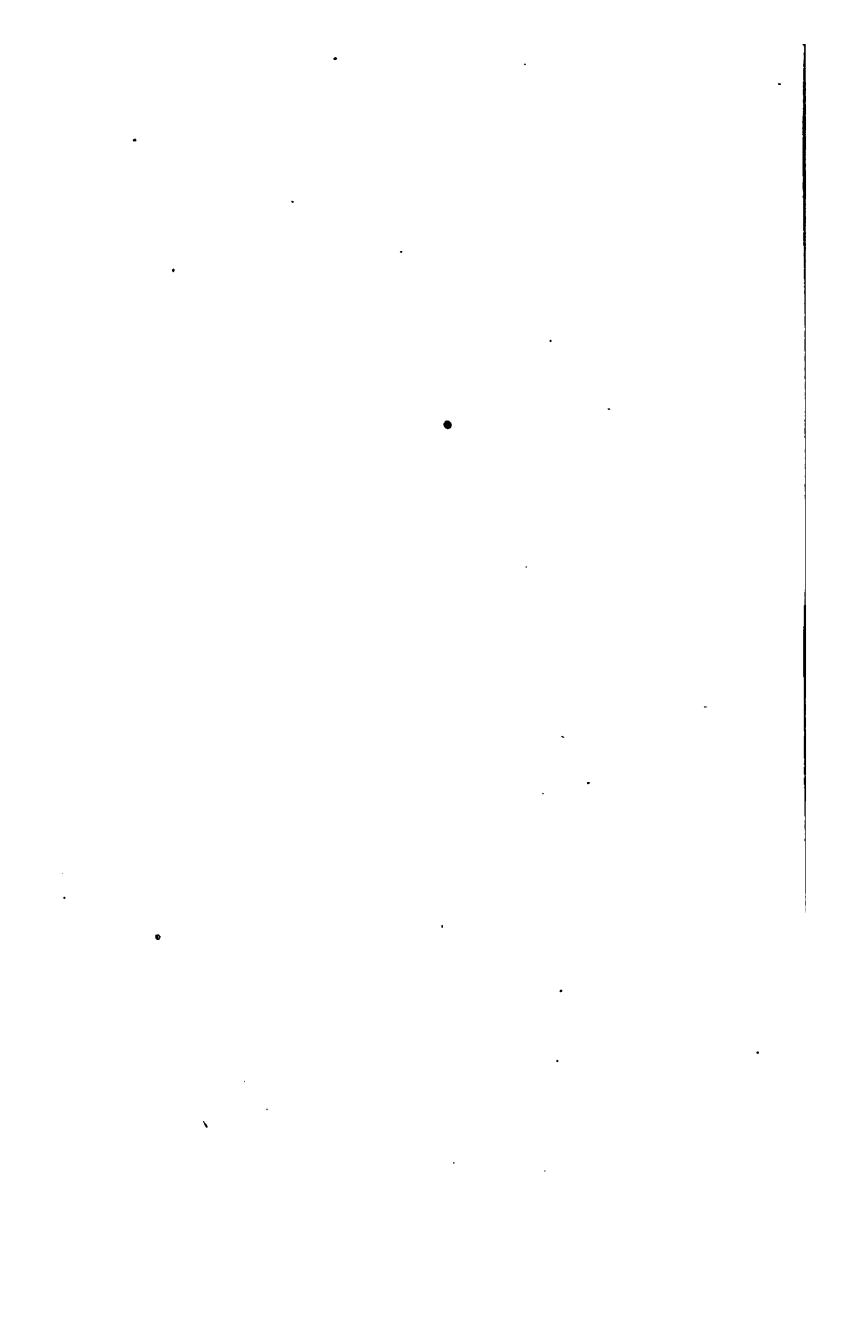
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